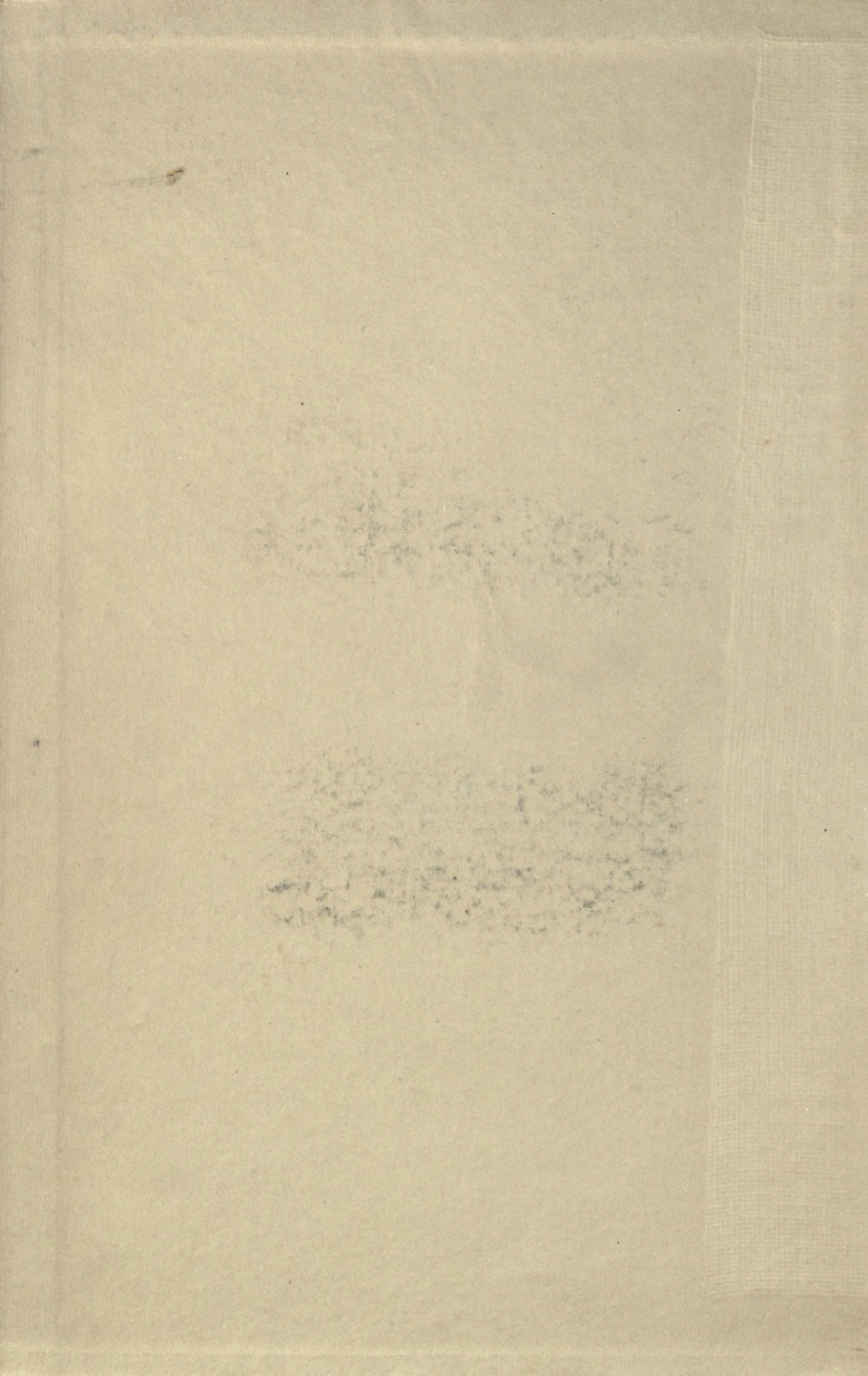




THE NEWEST WAY
ROUND THE WORLD

CELESTE J. MILLER

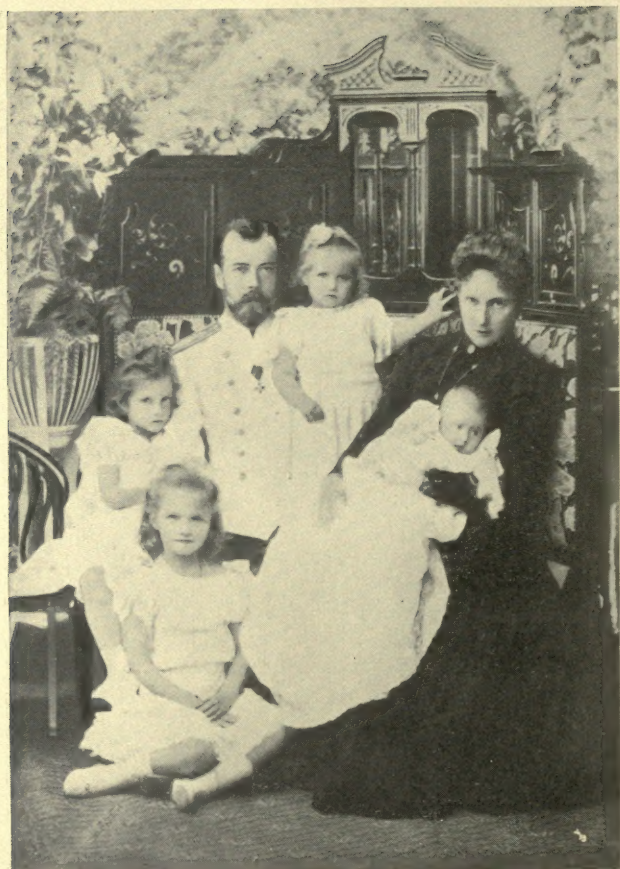
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**THE NEWEST WAY ROUND
THE WORLD**



The Autocrat of All the Russias

THE NEWEST WAY ROUND THE WORLD

BY

CELESTE J. MILLER

*Illustrated from photographs gathered
by the author in all parts of the World*



NEW YORK
CALKINS AND COMPANY

1908

THE NEW WEST WAY
AROUND THE WORLD

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This volume is dedicated to the memory of my father, who taught me early in life to paddle my own canoe, and to the people, the world over, who have helped to make my various wanderings a happy remembrance.

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FOREWORD

IN placing this book before the reading public of America and the English speaking people of foreign lands, we do so with a just appreciation of its great value as a record of one of the most unusual journeys ever undertaken by any one, as well as a volume of accurate information concerning parts of the earth little frequented by tourists.

To the author belongs the distinction of being the first woman to have traveled over the Trans-Siberian Railway alone, and the first woman to visit the more remote parts of South America unattended by even a guide. Miss Miller always travels alone, and many times she has been for months by herself in countries where she could not speak the language; yet she never met with an accident nor missed a train.

Five times she has encircled the globe by devious routes, some of her journeys occupying two and three years; and there is no continent and scarcely a country or group of islands of any importance she has not seen. The journey, of which this volume is a descriptive record, began at Chicago, June 16th, 1902, and continued through New York, Bremen, Berlin, Alexandrov, Warsaw, Moscow, Irkutsk, Stretensk, Blagovchensk, Habarovsk, Vladivostok, Korea,

Chefoo, Shanghai, Hongkong, Siam, Singapore, Java, French Indo-China, Swatow, Amoy, Foochow, Japan, Honolulu, San Francisco, and back again to Chicago.

From this list it will be seen that the title "The Newest Way Round the World," is not fanciful, but literally true. The record of it is not put forth as a dry analytical treatise on the countries visited, their ethnology, economics and politics, but rather as an entertaining and instructive narrative of what this distinguished traveler saw and experienced—a narrative made doubly valuable by the reproduction of photographs gathered by the author in all parts of the world.

THE PUBLISHERS.

RUSSIA AND SIBERIA

The Newest Way Round the World

CHAPTER ONE

EASTWARD BOUND

REPEATED attempts to analyze my feeling of dread in undertaking a Russian trip have not been successful, and I am unable to say whether it is due to the immensity of the territory or to the military aspect of the country, or whether it is an overwhelming sense of the unspellable, unpronounceable words. Whatever the cause, the feeling is universal among tourists.

It is not unlikely that the laxity which prevails among the higher classes, especially in regard to the marriage law, strengthens this impression. Comparatively few go to church for the marriage ceremony and their contract lasts merely as long as it is agreeable. The divorce laws are extremely stringent; a man after being divorced still owns his wife and can take her from any country, while the same is true if the wife obtains the divorce. The offspring of these unions generally go to the Foundlings' Home, and in consequence, so dense an ignorance prevails among the lower classes that only seventy-five per cent. can read or even know there is a country outside of Russia.

As a preliminary to a Russian trip the first step is

to obtain a passport and have it viséd by the Russian Consul. This formality having been accomplished, a palatial train on the Michigan Central bore us to New York, where we took one of the largest transports of the German Lloyds line. Many years of travel have proved the big transports superior to the fast steamers, because they move so steadily; indeed, the motion is almost imperceptible.

Although we embarked in a pouring rain, the ardor of the passengers was but little dampened as, with the blare of two brass bands, we set sail.

Our departure was cheered by a pleasant episode in the form of an ovation tendered to a fellow traveler, Madame Cappiani, formerly a well-known opera singer and now one of the best vocal teachers of New York. A number of her pupils had come down to see her off and after rendering selections from six or seven operas, they presented her with a beautiful diamond ring.

There was a very amusing incident in connection with the Captain's dinner which was given to the passengers just before we reached Southampton. The dinner was a really faultless performance and one of the passengers toasted our host in a most complimentary way, thanking him for the care he had exercised over us while we slept. Being unable to be present, as the ship was so near port, and wishing to express his appreciation of the courtesy with graceful ceremony, the captain selected a passenger who

strongly resembled him, dressed him in his regimentals and sent him to thank the guests who were still seated at the table. The supposed captain was at first greeted with cheers, but when his identity was discovered he was hooted from the room.

About two hundred disembarked at Southampton. We had hoped to see the naval parade in honor of the coronation of King Edward VII, which was scheduled to take place at that time, but the ceremony was postponed on account of the King's illness. However, there were about fifty men-of-war of various nations in the harbor, an inspiring spectacle one witnesses but once in a lifetime, and each played its own national air as we passed.

Twenty-four hours later we landed at Bremerhaven, where the lack of system which characterizes the handling of baggage in foreign cities was amply demonstrated. The special train which was to carry us to Bremen was not in evidence nor did it appear for fully three hours, and to add to our discomfort the baggage had been dumped from the trucks in a state of utter chaos that added greatly to the unnecessary confusion. When we finally reached Bremen at 1 A. M., there were no porters and no conveyances to the hotels. After some time six men were summoned and though I was fortunate in securing the services of one of them, it was three o'clock in the morning before I was able to retire.

I have never visited Europe without experiencing

upon landing, a sense of oppression and sadness at the ever present atmosphere of war as evidenced by the military aspect. It is soldiers everywhere; the only difference between the soldiers of the different countries being their uniforms and flags. The more civilized the country the larger the standing army; from which it would seem that civilization does not foster peace. Yet, in America, I never saw a soldier until I was a woman grown.

But to return to Bremen, a beautiful city, and, at the time of my visit in July, specially charming and fragrant with flowers. It is a very old town on the banks of the river Weser, with a beautiful park running through it and many places of interest. Of them all, however, none proved so interesting as the old cathedral built in the 11th century, famous for its mummies found in the Bleikeller or lead cellar, which are supposed to have been preserved by the peculiar atmosphere of the cellar, through the action of the quantity of lead used in constructing the tower and roof.

The Rathaus, or City Hall, is a fine old Gothic structure built in the early part of the 15th century. It contains the famous Rathskeller with its immense oaken hogsheads that hold from 24,000 to 30,000 bottles of wine and bear on their heads the old coat of arms of Bremen. Though the place is now used as a wine restaurant there are a number of rooms not shown to the public, each with some peculiarity of its



A View of Bremen

own. There are many lovely parks and museums in Bremen. It has a remarkable government, presided over by two mayors, each with an independent administration of his own. Bremen is six hours' ride from Berlin. As we journeyed there the only interesting things we saw were the famous peddling wagons of Germany, a sort of general merchandise store on wheels.

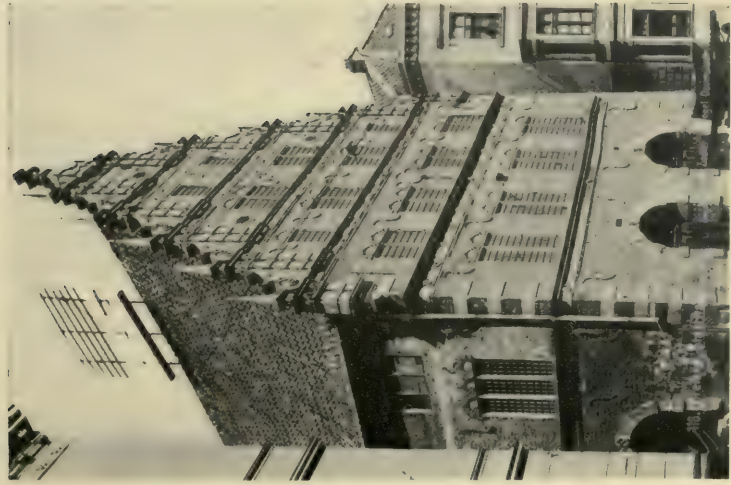
We found Berlin very much improved since our last visit; it is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Among the new buildings is the memorial church of Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse near the Zoological Gardens, that was dedicated in 1895 and cost 5,000,000 marks. The Reichstagsgebäude, one of the most magnificent buildings in Berlin, is also new, having been dedicated by the present Emperor in the same year.

The Hohenzollern Museum, presented to the city by the Empress Frederick, is most interesting, but it would be impossible in a limited space to give any idea of it, or of the other beautiful structures to be seen in Berlin. It is a very progressive city and growing larger every day; and the enterprise and "go-aheadness" of the present Emperor are seen on every side.

At seven o'clock one evening we left Berlin at the Frederickstrasse Station en route for Moscow. It was a regular German express train the conductor of which was kind enough to go through the car and advise us to go to bed, as it would be morning before we

reached the Russian border; but to my surprise we were scarcely in bed before we were told that the next station would be Alexandrov, and that our baggage must be examined. At the station a customs house officer came on board and examined our passports; the porters then carried our baggage to the customs house, the doors were locked and guarded by soldiers and we were imprisoned there for three hours while our baggage was being examined and turned over and over. One of the officers made a strenuous effort to read an English book which he found in my trunk and a new gown packed at the top was pounced upon as evidence that I was an importer going to Moscow to sell clothing. I expressed myself in good strong English,—I could not speak Russian,—and my eloquence seemed to have a salutary effect, for they left me alone after that.

In Berlin I had been told that we would change for the Russian railroad at Warsaw. The change was made, however, at a station called Blassa, some twenty miles beyond. A train was waiting for us and the first class passengers were transferred to a Russian car of very comfortable build, with a corridor running along one side of it. There was a dining car where meals were cooked and served in true Russian style, and our menu consisted of coffee, bread and butter for breakfast, two courses for luncheon (generally boiled meat followed by an omelet and coffee), while dinner consisted of four courses,—soup, beef, fish and

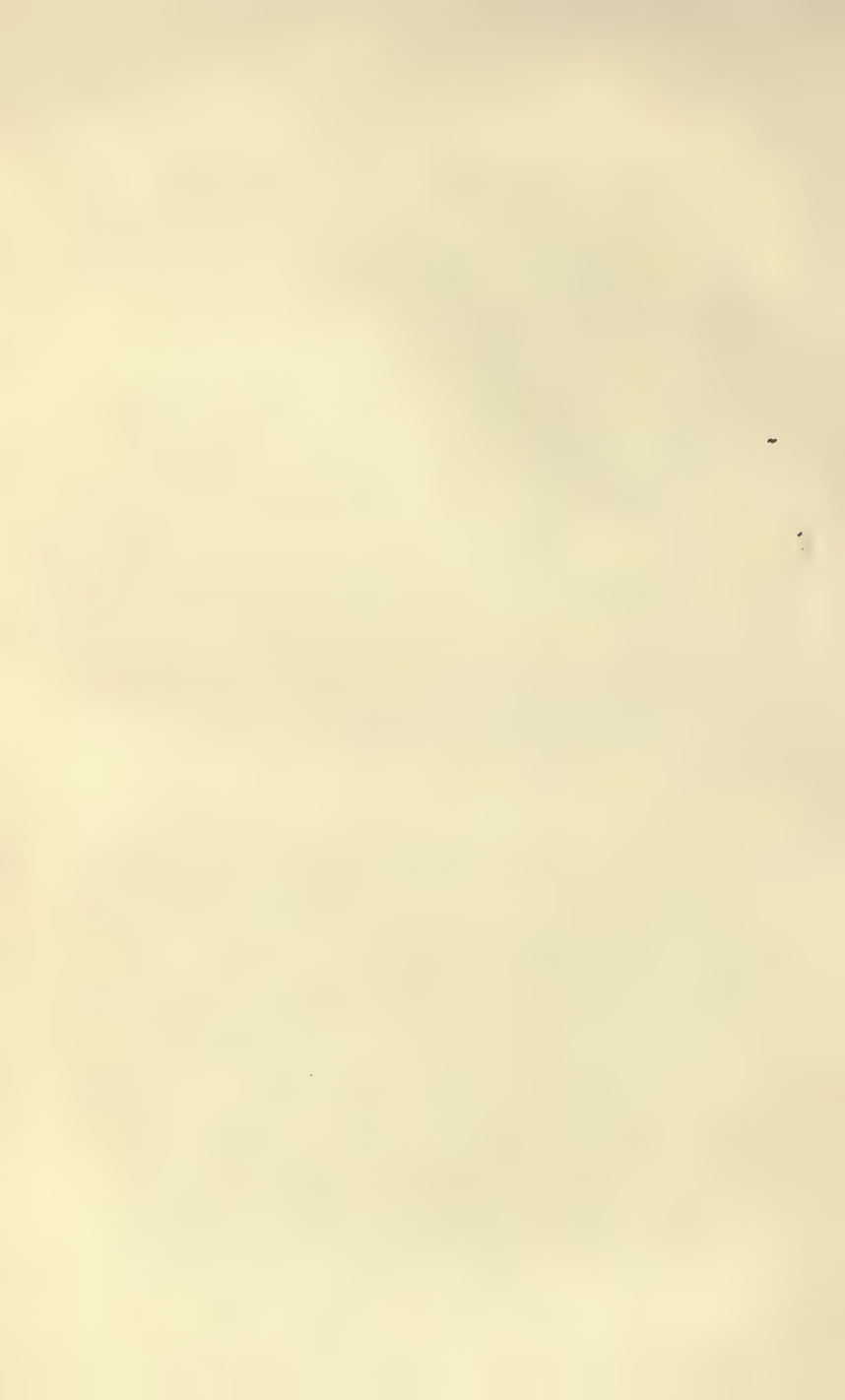


House 400 Years Old



Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse

Viers in Bremen



chicken, with dessert and coffee. The car was divided into two compartments so those who smoked could eat apart from those who did not. Later in my experience I had reason to wish that the Siberian dining car had been arranged in the same manner.

Besides myself the only Americans on the train were a bridal couple from Atlanta, Georgia, who told me they had studied the different languages for many years preparatory to their European trip. Thus far they had progressed on their journey only from Southampton to the point of which I speak; nevertheless they continued to make themselves, and everyone else, miserable by their complaints of the inconvenience of Russian travel, especially bewailing the imperfections of the dining car. They expressed surprise that the Russians should have the audacity to invite them to such a table, and ostentatiously proceeded to wash and wipe up the dishes with their handkerchiefs, before they commenced to eat. They announced that they had intended to make a tour of the world, beginning with the Siberian route, but had determined to take the first ship home from Bremen and never would they leave their country again. In fact, they "would rather travel in an American cattle train than under such conditions," and all this after years of preparation, while I felt I was traveling like a merchant prince in comparison with inconveniences experienced elsewhere.

The country through which we passed was not very

rich and the wheat and other cereals stood poorly on the ground. The villages consisted of small, windowless houses, thatched with straw, and in the midst of all their squalor one could see the inevitable Greek church painted with a green roof; indeed there is just such a church in every village, and very imposing it looks compared with its miserable surroundings.

The people were evidently the poorest type of Russian peasants. I was informed that many of them had never tasted a piece of white bread and that cabbage soup was a luxury seldom realized. They came to the railroad stations peddling sour milk and mushrooms which were readily bought by the Russian passengers.

CHAPTER TWO

MOSCOW, THE HOLY CITY

AFTER a long and tedious journey, we arrived at Moscow on the tenth of July, according to our way of reckoning, or the twenty-ninth of June, Russian style, for they still use the old method of computation there that makes a difference of thirteen days between the two calendars. It had been raining for weeks and the streets were covered with mud and water, for Moscow is one of the worst paved cities in the world, and, as the hotels were two miles from the station, our ride to the hostelry was anything but pleasant.

Our carriage was a Russian drosky and our driver was attired in the dress worn by all public coachmen, a long blue coat reaching to the ground, a red belt with a flat, low crown, black oil cloth hat dipping in the front and back. These coachmen's coats are made all of one size, and in consequence, the small men are obliged to pad themselves to fill it up, and this gives them a fat, rotund appearance. They cut their hair square at the neck and wear the full beard required by law. Russian coachmen drive very fast. Few of them can read or write, but they are all very religious. Our driver stopped ten times in our two mile drive

from the station to cross himself and say a prayer before the churches and shrines.

We found Moscow much improved since our last visit in 1895. Many new buildings had been put up, among them three new banks, one of which is called the American Bank, but it is run by a lot of naturalized Jews from America. There was a marked improvement too, in the hotels of Moscow, for the Siberian route compels a stop and change of cars at this point.

The Czar has tried to make the city one of the most attractive in the world; he intends to move all the museums there as soon as the buildings can be completed. Three months in each year His Majesty spends in Moscow, a thing that had not been done by other Czars in years. I am told that his royal father never entered the city after his coronation.

Moscow has a population of 1,360,000 people. There are 460 churches, 900 chapels and 29 convents, 18 of which are for women and 11 for men. It is certainly one of the most religious cities in the world; I know of no other place, unless it is South America, where the people are so constantly blessing and crossing themselves as they do in Moscow.

The city is built on a hundred hills, and its countless domes and spires with their curious shapes and colorings of blue, green and gold, make it resemble greatly the cities of Turkey and Egypt. The greatest attraction, however, and one of its most beautiful sights,



Russian Sleigh and Drosky

is the Kremlin, with its wonderful coloring, its old walls and its holy Gate of the Redeemer, over which hangs a portrait of the ikon (or Virgin) who, it is thought, saved the city from the bombardment of Napoleon. What history this ikon could unfold could she only open her mouth! A policeman is stationed at this gate to see that every one who passes through it takes off his hat.

Near at hand is the great bell, famous the world over as being the largest in existence. It weighs over two hundred tons and was broken when taken from the mold. It was not made to ring, however, for the gold and silver necessary to produce sound were omitted in its manufacture. This dumb and voiceless bell recalls, by force of contrast, the big bell of Mongoon in Burmah, the second largest in the world. Thirty persons can stand under its base while its sound, because of the great quantity of gold and silver it contains, is most musical and can be heard for many miles.

But to return to the Kremlin. A fitting companion to the big bell is the Great Czar's cannon, cast at the same time and, like the bell, made only for show; and a beautiful piece of work it is. Here are also the cannon taken from Napoleon, and the famous statue of Alexander the Third. The finest view of the Kremlin is obtained from the Kamenny bridge over the river Moskva. The tower of Ivan Velike, near which stands the big bell, has an interesting

museum containing the robes of the patriarchs, and from its summit there is a fine view of the surrounding country.

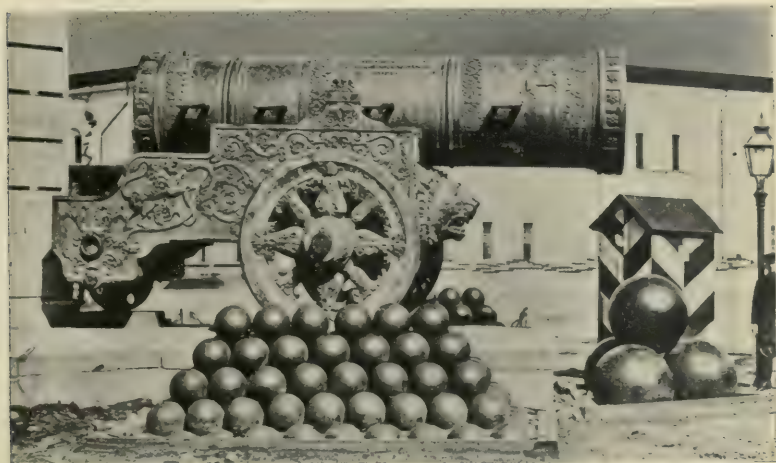
Not far from here is the Cathedral of the Assumption, where all the czars since Peter the Great have been crowned. When I visited this church, just before the coronation of the present Czar, the walls within and the domes without were being covered with gold and the building is still magnificent with this shining metal. At the time of which I speak I stood upon the spot where the Czars are crowned; or rather where they crown themselves, for no one is considered exalted enough to place a crown on a Czar's head. Now, one is not even allowed to look upon the spot, it is considered so sacred.

The Assumption contains the tombs of the patriarchs, the first rulers of Russia. The ikon in this church has the most magnificent crown of any in Russia, a crown that cost over 2,000,000 rubles. The ikon herself is a miserable black daub. I was assured that none of the ikons are painted by human hands; they all appear miraculously upon the canvas, thereby forcing one to the irreverent conclusion that the celestial artist cannot be a master.

Near the Assumption is the Church of St. Michael, with its tombs of the first Czars of the Romanoffs, and the treasury, with its collection of all the magnificent things once the property of former rulers. Indeed, the mind is appalled at the array of splendor and it is



The Kremlin



*The Great Czar's Cannon
Views of Moscow*

impossible to single out or particularize when each article would be a theme for a chapter. Another of the sights of Moscow is the old Romanoff palace, with its strange coloring, its low pointed ceilings and its small windows.

Of the many churches in Moscow there is none more noticeable than St. Basil's, owing to the peculiar contour of its domes and its many little chapels with low pointed ceilings. It was built in the sixteenth century for Ivan the Terrible, during whose reign Siberia became a Russian possession, and it was one of the few buildings that escaped when Napoleon bombarded the city.

The Church of Our Saviour is the finest of the new sacred edifices. It stands on a hill and can be seen from all over the city. It is said to have cost more than any other church in Russia. The interior is decorated with immense oil paintings, the work of Verestchagin, at a cost of 50,000 rubles each.

One of the never changing sights and probably one of the saddest in the world, is what is called the Thieves' Market in Moscow. As a matter of fact, it is a place where the very poor, those who are out of work, congregate, pathetically waiting for some one to hire them. Most of them have a long time to wait for I found two or three hundred there, about as many as were there when I last visited Russia, five years before. There they stood in the pouring rain, their only rations being some black bread and water fur-

nished by a neighboring convent, which also tried to shelter them, but only a few could be accommodated.

I drove out of the city to the old convent of St. Simon to see the accumulation of magnificent robes worn by the priests of Russia eight hundred years ago. For over two hours two priests were engaged in spreading before me these splendid garments; wonderful, priestly hats, centuries old, the remarkable enameling of which jewelers from all over the world have come to examine, but it is a lost art and cannot be reproduced.

At this convent there are half a dozen ikons with magnificent jeweled crowns. The convent was undergoing extensive repairs at the time, making it necessary to remove the treasures to another part of the building which was quite insecure. I asked the priest if he was not afraid to have so much wealth in so poor a building. He was greatly surprised and replied that there was not a man, woman nor child in Russia, however destitute, that would touch them for they were as sacred as the Saviour himself.

Another point of great interest in Moscow is the Sparrow Hills, three hours' drive from the city, celebrated as the place where Napoleon spent the night before he entered the city bringing fire and desolation with him. On a clear day the view from these hills is glorious. Moscow with its many domes sparkling in the sunlight, lies before you, and the Kremlin's red walls and multitudinous towers are distinctly visible.



*Cathedral of the Assumption
All the Czars are Crowned Here*



Gate of the Redeemer, Kremlin

In the old part of Moscow, or what is called the Chinese town, there are many old buildings, among which is the palace of the first Czar, Michael Romanoff. It is a queer little building with its small rooms, low, peculiarly shaped ceiling and strange colorings. Some of the clothing and other belongings of this Czar are exhibited there.

It may be proper to state in this connection that this part of the city, though called the Chinese town, is not and, never was, the residence of Chinamen. After the wall was built it was thought to resemble a Chinese wall, and so it was that the name came to be applied to that quarter. I know of no large city where there are so few Chinamen; there are only a few in business as tea importers.

In the many museums of Moscow I saw nothing more curious than an iron cage standing at the top of the stairway in the Romanoff museum. This cage is about two feet square by six feet high, and when in use was chained securely to the wall. The conductor of the museum informed me that it had been used by the royal family as a means of punishment for their servants, and that it was so used less than forty years ago. The unfortunate victim was made to stand in it for days and it was impossible for him to change his position; his sufferings were too terrible to contemplate.

Of all the ikons there is none so sought after as the one called St. Iberia, the great ikon healer that

visits thousands of poor sufferers every year. At ten o'clock every morning in the year a high mass is said for this lady, who is in a magnificent frame with a crown set with all kinds of precious stones on her head. After the mass a large black coach draws up before the door with four black horses and a coachman in livery, and two bags of cotton saturated with holy oil suspended from each corner of the frame. The ikon is deposited in the coach which then starts on its rounds.

Those who wish some of the cotton send in their names, and as they have to pay well for this sanctified bit of commodity, there is a great revenue constantly coming in. I asked how long this ikon had been in the healing business and was told that no one knew; she was supposed to be of Spanish origin and brought centuries ago to Russia.

There are few American goods sold in Moscow. I was told there were some American locomotives used on the railroads but I did not see them. The only thing I found from America was the new riding gallery, presented by the Governor General of Moscow. It is said to hold from 15,000 to 20,000 people and is used in the summer as a bicycle school, no one being allowed to ride a wheel in Moscow unless he is a graduate from this school and carries its diploma in his pocket. Without this choice document he will be put in prison and fined heavily. In the winter time the building is used as a drilling place for soldiers.



*Cathedral of St. Basil
Sixteenth Century*



*Palace of Michael Romanoff
The First Czar of Russia*

The iron work was made in Chicago and the building was constructed entirely after American ideas.

I learned that a great many bales of American cotton were shipped into Russia to supply the numerous cotton manufacturers of Moscow. There is only one car line in the town and this is run by horses, for it is deemed unsafe to use electricity in the city, though there are electric cars in the suburbs.

In order to see the life of Moscow one must visit the great park situated not far from the city. Here is the great race course of Russia, and here it is that the wealthy Russians go to enjoy themselves, staying there all night and often for days, eating, drinking and gambling.

The shops of Moscow are disappointing. One sees no such goods as at Paris or at St. Petersburg, which is the real capital of Russia, for the Czar spends most of his time there, and all the style and splendor of Russia are to be found in that city.

I was unfortunate in the time of my arrival in Russia, for two holidays coming in succession meant that I could attend to no business in connection with my Siberian trip until they had passed. Of course, I tried to obtain information at the hotel, but failed utterly. There was not even a time table there. I thought my best plan would be to go to the head officials of the road for information regarding its completeness, but even this failed me; for after waiting a long time I was ushered into the presence of a

man six feet in height, with a uniform that denoted his high rank and a cold unbending demeanor that seemed to say "Why do you trouble me?" When I had stated my errand, he rose to his feet and with a magnificent wave of his hand and an ominous shake of his head, informed me that he knew nothing of the road beyond Irkutsk, as that was the end of the Russian part of the great Siberian Railway. However, he referred me to the office of the Internationale des Wagon Lits Sleeping Car Company, which I found was really the place to go for information and tickets.

At this office good English is spoken and one can obtain a time table in French, which is easily deciphered, but even there I could obtain no information regarding the completeness of the road beyond Irkutsk. However, the time table they gave me included the whole road and it seemed to fit together so nicely I thought I should have no trouble. It was somewhat discouraging to meet with such perfect silence on the part of high officials, but I had learned through many years of travel not to be discouraged by adverse reports, even though I *was* going around the world by way of a railroad not yet completed. They were kind enough to tell me at the railroad offices that I was the first American woman to go over the Great Siberian Railway alone, and that they knew of no Russian woman who had gone over the route unattended.

From Moscow to Irkutsk there are three express trains weekly of the Internationale des Wagon Lits Sleeping Car Company, built after the regular Russian style. There is also a daily train of the Russian build which makes the same trip, but it runs very slowly, and carries first, second and third class passengers but no dining cars.

CHAPTER THREE

THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY

JULY 19th I left the hotel at 8 P. M. for the Trans-Siberian Railway station, which I found to be a large well-appointed building. As I already had my ticket, the next step was to have my baggage registered and weighed. The first class passengers are allowed about thirty-six pounds free; all over that must be paid for. Arrangements having been completed I started for the train, the last one on the opposite side of the station, and found it easily distinguishable from all the others, for it was a blaze of light. All the express trains are composed of one first class, two second class coaches, dining car and baggage car, all lighted by electricity. It was the regular Russian Express, divided into compartments, with a corridor running along one side of the car.

In the first class coach the compartments are so arranged that they can be occupied by only two persons, while in the second class coaches four can be accommodated in each compartment. The dynamos that light the train, the kitchen, the bath room and the barber shop, are located in the baggage car. The library, with books in German, French and Russian, is in the dining car, where there is also a piano.

As I went through the train I was struck with the amount of baggage in each compartment. It seems the Russians are disposed to cheat the railroad out of extra baggage charges, and in consequence they make themselves very uncomfortable by piling baggage in every available space in their compartments. Yet the baggage rates are not high; on the contrary, I know of no other place in the world where they are so cheap. My baggage, weighing about four hundred pounds, cost me for the entire trip only twenty dollars of our money.

My compartment was very clean. It was lighted by electricity and there was a drop light which found a resting place over the window during the day, while at night it could be set on a table. A very ingenious contrivance are these tables for they are capable of being transformed into step ladders.

As most of the passengers had arrived I naturally looked about me to see who my fellow travellers were to be. It was evident that most of them were army officers, and that they had partaken rather freely of champagne. A large proportion of their number was in a decidedly happy state, and it was not long before I had an introduction to one of these military men in a way that was anything but pleasant. On entering the car he mistook my apartment for his own and fell headlong at my feet. Greatly startled, I ordered him out of my room; but the words had scarcely fallen from my lips when I heard a voice of a woman, who

spoke in Russian to the man and immediately after addressed me in good English. "Madame," she exclaimed, "you are English. I heard you speak sharply to this officer—I came at once to warn you. I am sure he will be able to pick himself up directly. Be very careful not to offend him, for Russians never forgive insults. You are alone and these men will be with you all the way. You are probably not aware that it is not considered good form for a Russian to leave home except in a state of intoxication."

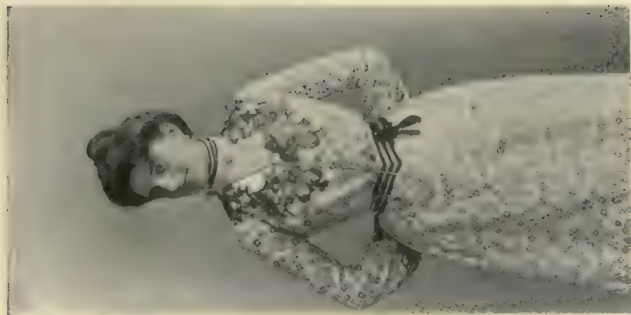
I was so struck by the little lady that I forgot the officer, who managed to pull himself together and retire. She was dressed in a beautiful gown of Parisian make, a jaunty hat and little, high heeled, Parisian boots. Her sprightly manner, her willowy form and her use of my mother tongue, made her appear to me a good angel sent by kind Providence to conduct me through my long journey over the Great Siberian Railway. Seating herself by my side she remarked:

"I am so glad to find another lady beside myself in the first class coach. I was afraid that Marie, my maid, and I would be the only women; but then I have my two pets with me, would you like to see them?"

Before I could answer, she gave a low whistle, and with the rustle of a chain, two dogs came bounding in. I shall never forget the beautiful white creatures, one a Spitz and the other a fox terrier. Pointing to the



The English Lady and Her Dog
Tomaska Alexandervich



The English Lady

Spitz, she said, "This is my favorite, he is so white, with such a long silky coat. His name is Tomaska Alexandervich. He has won many prizes. I gave \$500 in gold for him, but that is very little, for he is of the purest blood of his kind in Russia. The fox terrier is also a pure blood and a prize winner; his name it Tuttu Mohanovich. I am traveling them on children's first class tickets."

The dogs made friends with me at once and jumped up on the seat behind me. Just then we heard the station bell ring, then stop and ring again, until there were three distinct rings, from two to three minutes apart, then a loud whistle from the engine and the guard hurried through the car to see that the passengers were all in their places. Another whistle, and we rolled out of the great, white station of Moscow, on our way across the vast domain of the Russian Empire.

As I looked back to take a last farewell of my surroundings, the scene before me was indescribable. The last rays of the setting sun still lingered in the west while an almost full moon was rising in the east, both shedding their wondrous light over the gilded domes and spires of old Moscow; while the air was soft and balmy and laden with the perfume of many flowers.

My new-made friend and I sat long, watching the fading landscape, until she turned to me and said, "To-morrow we shall be at Tula and Tolstoi lives but

a few hours' drive from there. Have you ever visited him?"

"No," I replied; "that is my only regret at leaving Russia."

"That is a pity," she exclaimed, "for he is the most noticeable figure in Russia. He is the only Russian who has dared to express his thoughts and send them broadcast over the Empire, though they are not in accord with the church nor the government. Many of his writings have been suppressed, and he has been excommunicated because of his liberal views. He is what I should call a Deist. You are aware of his peculiarities: he differs so from all other Russians of his class, dressing in a simple Russian blouse and even going barefoot, or wearing shoes as common as those of the poorest peasant. He never drinks any kind of liquor nor does he smoke; and in appearance he is precisely like the pictures you see of him. When you meet him he greets you with a warm clasp of the hand and makes you feel at once like an old acquaintance; and then his voice is so soft and low, his manner so charming, you soon forget that you are in the presence of one of the most profound thinkers and writers of the present day."

The guard now appeared to prepare the beds for the night and showed us how to fasten our doors securely, by means of a very ingenious catch which allowed the air to enter through an opening of almost two inches and yet prevented an intruder from forc-



Count Tolstoi
Or Leo, the Son of Nicholas

ing an entrance without breaking down the door itself. I asked if it were necessary always to fasten the door at night, and he replied that all Russians lock their doors and that both men and women always carry firearms. The revolver most in use, he said, was one of long range which did its work well, though it often hit a person for whom the shot was not intended, because of the distance which it drove the ball.

The English lady and her dogs now took their departure for the night. "Good night!" she said. "We shall be together many days and I will tell you much about Russia and its people."

CHAPTER FOUR

SIBERIA AND THE SIBERIANS

I COULD not but notice how little motion there was to the train and how smooth the road bed was. This was particularly true of the Russian part of the road where the time made was about twenty-five miles an hour, and, as there is a great scarcity of coal in Russia, the engine was fired with wood and kerosene, so there was no disagreeable smoke. I found some difficulty in sleeping at first, it was so light. The sun rose at half past two in the morning and continued all the way, for the country through which the railroad passes is far to the north and near the Land of the Midnight Sun.

The road runs in almost a straight line from Tula across Russia to the Ural Mountains. The country is a vast plain as far as the eye can reach and resembles the great American prairies. Most of the land is well cultivated and there were thousands of acres of waving grain and grass that were being harvested, but there was no hum from the reaping and mowing machines, for the Russians have not adopted modern methods of farming with machinery to any extent. The implements still in use date back as far as the Russian Empire. I asked a Russian gentleman why

the country did not adopt modern farming machinery, and he replied that Russians did not as yet believe that new methods were necessary, but when the proper time for them came, her own inventions would astonish the world as her railroading had done.

At every station on the entire line stand immense piles of wood. In Russia and Siberia there is no complaint of the scarcity of this fuel such as one hears in other parts of the world; indeed in many parts of the Russian Empire it is burned to get rid of it.

It is hard to realize that one is in a country so old as Russia, and that it has been settled for so many centuries. It gives the impression of a new country with huge forests that have just begun to hear the ring of the woodman's ax.

On entering the dining car for my breakfast I was invited to a seat at the English lady's table. "We will have the regular Russian breakfast," she said. "It consists of stock and chi, mosler, bulaco, milaco, sucre and some jam for our tea."

"I am curious to see what the waiter will bring," I remarked, "for these names are all new to me."

When the breakfast appeared I found that "stock" is the glass from which to drink the tea, "chi" is the tea itself, "bulaco" is bread, "mosler" is butter, while "milaco" and "sucre" are milk and sugar. This was my first lesson in the Russian language and after that I could order my own breakfast. When my tea was poured I put into it two teaspoons-

ful of jam and strange to say, it was excellent; much better than with lemon. The Russians use lemon, cognac brandy and jam in their tea, but jam is considered superior to the other two.

As we sat at the table the conversation turned on our respective destinations. To our mutual pleasure we discovered we were both bound for Vladivostok, and congratulated ourselves that neither would have to be alone on the long journey. We then introduced ourselves.

"I am Gertrude, the daughter of Robert," said my companion. "The terms Mr., Mrs. and Miss are never used in Russia; instead you are designated by the first name of your father as his daughter or son as the case may be. I am going to join my husband, Serges Latkin, who has been appointed head of the customs in Manchuria. He is a Russian and I am English. We were married in the church and our marriage was recorded, but very few Russians go to the church to be married; they simply live together as long as they are congenial. This may be for a lifetime or it may be for a few months. The divorce laws are to blame for this to a great degree. To avoid all complications the power is often taken out of the priest's hands so the marriage laws can be regulated to please the contracting parties."

Our meal was about finished and the English lady told the waiter to bring in the "shot." I supposed we were to be served with some ammunition, the



Russian Peasants

Russians are so addicted to carrying all kinds of fire-arms, but to my great surprise, I found it was the bill for our breakfast.

We found the food on the train of a good quality and cheap, a table d'hote dinner of four courses costing only one ruble, which is sixty cents of our money. The air was so invigorating that we soon had enormous appetites and ate up not only all the food on the train but cleared out all the provisions in the restaurants at the stations along the way. We bought bushels of cucumbers and strawberries from the peasants and ate them between meals, paying no attention to the warning of the doctors that we would surely have the cholera when we reached Manchuria.

The dining room was always full of tobacco smoke, but this is the case in most foreign countries and one has to get used to it. Russians smoke continually and puff after every mouthful. There were a number of doctors going to Manchuria, and they provided themselves with 19,000 cigarettes to last them through their four months' stay; but by the way the cigarettes vanished I am sure that most of them had been consumed before Manchuria was reached.

I learned to eat all the Russian dishes, though at first I was a little prejudiced against them, and cabbage soup with sour cream in it grew to be very delicious, while fish soup, with nearly a whole fish in it, soon tasted extremely palatable. Young pig with

sour cream gravy is not at all bad, and then there is a rather mild but very refreshing drink, called "quash," which is made from fomented black bread, and tastes like yeast or hop beer.

Soon after we started the English lady's pet dogs became car sick. She had not expected this mishap and had neglected to bring any remedies with her. The railroad company has a resident physician at almost every station for the accommodation of those of its patrons who may be taken ill on the journey, but it had failed to be so considerate of its first class canine passengers, so it was decided to try starvation as a remedy. This worked like a charm and in a short time the dogs were as chipper as ever but they were ravenously hungry. Tuttu, the fox terrier, slipped away from Marie, the maid, and seeing the dining car door open darted into it. Seated at one of the tables was a stiff old general who looked as though he had never smiled in his life, and who always appeared in white gloves. The waiter had just placed before him a juicy steak, when suddenly there was a flash of black and white, and before the astonished officer could realize what had happened, the fox terrier had leaped upon the table, seized the steak and disappeared with his booty in the twinkling of an eye. Insulted dignity and disappointed appetite lent wings to the great man's feet as he joined the waiters in hot pursuit of the culprit, and it is needless to say that the dining car door, forever after was shut against the fox

terrier. Naturally, the occurrence was considered a huge joke by the passengers; nevertheless, Tuttu's thieving propensities became well known to us for he helped himself to everything that came within his reach.

Entering my compartment one day I found my carryall unstrapped and a box of biscuits gone. I supposed some thief had stolen them, but on examining the straps I found them dented with the marks of a dog's teeth and still so wet that I had no difficulty in determining who was the robber. Yet the dogs were great favorites with all the passengers. Handsome, well-kept dogs are generally petted and admired and attract as much attention from strangers as pretty well-dressed children. At each stopping place the dogs jumped out on the platform with a fierce challenge to all canine comers. Marie, the maid, with vain efforts to corral them, would tearfully declare her intention of taking the next train back to St. Petersburg, and many times a day the English lady counted out the money necessary for her return but her resolution would gradually weaken as the next station was approached. Often, however, it required the combined efforts of all the passengers and the train crew to round up the dogs and pacify Marie, making a delay of a few minutes, more or less. And so the days passed, one as like another as were the different stations along the route.

The landscape was always one vast steppe with here

and there a grove of white birch trees, until at last we reached the Volga, a wide spreading river crossed by the great Alexandroski bridge, a splendid piece of workmanship. It is a mile in length and has thirteen enormous spans.

Then came the town of Samara and the bridge over the Ufa River, after which we commenced to ascend the Ural Mountains. These are disappointing, for they are nothing more nor less than a series of foothills, two or three hundred feet in height, wooded to the top with fir and pine trees. They form the boundary line between Russia and Siberia.

Zlataoust was the next place of interest, surrounded by bare, rocky hills, some of them with beautifully colored faces. Here is situated the big iron mine and there are a number of small booths at the station, where Russian sheathed knives, with beautiful chased blades, and other curios are sold. Among them was the coat of arms of the Siberian Railway, an anchor crossed by an upward turning ax.

After leaving Zlataoust we watched with great interest for the monument that marks the boundary line between Russia and Asia, but after our expectations, it seemed insignificant. If it had not been pointed out to us we would not have noticed the twelve-foot-high stone, its reddish base surmounted by a pointed yellow sandstone column. Chelyabinsk, the next stopping place, is a pretty town situated in the Ural Mountains. The booth-keepers at this station had

curios made from green malachite, rock crystal, different colored jasper, and lapis lazuli.

We were now in Siberia; and after leaving Chelyabinsk the train slowed down to fifteen miles an hour as it crossed the Great Siberian plain, which is carpeted with flowers that remind one of the great plains of Morocco except for the difference in the flora, the one being tropical, the other hardy and very much like the flowering plants of North America. The country is almost a dead level as far as the station at Taiga, where the passengers change for Tomsk.

Our train now began to use coal for fuel, for we were in a country rich with great mineral resources of silver, gold, iron, coal and copper. We crossed many bridges, spanning the great rivers that flow from the south across Siberia, and after leaving Taiga the country was well wooded but not well settled. As we approached Irkutsk, however, it seemed better populated and some of the land well cultivated. The hills were much higher than those we had passed and beautifully green to the very top, with sparkling streams running through the valleys.

The station at Irkutsk is two miles from the town and across the river. So far there had been no unpleasant features in our long journey of 3372 miles, so we were somewhat unprepared for a disagreeable experience. When we arrived at Irkutsk it had been raining for several days and the streets were a foot deep with mud and water. Fortunately, it was still

light; so, after securing a drosky, we crossed the long bridge made of boats and started for the hotel. There was a small toll to pay and it was then that the unpleasant part of our ride began. The horse started on a brisk trot, and things soon became exciting. The streets were filled with little hills and hollows, that almost made our shallow little carriage tip over at every turn of the wheels. The more we begged the driver to go slow the faster he drove, until we were plastered with mud. In the excitement both dogs jumped out into the mud puddles and they, as well as ourselves, were a pitiful sight to behold. But the worst was not yet. When we arrived at the hotel there was not a room to be had. It was now getting dark, and moreover, ladies traveling alone do not appeal to the sympathy of the Siberian hotelkeeper. However, a friend in need was at hand, for it so happened that on the train with us was a Siberian by the name of Vassili; and eight or ten other names I could not pronounce. He was met at the train by a friend, an old gentleman, who, on discovering that we could not be accommodated at the hotel, insisted that we should rest at his home while a servant searched for temporary quarters. We were regaled with an elaborate dinner, after which the servants took our dogs and handbags to rooms which they had secured for the night and came the next day to help transfer us to the hotel where rooms had been vacated. I had expected more or less trouble for I had heard that Russians were very



A View of Irkutsk from the Railroad Station

uncivil to foreigners; but I was never treated better in my life, nor did I ever meet people more courteous and hospitable than the subjects of the Czar.

The Siberian gentleman, Vassili, said to be the richest man in Siberia, insisted upon showing the whole party the sights of his country. Never have I seen such generosity. He took everyone, including the train crew, to the circus, the theaters, the open-air concerts in the parks and the coffee gardens; moreover, he treated us all and all the friends whom he chanced to meet, to champagne, and insisted that nothing else should be drunk. Russian etiquette requires that a gentleman shall not stop drinking until he is inebriated, and it certainly takes a large quantity of liquor to accomplish this result.

In one of the coffee shantas I met Mr. Churchill, the artist, who made illustrations for the New York papers during the war in the Philippines. He had in his possession a number of medals bestowed in recognition of his work, one of which was from Admiral Dewey. When I saw him he was drawing pastel pictures blindfolded, and he did his work so well he was selling them at the rate of a thousand a week. After exhibiting his artistic skill to his Russian audience he proceeded to execute a clown dance, which was not well received, and I do not wonder, for it was the worst performance I have ever witnessed.

In another coffee shanta I heard a lady sing in Russian, the American coon song, "My Girl is a

High-Born Lady," which was received with rounds of applause and she repeated it four times. When the performance is pleasing to a Russian audience the performers are called back until they are exhausted.

There are many good bands of music in Irkutsk; some of them are entirely composed of women who play brass instruments. I heard a stringed orchestra of thirty women all playing the "polot," a Russian instrument something between a guitar and a mandolin. They made splendid music. Another stringed orchestra was composed of an entire family—father, sons and daughters. One of the girls, a fine violinist, not more than fifteen years old, acted as conductor.

Irkutsk though perfectly flat, is surrounded on all sides with beautiful green hills. The river Angara flows through the valley, a clear deep stream that joins the Yenesei to form a waterway from the center of Asia to the Arctic Ocean.

The city has a population of over 50,000; and a fine theater where a troupe of artists from St. Petersburg play every winter. The Governor General occupies a mansion which cost 500,000 rubles. Many of the most costly buildings are built of brick and plaster on the outside but the majority of them are wood. Of course there is a magnificent Greek church with a superb view of the city and the surrounding country from the top of it.

The whole town has a new appearance, that resembles the Western villages of America. The streets

are wide, but few of them are paved. One wide street runs through the center of the town, where the hotels and most of the business houses are situated. A large market, covering almost an acre, is situated out of doors and there one can buy all kinds of eatables.

Hordes of beggars render it impossible to sit at the windows. I tried it a number of times and found in a few minutes a dozen or more had congregated, most of whom were convicts from Russia and armed to the teeth. It was also difficult to walk the streets for they are at every turn and corner. The police have a way of going through the town with a stick which they scratch on the fences and houses by way of announcing that they are attending to duty, but the noise is very disagreeable. The old portion of Irkutsk is still to be seen in part. It is over 300 years old.

There are three hotels, the Russia, the Deko, and the Hotel Metropole, the last considered the best. The Russia has an immense coffee garden, the Deko has a music hall and coffee garden not connected with the hotel. None of these hotels are good—there are no good hotels in Siberia.

It took me some time to manage Siberian beds. I found it impossible to spend the whole night in one so I stayed in it as long as I could and then got up and dressed. In this way I was able to endure the night fairly well. To my tortured sense of feeling this

thing designated a bed appeared to be nothing more than a mass of broken iron covered with a sheet. As a matter of fact, the bed in a Siberian hotel generally has a miserable old mattress without springs, and even the slats are broken. You are expected to bring with you pillows, pillow cases, sheets and all the necessary covering; but the hotels in Irkutsk supply sheets and towels, if you pay extra for them, but most of them have been used before and are consequently far from clean. I would advise persons contemplating a Siberian trip, to arrange to carry table as well as bed linen. The table cloths and napkins on the trains become very much soiled before the end of the journey, and while the attendants tried to do their best, they told us it would be impossible to give us clean table linen every day for they had no means of laundering them.

The food at the Irkutsk hotels is not as good as that on the trains and it is much higher priced. For breakfast it is a good plan to have a samovar brought into the room; it will hold hot water enough for a dozen persons. Bread and butter will be furnished for thirty cents and you can have your own jam. We used to have the samovar brought into our rooms two or three times a day and have luncheon between meals. It is the custom of the Russians always to have the samovar in readiness for the refreshment of themselves and any chance guests.

There are many good stores in Irkutsk where one

can buy anything desired. There is also a telephone system running through the town but it is not of the improved kind and I never found one that would work well.

A few days had been spent rather agreeably and now it was time to take my departure. The place improved upon acquaintance and impressed me more favorably than on the day of my disagreeable advent. Though the town is not at all pretty its surroundings are all one could wish. I had met the Siberians in their own country and found them quite different from my conception of them. They have an air of independence and it is evident that they are not so subservient to the church as the Russians are. Altogether they resemble the people of other new countries of rich resources. Many of them were well to do, and prosperity has made them liberal and given them a tendency to a free and easy life that leads to a great deal of drinking and gambling and fosters a spirit of "hail-fellow, well-met."

CHAPTER FIVE

LAST GLIMPSES OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

FRIDAY is the day on which the express leaves Irkutsk for Lake Baikal. As it leaves very early in the morning Mr. Vassili, the Siberian, sent his valet in advance to the station so that when we arrived our tickets were purchased and our baggage registered, and all we had to do was to step on board the train. The express was very slow. We were four hours in traveling less than forty miles, but the ride was enjoyable for the scenery through which we passed was very charming. Arriving at Lake Baikal the train ran up to the long floating dock and the passengers had only a short walk to the boat. I had hoped that the great ice breaker, the "Baikal," would take the train across the lake, but it was engaged to carry soldiers and supplies for the army in Manchuria and the frontier, so we were carried across on the small ice breaker, the "Angara." The big "Baikal" passed near us so we had a good view of it. The idea of an ice breaker came from the United States. It is built on the same plan as the New York ferry boats. The "Baikal" was constructed at the works of Armstrong & Co. in England, being taken to its destination in pieces and put together on the shores of the lake. It is constructed of steel, 290 feet in length.

Its speed is something over thirteen knots an hour, its displacement, with a full cargo, 4200 tons. The "Baikal" is equipped with three engines of 3750 horse power, and carries three tracks on its main deck capable of holding over 20 cars. The cabins above accommodate 150 passengers.

Lake Baikal is fresh water, 396 miles in length and from 18 to 60 miles in breadth. It is 1561 feet above the level of the sea and surrounded by mountains from 5000 to 6000 feet in height. Although it was the first of August the tops of these mountains were covered with snow. The sun was setting as our train stood on the track at Misovaya, the station on the opposite side of the lake, and the sky was a blaze of magnificent coloring which was reflected on the mountain tops and in the great lake below. These colors were blended together with that soft mellow light so characteristic of Italy and Egypt, and one could have imagined oneself viewing a sunset from the citadel at Cairo instead of on this great inland sea in the heart of Asia. The road in course of construction around the lake was being pushed forward with great rapidity at that time, and was expected soon to be ready for use. When it is, new employment will have to be found for the big ice breaker.

Our train was now composed of new cars. The dining car was very clean but the food was not so good as before, though somewhat dearer. We were now on the Trans-Baikal road, which commences at

Misovaya, and the train slowed down to almost a walking pace for the country is very mountainous and the highest grading on the whole line is on this part of the road. The Yablonoi Mountains are crossed there at an altitude of 3412 feet, the highest point reached.

The country from Lake Baikal to Stretensk is more or less mountainous and in many places the scenery is very fine. Since the road has been completed through Manchuria the train that leaves Misovaya runs to Khaidalovo, where the passengers change for the Manchurian train, but those bound for Stretensk must change cars several hundred miles this side of that station and submit to very inferior accommodations.

As I had learned before leaving Irkutsk that the cholera was raging in Manchuria, having met five doctors who were going to Habarovsk to practice in the cholera hospitals, I decided to go by way of the rivers; therefore, I had to change cars and wait ten hours for the train to Stretensk, and did not arrive there until late in the evening. It happened, however, that our Siberian friend Vassili, who had large tea plantations in China, had been importing tea by way of the rivers to large business houses in Stretensk, and he telegraphed to his head man to meet us when we arrived. Although our train was very late someone had waited at the station for us, so, when we arrived, carriages and express wagons were in readi-



A Greek Priest

ness to take us and our baggage to the hotel. Our party was now increased by the addition of a Russian admiral who was a friend of the English lady's husband. He was one of the largest owners of the river fleet, and had telegraphed for a boat to be in readiness to take him to Blagovchensk, his destination.

After we had spent a few hours very pleasantly in Stretensk he announced that his boat was large enough for the whole party and we would escape a three days' wait by accepting his invitation. He had also invited a gentleman and his wife, and of course we all accepted his courteous invitation. Accordingly, the English lady, her maid Marie, the two dogs, the five doctors and myself went on board, and we were soon on our way down the Shilka River.

The inhabitants of Stretensk are mostly Cossacks, this being the Cossack country. The town is on a high hill overlooking the Shilka River and the railroad station is across the river, over which the ferry boat is drawn by a cable. At the time of my visit the streets were a foot deep in mud, for it had been raining some time. The town had a new look and has, I should say, from 6,000 to 7,000 inhabitants. We went to the best hotel and found it very indifferently kept, although it was pretentious enough to possess a large music hall.

At Stretensk I saw, for the first time, the wild Siberian horses in use. They are very inferior looking animals but have wonderful strength. On one

occasion they pulled our conveyance up a hill which must have been three hundred feet in height, and, although it was very slippery with mud, they went up without resting. I was told they could live on almost nothing and they certainly looked it with their long shaggy hair and thin bodies,—as though they had eaten nothing but ice all their lives.

From Irkutsk to Stretensk the end of the Siberian road, is about 723 miles. The trip on the Shilka River was very delightful, for we had no fogs and only one or two small showers. The river was booming and our boat was so small it cut through the water like a bird through the air. The only disagreeable feature was the loading of wood every two or three hours. I am sure that boat would have created a wood famine in any other country but Siberia where the wood piles are as big as the mountains. Along the river the hills were not more than 1500 feet in height but the arrangement and shape, with every now and then a rock projecting from their sides, made them very charming, with the river winding in many graceful curves at their base. After sunset the atmospheric coloring over the mountains was a most beautiful blue, and the reflection of it in the river would change from every conceivable shade of blue to black.

We stopped at many Cossack villages along the river. The houses were mostly one story, built of wood, unpainted, except the window blinds, which

were white. There are many Chinamen doing business in these villages, for they lie on the Chinese border.

In a little over three days from the time we left Stretensk we anchored at the quarantine station at Blagovchensk for a few hours, for the cholera was raging badly in Manchuria.

The first thing one sees on reaching the dock is the arch erected in honor of the visit of the Czar in 1891. Blagovchensk is situated at the junction of the Amoor and Zega rivers and has a population of 35,000. It is built on level ground with long wide streets, some of which are destined to become boulevards for trees have been planted along each side.

None of the streets are paved and there are no sewers nor water works. Wood enters largely into the composition of the town, although there are a number of stone and brick buildings which are very imposing. There are many stores, and almost everything can be bought at some one of them. The largest is kept by a German firm, Kuntz & Albert. There were four banks doing business there and many large and costly churches were to be seen scattered throughout the city. The first warm weather during our journey was experienced there, though it was as late as August 8th.

At this time another small boat was hired by the doctors of our party and we proceeded down the Amoor river. Most of the way the country is level

and in some places the banks are so low that the river spreads out to several miles in width, while at other points the hills are high, though for the most part they lie back from the river.

We were reminded of the Boxer uprisings in passing the site of the town of Aigun, which is not far from the river on the Manchurian side. It was formerly a village of 15,000 inhabitants but now nothing remains except a small Chinese pagoda and several thousand chimneys to show where the terrible massacre took place. Though but a few years have elapsed since these awful events, thousands of Chinamen have gone back to live in the Russian towns.

We were very fortunate in having no foggy weather, and there was very little rain, although the sky was cloudy most of the way. When our boat stopped at night thousands of bugs were attracted by the lights and settled on the decks in such numbers we could scoop them up by shovelfuls. Many of them were very pretty.

On arriving at Habarovsk we were again quarantined for a few hours. This gave us time to view the town from the river and very charming it appeared with its little green park on the top of the high hill.

Habarovsk is situated at the junction of the Amoor and Usuri rivers. It was founded by Count Muravief Ainski and was named for the Cossack General Khabarov who helped to conquer the Amoor country.



A Street in Blagovchensk



The Governor's Mansion, Habarovsk

In one of the parks there is a statue of the town's founder, and here one can obtain a splendid view of the river. In the same park there is a museum, and the Governor General's imposing mansion is near at hand. Wide, unpaved streets run through the town and the hill from which we obtained our view is ascended by means of a wooden stairway. A carriage road also leads to the top. The condition of the town is extremely unsanitary on account of the lack of water supply and sewers. Most of the new town is built of brick, the old portion being of wood. As is the case with most Siberian towns, the males greatly outnumber the female portion of the inhabitants, which number in all about 15,000 persons. Hotel accommodations are poor, and not obtainable at all unless telegraphed for in advance. It is a prosperous town notwithstanding, and there are many good stores kept by persons of different nationalities.

Arriving at the railroad station, which is situated a long distance from the town, one observes at once the difference between this part of the road and that just passed over, this being the Usuri branch. The station is built of wood with a lot of gingerbread work about it and surrounded by a well-kept park outlined with flower beds in fancy shapes.

Our train was composed of many cars, but every available space was taken; and though the cars are equipped with special compartments for the ladies, these must buy an entire compartment and then sit

up all night to hold the door, or else have a man in it, for the door is opened at every station by newcomers hunting for places. The dining room runs lengthwise in the cars and it is not so pleasant, for many kinds and conditions of people dine there. However, there is a buffet where one may help oneself to an appetizer before the feast begins, and the food and the prices are about the same as on the other part of the road.

We passed through a beautiful country and this part of the railroad is much better built than the other. The stations are very attractive and show that the people are well to do and are trying to keep pace with the rest of the world. The Nikholsk is the most important station on the line for it is there that the Manchuria railroad connects with the Ussuri line, sixty miles above Vladivostok.

The English lady's Russian husband sent his valet to meet the train several stations before Vladivostok was reached. His purpose was to relieve us of the care of our baggage and help us prepare to leave the train. He appeared delighted to relieve Marie, the maid, of the care of the dogs, and she gave a sigh of relief and smiled sweetly. It was like a burst of sunshine from a dark sky—it seemed to refresh us all.

Our train commenced to slow down and someone said Vladivostok. A few moments later we rolled into the great station of Nicholas II, where, on the 19th of May, 1891, His Imperial Highness, then the

Czarevitch, filled with his own hands a wheelbarrow full of earth and emptied it on the embankment of the future Usuri line and there laid the first stone in the construction of the Great Siberian Railway.

It was just twenty-six days since I had left Moscow but only twenty days of the time had been spent in travel. The distance covered was 6000 miles. My first class ticket from Moscow to Vladivostok cost 194 rubles, equal to \$106.70 American money. Never in my life had I made a trip of so long a distance with so few unpleasant experiences; every little cloud that arose seemed to contain a ray of sunshine. The cars were comfortable, more so than are most cars in Europe, and while the bills of fare were not elaborate, the food was good, the small cost of which, when one takes into consideration the distance covered and the accommodations given, surpasses anything in the history of railroading.

I found the Russians very patriotic. Their love of country, and their corresponding bump of self-esteem, are abnormally developed. They simply smile when the idea is suggested of a Russian traveling outside of his own country, and I was told repeatedly that it was impossible for a Russian to see half his native land in a lifetime, for it takes three weeks to cross the great empire without stopping. When any allusion was made to the country bordering on Siberia it was slyly remarked that sometime it might become a Russian possession. Now that the road is completed

through Manchuria, it is to be hoped that new rails and a better road bed will be made on the Siberian part, in order that the speed may be increased to twenty-five miles an hour; eventually, no doubt, better time than this will be made.

It had been raining in Vladivostok and the atmosphere was damp and very disagreeable. To add to the discomfort, the hotel was new and the walls were damp. The day after our arrival one of the servants came down with the cholera and had to be sent to the hospital. The hospitals were filled with cholera patients and the town was very unhealthy,—a condition attributed to an inadequate water supply, that made it almost impossible to get enough water to wash the face, and a bath a luxury not to be thought of. The water used at the hotel was evaporated from a brackish lake just outside the town. I was told that people had learned to do without water, a statement which I had no reason to doubt, since nearly every person I met was intoxicated. In the hotel dining room I made it a point to secure a table in a safe place so that my next-door neighbor would not fall on me when he rose to leave.

From my window I could see in the harbor nineteen Russian men-of-war, one Japanese and one American. They looked so white and peaceful as their hulls rested on the placid water of the Golden Horn, it was impossible to comprehend the awful death-dealing missiles which these hulls concealed within them. From



Vladivostok—Last Glimpses of the Russian Empire

12,000 to 15,000 soldiers are kept here all the time and the hills are lined for miles around with the great red brick barracks. Day and night the tread of soldiers may be heard passing the hotel, and a dirty miserable looking lot they are, with their old brown blankets rolled up and passed over one shoulder and around their backs. They wear great high cow-hide boots and their hair and beard look as though they had never been washed or combed. Their guns and swords were rusty and dirty, and their faces were stolid, betokening ignorance of everything but a soldier's life.

While Nature has been very generous in surrounding the great naval fortress with pretty hills and has given it a splendid harbor, weeping clouds and leaden skies destroy much of its beauty.

There is a great deal of emigration to Vladivostok and it has a mixed population, though there are more Chinese than any other foreigners. There are also Japanese and Koreans, and many religious denominations are represented. I saw a number of orthodox churches, also Chinese, Japanese and Korean temples.

Owing to the large standing army the males outnumber the females ten to one. The town is built on a hillside and the streets are in bad condition. Riding in a drosky is most disagreeable, for the Russians drive very fast and their passengers soon find themselves badly shaken up.

I had noticed all through the Russian Empire a

rather peculiar custom, but knowing the bad condition of the roads and the shallowness of the droskys, I supposed, when I saw a gentleman driving with his arm about a lady's waist, that consideration prompted him to do so to protect her from falling out. Observing my surprise, the English lady remarked, "I see you notice the Russian custom of a gentleman putting his arm around a lady's waist while driving out with her. That is the way a Russian shows his good breeding. The man who omits this courtesy would be considered ill bred." So universally was this feature of Russian etiquette observed, however, I concluded it must be enjoyed by both parties.

A visit to the opera, which is rendered very well by talent from St. Petersburg and attended by ladies in costly Parisian gowns, completed my stay in Vladivostok. When the time came to take my last samovar luncheon and bid my fellow travelers good-by, when I gazed for the last time on the face of the ikon which hangs high up in the corner of almost every room in the great empire, it was with heartfelt regret I did so. I bought a samovar and took it away with me; but after I left Russia it seemed to lose the charm it had in its native land; and, besides, I missed the English lady, for she always drew the hot water and made the tea. Moreover, the dogs were not there to beg for bits of cake, and Marie, the maid, who used to put spoonfuls of delicious jam in our tea, was also gone, and I was alone once more, and far out at sea.

KOREA AND CHINA

CHAPTER SIX

"THE HERMIT COUNTRY"

I WAS now traveling on a Japanese steamer. The captain and crew and all the passengers, with the exception of myself, were Japanese. The captain was very proud of his boat and wanted everyone to understand that there was nothing Japanese about it and that he was an up-to-date captain. He told the head steward to give me a seat at his right and then arrange the rest of the passengers according to their wealth. Most of them were rich merchants, but those who did not enjoy that distinction were set down near the first officer. The purser was allowed to sit at the middle of the table for he was the only one, with the exception of myself, who could speak English, and the captain wished to ask me many questions. This purser was, I believe, one of the plainest Japanese I ever remember to have seen. He had attended the missionary school at Osaka and could speak a few words of English. The missionaries were from New York and, according to his story, had taught him that New York comprised the whole of the United States. I told him I was from Chicago, to which he replied that he had never heard of the place. I showed him a map of the world and pointed out where Chicago was situated, but it was marked with a very small dot

and he at once exclaimed, "Oh, I thought it was a very small place or the missionaries would have told me about it." He was well posted, however, about New York and the "Four Hundred" and thought he would have no difficulty in making an entry into its aristocratic circle when he had spent another year at the missionary school.

Japanese maidens, he declared, had lost all their charms for him, and he had ordered his sister to provide herself with dresses such as the New York ladies wear. He inquired if I did not think Japanese handled knives and forks as though they had never used chop-sticks, and declared that the art of eating soup with a spoon had been difficult for him to acquire. I suggested a few more lessons before he joined the society of New York's "Four Hundred," and hinted at the advisability of reform in the present Japanese method of eating soup by holding the plate about two inches from the face and making a noise that sounds like Farmer Brown's hogs eating their rations of sour milk.

After nearly two days of rough and foggy weather all on board were glad to see the lights of Wan-sen or Gensen Harbor on the coast of Korea. It is called "Lazrell" by the Russians and forms a part of Broughton Bay. It is one of the finest harbors in the Far East; and because of its great size, depth and sheltered position it never freezes. Both the Russians and the Japanese use it for their warship maneuvers.

I was very anxious to go on shore for my first glimpse of Korea and its people, and when I landed I found myself in a large Japanese town. I at once inquired if there were no Koreans in the place and was informed their town was situated two miles further down the coast; and, as the means of proceeding there was by boat or riksha, I chose the latter.

Gensen, I found, is divided into three parts, the Japanese, Chinese and Korean quarters. The Japanese portion was clean, with paved streets, good houses and pleasant surroundings. The Chinese town was unclean and had a dilapidated appearance, but it remained for the Koreans to display the extreme of filth. The streets were filled with stagnant pools, dirty ragged people and hundreds of diseased dogs. The houses were small with one or two rooms heated by means of a chimney, which was run under the house and emerged on the opposite side. It did not seem creditable that the town had never been visited by cholera or any of the contagious diseases.

Picking my way through the filthy streets I was startled by a man in white guaze apparel riding on a white donkey. Never before had I seen a Korean of the better class in full dress; and my surprise may scarcely be imagined at seeing a person in such immaculate white robes riding through that dirty town. Indeed, he looked as though he had just dropped from the skies; or as though he had gotten himself up to

take flight to some halcyon shore. His attire consisted of white undergarments, thick enough to hide his body, a white silk gauze coat reaching below the knees, white pantalets of the same material, white cloth stockings, a pair of velvet slippers and a high, black horsehair hat fastened underneath the chin with a string of blue beads. His clothing was put together with white wax and appeared seamless. In one of the shops I saw some bamboo racks worn by the Koreans on their arms and on the front and back of their bodies to protect their clothing from perspiration. The better class of Koreans spend seventy-five per cent. of their income in dress, for they are very vain, and the material used is very perishable.

En route to Fusan, about thirty miles from Gensen, our captain sighted some shipwrecked fishermen, and the sailors launched a sampan and went to the rescue. There were seven of them, one a small boy of sixteen who was the only one who appealed to the sympathy of the captain. Poor fellows! They had been washed by the sea for forty-eight hours and they were about to give themselves up for lost. Their faces were swollen to twice the normal size. A collection for their benefit was taken up among the passengers, to which I contributed five yen, or \$2.50, American money. Hearing what I had given, the captain remarked that he had never heard of such generosity and insisted that I should take back part of it, declaring it was a shame to throw away money on such



*The Prime Minister of Korea
And His Official Fan*



*The Postmaster of Seoul
In Korean Street Dress*

worthless people as the Koreans. He said he would take them back to their homes and that all he wanted them to have was money enough to buy rice to eat on the way.

A chain of mountains, quite high and treeless, extends along the coast from Gensen to Fusan, and the Japanese Sea is a beautiful blue and very smooth. Fusan was not in sight when the ship entered the harbor, for it lies behind the hills. It was late in the evening before we landed and quite dark. When we arrived, the Japanese customs house officers insisted that I should open my baggage, but I insisted it was too dark and I would do nothing of the kind, nor did I.

There being no other means of transportation, I loaded my baggage on the backs of two coolies. They were Koreans of great strength and capable of carrying three hundred pounds with ease. A wooden rack with two long prongs is strapped on their backs, and on this the load is placed, a rope being passed around it to hold it on.

There was but one hotel in Fusan kept by Japanese. It was lighted by electricity but everything else was in the Japanese style, and the whole upper floor was one large room, a corner of which was assigned to me as my apartment. At about ten o'clock a Japanese maid began to slide the doors, to make the room into five or six small compartments, and I was assured that my corner was the choicest part of the hotel. Pres-

ently another maid brought in a Japanese bed, which consisted of several comforters (called "futons"), and a round pillow stuffed with rice, and laid them on the floor. A great sleeping bag, also made of comforters, was brought for my use, but I declined it. No bed linen was brought for it is not used by the Japanese. However, all the other necessary articles were provided, and I proceeded to arrange things for the night, when just as I was about to lie down on my pallet I heard a din which made me think the world was coming to an end. At a given signal every sliding door in this town of over 30,000 inhabitants began to slide at once, for it was time to shut up shop for the night, and it seemed that everyone in the place kept some kind of a shop.

Again I settled down for the night and slept until two o'clock, when I was aroused by a noise that suggested another sliding of doors. To my surprise, someone was knocking at mine and before I could say a word a Japanese officer had entered and was kneeling at the side of my pallet, bowing to the floor as he apologized for coming at so late an hour. He told me in English that he was only carrying out the law, which required that a stranger should be registered as soon as it became known he was in the place, and he explained that he had just heard of my arrival as he lived some distance out of the town. He wanted to know my age, the color of my eyes and hair, where I was born, where I came from and where I was going.

By the time he had departed the mosquitoes had decided to come inside, for they missed the people who had retired from the street, and all prospects of sleep being out of the question for that night I was glad to see the first dawn of day. It was not long before a Japanese servant, bowing to the floor, came in with my breakfast and set it on a table about five inches high. The meal was a miserable mess and I forgot that I had ever possessed an appetite, for it took speedy flight when the Japanese cooking was set before me.

Fusan was disappointing, for there were so few Koreans in the place. It is a well-built, prosperous Japanese town, not at all clean in the streets, and it has an open sewer that is exceedingly offensive. I was glad to be again on a Japanese boat and proceeding on my journey.

This time it was a fine, large craft and very comfortable. A few yen to the head steward, a Chinaman who had lived for ten years in California, secured for me the best of everything on board, and a very pleasant change it was from my quarters at Fusan. As the boat passed out of the harbor, and I left the blue waters of the Japanese Sea, the great contrast in the coloring of the two bodies of water was extremely noticeable. The Yellow Sea is always a muddy color, and as it had been stirred to its depths by a terrible typhoon, it was thicker than ever with mud.

There are many islands along the coast, but they are rough and barren like the mainland. We dropped anchor in the roadstead about a mile from Chemulpo, for the harbor is too small to accommodate more than a few boats at a time, and the rise and fall of the tide make it difficult for them to get out.

Chemulpo was an improvement on Fusan. The town is situated on rolling ground, with high hills at the back. It is clean, with no open sewers, and the air is cool and bracing. Its inhabitants are Japanese, Chinese and Koreans, with quite a sprinkling of Europeans. Two hotels on the American plan are kept by Japanese and Chinese, and they are really good for Korea. There are two banks, one Japanese, owned by a private banking company, and the other a branch of the Hongkong and Shanghai bank. There are many good public and private buildings, among them a fine club house owned by the European population.

I met the governor of Chemulpo, a Korean, by name Ha-sag-ki, who told me he had a wife at school in America, where he intended to keep her for seven years that she might learn the manners and customs of the people and become an accomplished lady after the American pattern.

It is hard to get around in Chemulpo, because there are no means of transportation. One must walk, and the hills are exceedingly tiring. I found the hotels noisy. It seemed as though the people walked the

streets all night, and, besides, it was the grasshopper season, and dozens of little bamboo cages, filled with green grasshoppers three inches long, were hanging before the Chinese shops. These people are superstitious about this insect, and believe it brings good luck. The chirping kept up day and night was almost unendurable.

Chemulpo is twenty-six miles from Seoul. Formerly travelers going from one town to the other were carried in sedan chairs by coolies, or by boat on the Han river; now, there is a good railway built by an American company and equipped with American cars. One coach of the train was divided into a first and second class compartment and there was a third class coach for the poor people.

Two hours were consumed in covering these twenty-six miles to Seoul, and I did not realize I was in Korea until I arrived there. The railway is owned by a Japanese company, for the Korean government could not raise the funds to pay for it. In the other towns I had visited foreigners had transacted the business usually done by the natives, unless they were subjects of some other country.

Knowing that Korea was not open to foreign immigration until 1876, having been known as “The Hermit Country” until then, I was surprised to find that foreigners had made such an inroad in so short a time and had, in a measure, supplanted the natives. In Seoul, however, there is a preponderance of natives

and one has a chance to observe the Korean customs. Since the war between the Japanese and the Chinese, Seoul has been greatly improved. Before that time the streets were nothing but crooked lanes, but now there are two wide streets with an electric tram car running several miles through the center of the town.

The Emperor's palace and the European houses are lighted with electricity, the electric plant and the street railway having been built by an American company. But, with all these modern improvements, the town is very dirty, and the odor that comes from the open sewer running along the side, and in some places in the middle of the streets, is stifling. The town is surrounded by a wall with seven gates that are no longer closed at night and have lost their significance. The Gate of Death is no more dreaded now than the Gate of Bright Ambition, and they are all rotting and falling from their hinges.

The native houses are built mostly of wood, thatched with straw, and the windows are made of paper. I visited the north palace where the late queen was assassinated, in the enclosure of which is the coronation hall where the present ruler was crowned. Nothing has been done to the buildings since the queen's death, but even in their dilapidated and falling condition they were interesting, and many of the fine carvings and strange colorings are well preserved.

The Emperor lives in the south palace. He is a



*The Emperor of Korea
In Foreign Military Dress*

small man, good looking and said to be well educated. He ascended the throne on his tenth birthday and celebrated his fifty-first August 21, 1902, during my stay in Seoul. The occasion was marked by a splendid spectacle, and the streets were filled with thousands of Koreans carrying banners, who marched to the palace singing, dancing and shouting “Long live our Emperor.”

I had no idea before how attractive the Korean dress is. There were hundreds of small boys in the procession who looked like pretty little girls in their white gauze coats, their hair parted in the middle and hanging in long braids down their backs. A new coronation hall was being built for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Emperor's accession, which would occur in the following October. Over five hundred men were employed in the construction of this building.

The Crown Prince's poor health has weakened his mind and his half brother, the son of Lady Om, will succeed the father. Since my visit to Korea the Emperor has placed the crown on Lady Om's head and she is now empress. It was much talked of while I was in Seoul, but it was opposed by the Koreans on the ground that she was once a dancing girl of the harem. I have heard that she was an American girl, born in Wisconsin, and the daughter of a missionary.

The burial of the late Empress was very imposing. After she was assassinated by the Japanese in one of

the rooms of the palace, it was burned and her body was nearly cremated. The Emperor had the few remains that were found placed in a magnificent casket and buried them two miles from Seoul, after which he employed an American company at a vast expense, to build a road twelve miles long so he could visit her tomb and those of the former rulers of Korea. Once a year he comes out of the palace grounds in a pony palanquin and makes a pilgrimage to these tombs.

At the foot of south mountain is the Japanese town. It is clean and well built and the people are prosperous. On a hill near by is a monument that marks the place where the Treaty of Peace was signed between China and Japan.

One of the first objects of interest visited by a stranger in Seoul is the great bell, a present from China, said to be the third largest in the world. For five centuries it was rung at six o'clock in the evening to warn the people that the gates of Seoul were to be shut for the night, and the men were to go home and stay in the house from six to nine, that the women might have an outing in the streets.



Tomb of the Emperor's Father

CHAPTER SEVEN

KOREA AND THE KOREANS

MANY changes have taken place in Korea since it was separated from China. Each year it becomes more liberal and it is slowly adopting many of the customs of the more civilized countries. The Korean army wears a uniform similar to that of the Japanese, and it has been drilled by different nationalities. I could not learn, however, what country claimed the honor of drilling the emperor's body guard, but their maneuvers were very amusing. It was impossible for them to keep step and they were constantly marching or almost running around the outside of the palace wall, playing their bugles and laughing like a lot of schoolboys out on a lark. In one of the streets a German professor gave instructions every morning to a number of Koreans who constituted what was known as the Emperor's brass band. They played well and showed they were not deficient in musical talent.

The fires, which for so many centuries were kindled on the top of Nam-san and on the loftiest of the other mountains around Seoul, have ceased to burn. After the shades of night had fallen, the height and size

of their flame once informed the emperor of the state of his country, whether peaceful or threatened with internal wars or the invasion of foreign foes. Now, these ancient signals have been displaced by the more modern invention of the telegraph, which connects all parts of the empire with the capital.

Hundreds of women now walk the streets with uncovered faces, though many, from force of habit, still wear the green cloak over the head but rarely pull it over the face. Young girls, however, still cover the face and live in seclusion. The style of dress worn by the Korean woman is a miserable invention. It consists of a perfectly straight skirt, gathered in a band of from five to six inches in width, and a long sleeved sack drawn over the arms and shoulders, which is so short in front it does not reach the band of the petticoat by about five inches, thereby exposing the bosom to a disgusting degree.

Korean women are treated with great indifference by their husbands and they are not allowed in their presence except to wait on them. They never learn to read or write, only to slave from morning to night, spinning, weaving and laundering their husband's clothes, which is no small task, for these clothes are mostly white and very easily soiled. When the cloth is woven it is wound around wooden rollers and pounded with two sticks to make it smooth and straight, and the tapping of these sticks can be heard from morning till night. The white linen clothes



Korean Method of Smoothing Cloth by Pounding it with Sticks

are ironed by passing over them a pan filled with live coals and shaped like a small American frying pan. The method of operation is for two women to sit opposite each other with their toes in the sleeves and other parts of the garment to stretch it out, while one of them passes the pan over it.

The women are small and have bad forms. Their hair is generally long and black, their eyes large and of a brownish color and their complexion is not very dark. Both the men and the women are short in stature, the men being about five feet five or six inches and the women about five feet in height. The Koreans are a good looking race and do not resemble the Chinese or Japanese except for the Mongolian eyes. The men make a fine appearance on the streets, for their high horsehair hats make them look tall, and they are generally straight with well shaped shoulders. Many Korean boys are engaged to be married at the age of eight or ten. They put on high-crowned, yellow straw hats then, and as much respect is shown them as though they were married men, though marriage is not allowed until the girl is sixteen and the boy twenty years of age.

One of the most striking costumes among the men is the dress of a mourner. It is made of very coarse, yellow hemp cloth, with a hat about four feet in circumference woven of bamboo. Before his face, and just low enough to peep over it, he carries a piece of coarse yellow cloth about eight inches long and five

wide, attached at each end to a stick, and during the whole period of mourning he wears straw shoes. This period of mourning lasts from twenty-four months to three years, and it is intended as a mark of respect to the deceased father of the mourner, no other relative being considered of sufficient importance to mourn for.

From the highest to the lowest in rank, Koreans are very dishonest. A bargain must be made with everyone who does anything for you, and even then you are likely to get the worst of it before they are through; they must have a "squeeze," as they call it. I had a guide who belonged to the "Yang-ban," which is the better class, and insisted that I call him "Pak-Kee-Ho," in order that the coolies should show him the respect he was entitled to on account of his rank. He had a very pleasing way of laughing which was very deceiving, and it was some time before I learned not to mistake his pleasantries for genuine good nature, but rather to recognize them as a guise with which to cheat me.

The currency of the country is very annoying. The Japanese yen, worth about three times as much as the Korean money, is used in Seoul and the seaport towns. The hotel keepers insist that they must be paid in yen, but you must have Korean money to pay the native people, for you make your bargains with them in their own currency. Seoul has a new currency which is worth more than the old cashes; but in



Hats Worn by the Peasants



Costume of a Mourner

the interior of the country they use the copper and iron cashes strung on grass ropes. It takes about 1,000 of these to make a yen, or fifty cents in our money.

The shops of Seoul were disappointing: there were plenty of them arranged in different streets according to the merchandise sold, but they contained nothing worth buying except the Korean cloth of which the men's clothes are made.

Among the few interesting sights of Seoul are a thirteen-story marble pagoda and a monument built on the back of a huge granite turtle, both presents from China several centuries ago. Three centuries ago, when Korea was invaded by the Japanese, they took off three stories of the pagoda and placed it on the ground near by, and built fires round it to destroy it; but even the ravages of time and the blackening effects of fire have been powerless to destroy the beautiful carvings which cover the entire pagoda. It is hard to tell what it represents, though it is thought to be the Chinese idea of the soul in the future life.

There are many denominations of missionaries in Seoul. I visited some of them and found them in a flourishing condition. They live in good homes and most of them have comfortable places in which to worship. The Roman Catholic Mission has the most sightly quarters, situated on a high hill overlooking Seoul, and the largest number of converts, for it has

been established in Korea for three hundred years. It suffered much from persecution during the reign of Tai-Wan-Kan, the father of the present emperor, who had over two thousand of these missionaries assassinated. The sisters teach the children all kinds of needlework and to read and write French. There are also a number of Korean sisters who have been in the mission for years.

It is an extremely interesting sight to see the Korean children retire for the night in the spacious dormitory. The quilts in which they wrap themselves are kept in small closets, and when they are ready to retire each child takes out the quilt bearing his number, lays it on the floor, and then, lying down on it, rolls over two or three times until he is wrapped up as tight as a silkworm. I asked how they kept from smothering and was informed that they never suffered from this way of sleeping. One morning I attended eleven o'clock mass to see the children in Sunday attire. They were ranged in classes according to their ages, and each class, dressed in different colored Korean gauze cloth, was in care of a teacher. They all marched in and knelt in that part of the church reserved for them, arranging themselves so that the different colors blended nicely. Eight or ten little boys sang the mass through and they did it well. The body of the church was filled with women dressed in pure white linen, who looked as if they had prepared themselves for the resurrection day. The sisters take

in washing, sewing and mending in order to support the mission, which was built by the contributions of the native people and received no help from France.

I also visited one of the Methodist missions. This denomination had two divisions, the northern and southern Methodists, each of which seemed to have no brotherly love for the other. The church, a present from a lady in Maine, was a very nice little building constructed of brick, with hard wood furnishings sent out from the States. The minister was a tall thin man who apparently wished to impress his congregation with his sanctity by means of his stiff, unbending manner. The sermon was preached in the Korean language by a convert, and at its close a collection was taken up and each of the one hundred natives present rolled his contribution in a piece of paper, to make the plate full. When the preacher, who, up to this time had appeared oblivious to what was going on, saw the size of the offering, he jumped to his feet, took the plate from the usher, and laying his long bony hand over it, rolled off a blessing that might have been heard a block away. One of the missionary women informed me that the new way of getting money out of the natives was working like a charm, the plan being to have each person roll his contribution in a piece of paper and put his name on it, and the one who gave the most would have his name read out in Sunday School.

When I was staying in Chemulpo I met a lady of another denomination from one of our Western States. She was waiting for a number of missionaries who had been to America and Japan on their vacation. One day she remarked that it was generally supposed that missionaries were very religious, but that this notion was a great mistake, for they were really no more so than other people, and one could stay for weeks with them and never suspect their vocation. She told me it had been the custom for years for the missionaries who went to America to bring back to those who stayed behind the last slang phrase, and that on their arrival this was the first thing imparted.

When the boat arrived there were some seventeen or more missionaries on board; I lunched with them and observed that no blessing was asked at the table nor was religion or missionary work referred to in any way. They were delighted to return to Korea, where they all had good homes and plenty of servants to wait upon them. For two or three weeks they were planning a grand picnic up the Han River on one of the house-boats.

On one of the boats, upon which I was a passenger, I met an English missionary. He was a large man, some six feet in height, and wore a long white robe that was tied around the waist with a large black cord and reached nearly to his feet. He sat on the deck and smoked one of the vilest pipes I ever smelled, and



South Gate, Seoul



A Street in Seoul

at the table he drank a quart of claret at each meal. When I was about to leave Korea this same man came on board the ship to bid some of his friends good-by, and stayed to dinner. The lady whom he was visiting was a staunch temperance advocate, and he had the presumption to assure her that his ideas coincided with hers; he had evidently forgotten that I had been his fellow-passenger on a previous occasion.

Korean soil produces with very little farming. Everything seems to grow if it is put in the ground, covered and let alone. The climate is good, and the rainy season, during which the water descends in pailfuls, extends from the last of June to the last of August. The rest of the year the weather is very pleasant and the air bracing and healthful.

Korea is a small peninsula on the northeast coast of China. It is a mountainous country, rich in minerals, with a population estimated at 16,000,000.

CHAPTER EIGHT

ALONG THE COAST OF CHINA

FROM Chemulpo to Chefoo is about twenty-eight hours, the shortest route from Korea to China. The first thing one sees, on entering the harbor of Chefoo, is the American flag floating from a staff in front of the American consulate on the top of a high bluff that overlooks the harbor. There are many other flags to be seen on this bluff, for it is here that the different consuls reside.

Chefoo was for many years the summer resort for Shanghai people; but, since Wei-hai-wei, the English possession on the coast, has been abandoned as a military post, this has been converted into a summer resort, and there has been a great falling off in the number of visitors at Chefoo.

There is a large Chinese town situated some distance from the foreign settlement. I found the hotel there quite deserted, for the season was over and those who remained were waiting for the races. Among these were two women, one a Mrs. Howton, from London, about sixty; the other, twenty-seven. I soon learned from the conversation of the older woman that she had been systematically bringing out her marriageable female relatives and marrying them off in

China. Now she had only one more on her hands, and she hoped to dispose of her at the races.

This young lady she introduced to me as her niece, Angelia Ainslie. She was a very tall young person, with large feet, long arms and a bony neck, which, after the English style, she uncovered at dinner. This style consists of a long train with almost no waist at all. She had rather a pretty face, but wore a troubled expression, as her aunt was constantly schooling her in the arts necessary to catch a husband. The poor girl would sometimes break down and declare she would rather go back home and never marry than stay with her old termagant of an aunt; but the intrepid matchmaker paid no attention to her niece's complaints, and kept herself well filled with whisky and soda, her eagle eye meanwhile scanning the field for every eligible man that might appear, and promptly seeing to it that he was presented to her niece without delay.

She instructed the girl to look young and childlike, and when the young men invited her to go anywhere, she was to say, "You know I am chaperoned by Auntie, and I would like her to accompany me." In this way the aunt managed to go to many places without expense, and she could engineer her matrimonial schemes. She looked forward to the races as an opportunity to accomplish her matchmaking designs without trouble, for men come from all along the coast, and there are usually six to every woman. She

had her niece dressed in her smartest gown and seated where she could be seen by all the gentlemen at the races, while she herself was constantly on the lookout for the one who, in her estimation, was the best catch.

At last she spied a young English officer who had been in China with his regiment only a short time. He had one of the best ponies on the ground, and was to compete for the ladies' prize. She at once disclosed her plans to her niece, telling her how she had once caught an officer for her daughter, and that she wished her to marry as well as her cousin had done. Forthwith, she and her niece entered the betting circle and commenced to play on the pony, complimenting it until they completely won the admiration of its owner, who was very much in love with its running qualities. He invited them to have some champagne as a token of his appreciation of their superior discernment, and the old lady at once began her campaign by sounding the young man to discover his vulnerable points, in order that she might take her cue.

She was not long in learning that he was very homesick and wanted to go back to England to see his people. At once she pictured to him, in touching language, how she had suffered when she came out to China; then she called her niece and recounted how she, too, had mourned and wept her exile from home, though she omitted to mention the real cause of her niece's sorrow. She wiped her eyes and the young woman wiped hers. At this impressive moment she

told him how glad she would be to take the place of his mother, while her niece would be a sister to him.

By these maneuvers they quite won the young man's confidence, and they continued their cunning devices until the last day of the races, when they successfully bagged their game. The old lady took a number of whiskies and sodas to celebrate the event, and went to bed, leaving the young people to stroll in the garden under the light of the pale moon.

Chefoo is noted for the mutton produced in the neighborhood and considered the best in China. American missionaries who have been in this part of the country for years have introduced many kinds of American fruits, which produce abundantly and of excellent quality. There is a large mission school there, said to be the best in the East, and patronized by foreigners from all parts of Japan and China; there are no English schools except those conducted by the missionaries. Some of these missionaries, as in other parts of China, dress in the Chinese fashion, shave their heads and wear the queue, but they have very little respect from the natives, who speak of them as "no Chinamen, only try to foollee Chinaman."

The only means of getting around is by sedan chairs, and almost everyone has a chair and coolies, whom they dress in all sorts of livery to suit their taste. I saw great, healthy Englishmen get into chairs to be carried only a few yards, for it is not the style to

walk, you know, when for a small sum you can get a coolie to carry you. There is little doubt that many of these people never had a servant until they came to China, and thought nothing of a five-mile walk. The inactive lives they lead, coupled with the climate, soon cause the women to lose their healthy English color, and, as might be said, to utterly collapse; they grow pale as death, and have to go home to recuperate.

The races at Chefoo are the event of the year. All business is at a standstill while the foreign settlement dons its smartest clothes and goes to the racecourse, which is situated on a pretty piece of ground at one end of the harbor, two miles from the foreign settlement. You may choose between two ways of reaching it, one by means of a small launch, which subjects you to the drawback of a probable wetting when you land, the other to be carried in a chair by coolies. I chose the latter rather than risk the wetting, but I soon regretted my choice, for my route led through Chinatown, and I am sure everything, from a Chinaman to a rat, must have been dead along that road. As a matter of fact, this was literally true and no mere figure of speech. In addition to this, the other filth that filled the streets made it unbearable. In one of the dirtiest streets my chair rope suddenly broke, and let me down with a tremendous thud right into the filth, but fortunately the chair saved me from getting into it. Nevertheless, there I had to sit and wait until new ropes could be procured and the chair re-

paired. It would be impossible to describe the state of my feelings when I again resumed my journey.

Arriving at the grounds, I found the track and the grandstand roped off by barbed wire to keep out about two thousand Chinamen who had assembled out of curiosity, to beg, and sell Chinese chow (food). The grandstand was built of bamboo poles covered with coarse bamboo matting, and some common chairs were placed along the front for the accommodation of the people. In all there were about fifty foreigners, and thirty Chinese ponies that looked like a lot of poorly-kept farm horses. It was evident from their appearance that they had never been combed nor brushed, but they all had been washed and had new white bridles and saddles. Each was put on the scales and weighed. The riders went through the same performance, and those who fell short of the standard weight had lead sewed in their pockets to make up the deficit. The riders, with one or two exceptions, were Englishmen and the owners of the ponies, and called themselves gentlemen jockeys. When they mounted they simply stepped over the backs of the diminutive steeds, which, in fact, were so small that it was necessary for the rider to perch his feet up on the sides or let them sail out behind in most ridiculous fashion. One of the riders had his saddle turned on the home stretch, and his weight rolled the pony over into the ditch. The big Englishman covered the ditch for at least six feet, but the pony went completely out of

sight. Some coolies lifted the little creature out and washed it off in a common tub, to prepare it for the next race.

The grand finale, the race for the ladies' prize, came at last, and everyone stood on tiptoe as the ponies came to the ribbons for the final start. The grandstand actually trembled with the excitement of the spectators, and coolies were called to hold it up lest it fall. The first pony made a mile in five minutes, the second in seven minutes, and the third in nine minutes. The crowd got beyond control with excitement over such phenomenal speed, and the officer who owned the prize-winner was so overcome that he forgot to thank the lady who handed him the "beautiful prize," as she called the little silver match-safe tied with three yards of cheap pink ribbon. The races lasted three days, and the men and the women played them alike. The men who won the most money gave a champagne dinner to the losers and out-of-town horsemen, and the hotel managers served luncheons on the ground at so much per plate, but there were many private luncheons to "our set," for it was "very English, you know."

CHAPTER NINE

SHANGHAI, QUEEN OF THE EAST

FROM Chefoo to Shanghai was rather a tedious trip. The boat was lightly loaded and rolled about a good deal. On my way to the shore I saw many Chinese junks with their great round eyes on either side of the prow, placed there so that the men could see the devils and keep out of their way. "No can see—no can sail," as the Chinese say.

At the landing there was a great number of coolies waiting for the passengers, for the hotels do not send porters to meet the small boats. All the passengers with the exception of myself were residents of China. The coolies are able to spot the strangers at once. They stand back from the residents in respectful awe, and wait until they are asked for a wheelbarrow or a riksha, knowing well from past experiences what will happen if they are too aggressive. I was the only non-resident, as I have said, and moreover a woman alone; so the whole crowd made for me. The licensed wheelbarrow coolies thrust their great red cards with black numbers into my face, to hold as security for the delivery of my baggage, while a dozen or more riksha coolies stood on either side ready to seize my hand-bag and haul me off to the hotel. One of the

officers of the ship had come to see us safely landed, and seeing my plight, he came to my rescue and sent a half dozen of my tormentors rolling down the hill. I had no more trouble after that, and soon had my baggage loaded onto a wheelbarrow; a most cumbersome conveyance, but the only means of transportation among the common people. They take a wheelbarrow for a pleasure ride, just as the better classes take a riksha or a carriage, and one often sees a Chinaman and his five or six wives and two or three pigs seated on a wheelbarrow going to market. The squeaking of the ungreased wheels as they roll along the streets is almost enough to give one nervous prostration.

I found the Astor House much enlarged and improved since it had been sold to a stock company, but those who stopped there when it was owned and run by Mrs. Jansen, greatly missed both her and her estimable family. I have never met more charming people anywhere. The foreign settlements are situated along the Bund, a wide pretty street in front of the harbor. There is no general city government; the English and the American settlements have united under one set of governing laws, while the French have their own. All, however, have their separate post offices.

There are more English than any other foreigners and Shanghai is as British as though it were a colony of Great Britain. The English settlement calls itself

the "Model Settlement." Its streets are as clean as a floor, it is well governed and guarded by no less than three different nationalities. The tall, dark-skinned sikhs from India are the most noticeable of these policemen, with twenty yards of cloth wrapped round their heads into a huge turban. The English settlement would like to be considered very democratic, for it is always poking fun at the snobbery of Hongkong, thereby leading one to infer that this form of petty vanity is unknown in Shanghai. The following will illustrate the extent of their democracy and lack of snobbery:

Many of the captains and officers of the different steamship lines live in Shanghai, but as soon as the boat comes up to the dock, the "lands-people," as the smart set call themselves, never speak to the shipping people, who constitute a distinct society of their own, and innkeepers, shopkeepers and their families are not eligible to this choice circle either. It is very evident that the majority of the English people living in Shanghai belonged to the middle classes and had to work hard for a living in their own country, but when they come to China and make a little money they are so set up that they treat their less fortunate countrymen with utter contempt.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the smart set come out for a drive on the Bund, the Nankin Road, the Moloon Road and the Bubbling Well Road, not in rikshas, for these are no longer used by the smart set,

but in full-size carriages that look very cumbersome and heavy for the little Chinese ponies. The most ridiculous sight is the livery of the coachman and tiger. I thought the first carriage I saw thus attended was some kind of an oriental show, and was greatly surprised when I found that the person in the carriage belonged to the smart set of Shanghai, and that my lady was very proud of the livery of her coachmen, having spent many days in racking her brain to create the hideous garb.

Time never weighs heavily upon the hands of the English settlement, for they have various ways of disposing of their leisure hours. There is a fine clubhouse where they meet for social intercourse, and those who enjoy outdoor sports have a variety of diversions to choose from. The races occur twice a year on a fine race course near the Moloon Road, and once a year the boat races take place. Then there is a polo ground, tennis courts, golf links, baseball, and cricket grounds, besides any number of private dinners and balls.

I visited Old Chinatown in Shanghai. On this occasion, as I entered the gate, I saw three or four lepers on either side of it, who were there to beg. It was a disgusting sight but one must expect all these things when visiting Chinatown. An old Chinaman who lived near the gate acted as my guide, and we walked for three hours through the narrow winding streets, the roofs of the houses often meeting over our



The Bund, Shanghai



A Street in Chinatown, Shanghai

heads. There were hundreds of little shops that contained many pretty things. I went to see one of the largest opium dens in the old city. There were some fifteen or twenty Chinamen lying around on mats, with their heads resting on wooden pillows. Generally on each mat there were two who lay facing each other with a lighted lamp between them. They take a piece of opium, make it into a ball and stick it onto a long hollow pipe, which they turn upside down over the lamp while they inhale the fumes. In the streets of Shanghai one can see Chinamen going home from the opium dens almost falling out of their rikshas as they sleep off the effects of their debauch.

The costumes of the different classes of Chinese seen on the streets are quite striking. The well-to-do Chinaman's garments are made of the finest brocade silks, the women's trousers and sacks of the finest satins, and these sacks are elaborately embroidered. On their heads they wear a gorgeous headdress made of pearls. The garments of the common people, both men and women, are made of blue denim.

For some time before I reached Shanghai I had been waiting patiently for an opportunity to turn my wardrobe over to the Chinese tailors of the city to be repaired and pressed, for my long journey had made it disgraceful. I found the usual number of tailors waiting in the halls of the hotel for the passengers from the steamer, and as soon as it was practicable

for me to do so, I divided up my wardrobe among them for the necessary repairs. These tailors are a great convenience to travellers, it is true, but there are some disagreeable things about dealing with them, for you must make a hard-and-fast bargain for everything they do, and the amount of haggling it takes before a satisfactory understanding is reached is often very annoying.

In some instances I have been greatly irritated by their constant solicitations. There was one who had done a good deal of work for me at different times when I visited Shanghai. He did his work reasonably and very well, but there was simply no getting rid of him. No matter how many times I told him I required nothing more he came to see me just the same, as often as a dozen times a day, each time inquiring if I had not changed my mind, and if I did not want something more made. Once he took it into his head to sell me a Chinese sable scarf, for he could not sell me any more clothes. This scarf was miserably made, for the Chinese are no furriers. I told him repeatedly I would not buy it but he continued to bring it to my room and beg me to take it. At last I became desperate at this constant annoyance and locked my doors. I told my Chinese boy not to let him into my rooms and supposed I was rid of him for I did not see him for a day or two. One day, however, I was standing near the dressing case, when his face appeared in the mirror. He startled me so

I nearly fainted for I supposed it must be his ghost; but turning round, there he was, smiling serenely and holding the piece of fur in his hand. There was nothing in reach but the shovel and tongs so I seized them and told him if he bothered me any more I would break every bone in his body. He got out of my room in a hurry, climbed through a high window in my bathroom and I never saw him again. This experience taught me that locks and keys are no barriers to Chinese tailors when they want to get into one's room to sell something.

I was seven days in Shanghai, one day resembling another as much as two peas in a pod; it seemed almost a useless expenditure of time to post up my diary, for each day, with a few exceptions, read just like the one before and something like this:—

“I was awakened this morning at five by the gabbling of the Chinese servants in the hall, as this is about the time they arrive at the hotel. Arose at six and unlocked all my doors. In a few minutes in came the boy who built the fires. Before he was through the room boy arrived with six o'clock tea. Ten minutes later the room boy returned for the waiter. Fell into a doze for a few moments, to be awakened by the bathroom boy who wanted to know whether I would have my bath cold or hot. Presently the Chinese bootblack arrived with my shoes, then the room boy returned with my clothing, which he had brushed. Now there was a general exodus of all

Chinese boys. I arose, locked my doors, took my bath, dressed and went to breakfast. Bought a morning paper, after breakfast stopped in the hotel reading room for an hour or two, then returned to my room. Later, I left the hotel to go shopping in the Chinese stores, where all kinds of beautiful silks, embroideries, drawn work, gold and silver jewelry and different kinds of silverware can be bought. Found many wonderful bargains but now I am beginning to be alarmed as to how I am going to get all my purchases into my trunks. Returned to the hotel for tiffin (the term used for luncheon in the East); after tiffin varied the program a little, and went either to old Chinatown or dropped into the Chinese theater or restaurant."

On several afternoons I went shopping among the different foreign stores, for Shanghai has many of them and some very good ones. There is one large department store, three stories high, and here I went one afternoon to buy a pair of gloves. I was told I would find them on the second floor and I started to go up the stairs, when the manager called to me and said, "I am sure you are an American and I want you to go up in our lift, for I know you have them in all of your large stores." I proceeded to follow him to the door where he touched a button, and presently there was a grating, squeaking sound, which I was told was caused by the elevator machinery for the damp climate is very hard on all machinery in



A Typical Opium Den in China



A Chinese Court of Justice

Shanghai. I was also told that the elevator was used only on extra occasions and that it had not been oiled for some time. At last the elevator boy succeeded in stopping it so that I could get in, but it was still squeaking worse than a Chinese wheelbarrow. We started, but when we were about half way up it stopped, and it was five minutes before it could be made to budge. At last we reached the upper story but it took another five minutes before it could be made to stop the right height for me to get out. I told the boy not to think of waiting for me for it would be some time before I would be ready and I preferred to walk down the stairs. When I came down the manager asked me how I liked my ride in their "lift" and I told him it was a dream; but I was careful never again to go into that store for fear I would be asked again to ride in the "lift."

I hardly ever missed returning to the hotel for afternoon tea, which was served at four o'clock, and this was really the most enjoyable part of the day. I had some friends who usually came around to the hotel to take tea with me, and often they stayed to dinner. Among the number was a Miss Sisco, a very bright little lady, who was one of the associate editors of the *Shanghai Times*, the largest and most enterprising newspaper in the Far East. I had first met her when she came to the hotel to interview me for the paper regarding my trip over the Great Siberian Railroad, and her article was one of the cleverest

writeups I ever had. It was over two columns in length, and the *Manila Times* copied it and sent me several of the papers. I felt this quite a compliment for newspapers in the far East are not at all liberal with their notices of strangers.

CHAPTER TEN

CITIES OF THE YANGTZE RIVER

ONE day while I was in Shanghai, I went to the French settlement, and lying alongside the wharf was the S. S. *Pekin*, which had carried me up the Yangtze River in December, 1897. The *Pekin* is owned by an English company, but it is built like an American river boat of about 1000 tonnage, with paddle wheels and walking-beam engine. On this occasion she was used only as a substitute while the boat that makes the regular run was being repaired. She was much too large and drew too much water for the conditions of the river at that time, and we had to stop every night and creep along in the daytime. It is six hundred miles from Shanghai to Hankow and we were over ten days making the round trip, which is usually made by the regular boat in half that time. It was fortunate for me, however, for it enabled me to see the river by daylight both ways. Although we traveled nearly all the way under dark skies, and raw cold winds blew all the time, with several rainfalls, it was one of the most enjoyable trips I have ever taken. There were few passengers either way, and though all were at first very much disgusted with the delays and the slow time made by the boat, strange to say everybody recovered from the seeming

hurry and before we landed, expressed themselves as sorry that the journey had come to an end.

Shanghai is situated on the Hwang-pu river, twelve miles from the mouth of the Yangtze, and it takes the boat about an hour to run down the river to the point at which the former empties into an estuary of the latter. The boats have some difficulty in passing out of the river into the open sea on account of the sandbars at its mouth. It is only a short distance from here to the point where the Yangtze is entered, and it looks very little like a river, for it spreads out like an immense sea and continues this way for some distance. We made no ports the first day but as it began to get dark we stopped for the night and the captain said we were near "Langshan" crossing, one of the most dangerous places in the river. He said that a number of boats had been lost on the rocks here and that since these accidents none of the captains would cross it after dark.

As soon as dinner was over all the passengers seated themselves around the stove in the dining saloon, for it was quite cold and it was not long before we all felt acquainted with each other. There were three other ladies besides myself and the first officer's wife, who stayed in her cabin almost all the way on account of ill health. Two of the ladies were missionary doctors, one from my own town, Chicago, and the other from Cleveland, Ohio. Both were stationed at Nankin and the account they gave of their

seven years' practice among the Chinese was most interesting. They said that between 3000 and 4000 Chinese were treated in their hospitals and free dispensaries each year, and that the Chinese as a race were not healthy, nor were they long lived. The women, they declared, were more unhealthy than the men, and they attributed the fact to the practice of binding the feet which prevents the blood from circulating, thereby causing the feet to become badly diseased and the whole body affected.

The other lady was a young Englishwoman who had been to Shanghai on a visit and was returning home. She said her husband owned two albumen factories at Chinkiang, and that more than half of the eggs used were gathered from wild fowls' nests along the Yangtze river. She told me I would be surprised at the number of these birds on the river, for often the boats ran into such flocks of ducks that the flapping of their wings sounded like distant thunder as they rose from the water. She said that the hunters would bring game of all kinds at the different places where we would land to be sold on the boat, and it could be bought for almost nothing, a deer often selling for one Mexican dollar. She explained that the reason why there were so many wild birds and animals in China was owing to the fact that the people were Buddhists; this religion forbids the killing of them, for they may be a friend or relative in the transmigratory state. Since foreigners have come to

China the game has been fast disappearing, for in many instances the hunters have killed quantities of it for sport and it will not be long before it will be a thing of the past, for the Chinese will never have laws passed to prevent it.

The next day, before I was up, the boat was under way and we soon came in sight of the great fortifications at Kiangyin that stand on the right bank of the river surrounded by a number of hills. It is a well-fortified place and I was told that the Chinese receive their military instructions from foreigners. During the day several large wood rafts passed us on their way down the river. The wood that composed them was cut near the head of the Yangtze River, where it usually takes a year to cut it, build the raft and float it down the river. Many of these rafts contain over one hundred persons.

The houses were built along streets that appeared like floating villages. Late in the afternoon a pretty sight was pointed out as Silver Island. It is partly fortified and only a short distance from Chinkiang, our first stopping place. Here our English lady left us. I found it quite an important place, for it is situated at the head of Grand Canal and serves as the shipping port for the quantities of merchandise which are constantly arriving from the interior. After leaving here we made the usual stop for the night, which was disappointing to the mission ladies for they had hoped to reach their destination before this time,



*The Emperor of China Sledging on the Lake
in the Palace Gardens*



The Emperor's Throne Room, Peking

and we did not arrive at Nankin until four o'clock the next afternoon.

Nankin was the southern capital during the Ming dynasty. Like all Chinese towns it is walled in, and its walls are built like those which surround Peking, two walls with the space between filled with earth and wide enough for four or five persons to ride abreast on it around the city. Some of the tombs of the Mings are here but they are very plain compared with the thirteen Ming tombs situated near Peking. Nankin is celebrated for the beauty of its silks, considered the best in China, and its looms, with those of Soo-chow, Hang-chow and Canton, supply all the silk used by the Imperial family.

The spot where once stood the famous porcelain pagoda of Nankin, the finest ever built in China, is duly pointed out to strangers. It was erected to the memory of his mother by the Emperor Yung-loh who ascended the throne in 1403 and devoted nineteen of the twenty-two years of his reign to the erection of this pagoda. It was a nine-storied octagon, 279 feet in height, and cost a million dollars. This pagoda stood for nearly five hundred years and was destroyed at the time of the uprising of the Taipings in 1856. Nankin is one of the most important cities in China. Though situated some distance from the place where the boats land, it can be plainly seen. It is well fortified and usually there are a number of war ships in the harbor for protection.

After leaving Nankin we again stopped for the night and I was the only passenger on board. The first officer's wife had now recovered from her illness and she was able to be at the table and to sit with me a short time after dinner. She said her long stay in China had completely broken down her health; and though she was a native of Australia, she had found the climate of China much more unhealthy. This seemed strange, for Australia has a fearful climate very much like that of China only the seasons are reversed, with December and January the hot, sultry months, and July and August the cool, damp ones. This lady had been a beauty at one time, but ill health had marred her looks. Nearly all the women of Australia are pretty, but they fade young, and in many instances both the men and the women have a full set of false teeth at the age of eighteen or twenty—a fact attributed to the lime in the water.

Before noon the next day we had arrived at Wuhu. This is the great rice port and there were many ships loaded with this commodity, to be shipped to other parts of China. It is not allowed to be exported, for China has never been able to raise enough for her own dense population, and quantities of it are shipped into the country every year.

On the way to Kiukiang, our next stopping place, we passed a rather strange but pretty sight, two pyramidal rocks that rose out of the river to the height of about two hundred feet, called the "Little

Orphans." Though they had the appearance of being very steep, a pretty little temple, almost hidden by the green foliage of the trees, was nestling near the top, while on the summit was a small house which had been built as a summer resort by a rich Chinaman.

Kiukiang is the place where most of the finest egg-shell china is manufactured, but I found the potteries were so far from the landing I could not visit them. The largest building in the place was the Roman Catholic Mission. It was painted white and stood facing the landing, its high clock tower visible at some distance from the shore. Here the hunters came to the boat with loads of game which the stewards bought for almost nothing, and reminded me of what the English lady had said about the game along the Yangtze. For days after we left here we simply feasted on game,—silver and gold pheasants, snipes, deer and several kinds of duck. There was a great change in the scenery after leaving Kiukiang. On either side of the river were high green hills that were much more pleasing to the eye than the low, marshy country we had been passing through, where the hills and mountains could be but faintly discerned in the distance.

We arrived at Hankow about ten o'clock the next morning and my first impression of the place was not at all favorable. The town had a dirty, forlorn look and it took me some time to realize that it was the most important business place along the Yangtze

river, and that more than half the tea raised in China is bought and shipped through this port. The Russians now monopolize the tea business, formerly carried on by the English, the most interesting feature of which is the two large factories where tea dust is pressed into bricks, and a letter of introduction to the manager of one of these factories gave me an opportunity to see how these are made.

The dust tea is first thoroughly steamed and then put into strong wooden molds and subjected to hydraulic pressure. It is not removed until thoroughly cool, when it is pressed into two sizes of bricks, the largest ten inches long, six inches wide and one inch thick. This size is made from the medium qualities of tea, while the small size, which is five inches long, two and one-half wide, and one thick, is made from the finer qualities. The bricks are securely packed into bamboo baskets, of a size that can be easily carried by mules and camels, and sent overland to Russia. At first brick tea was made only from dust and offal, but it became such a paying business that now almost all the tea is ground and put up in this form.

Hankow's hotel at this time was a small, indifferently kept place. It was run by an Englishman and his wife who were typical London boarding-house keepers such as Charles Dickens so graphically describes. It was the manager of this hotel who introduced me to a Mr. Everall, a young Englishman who



*Crushing Tea.
The Method Used in Preparing it for Market*

did business along the Yangtze for a firm in Shanghai. The manager said this young man would give me much valuable information, for he knew not only every foot of the river but a great part of China. All this I found to be true, and that he was a veritable encyclopædia of China, a graduate of Oxford and spoke five languages fluently, including Chinese and many of its dialects. When I apologized for my intrusion in taking up his valuable time, he laughed and said he was always pleased to answer the questions of strangers, and there was only one thing he considered unpardonable in either a friend or a stranger, and that was a long letter. I assured him that I had not contemplated writing him any letters at all, but if I should ever do so, and could not get all I had to say on one page, I would send my letter in installments, as they do bank notes in India; they cut them in two and send half one day and the other half a day or two later. He said that was rather a clever idea, and, to use an American expression, "I guess I could stand them if I got them that way."

The account he gave me of Hankow and the country along the Yangtze was exceedingly interesting. He was very enthusiastic over Hankow and said it would be only a short time before it would be one of the greatest cities in China. He referred to its fine situation on the left bank of the river in the province of Hupeh, at a point where the Han river flows into the Yangtze from the northwest. It was from this

tributary, he said, that the town derived its name, for literally translated Hankow meant "The mouth of the Han."

Directly across this small river there is an equally large city known as Hunyang, and opposite these two cities on the south, or right bank of the river, is Wuchang, the provincial capital of Hupeh, where the celebrated Viceroy, Chang-chi-tung, rules his people. These three cities form a tremendous center and they are noted for their manufacturing industries, which are the most important in China.

At Hanyang there are large iron-smelting and steel-rail roller-mills, and a modern arsenal for the manufacture of Mauser rifles and Hotchkiss quick-firing cannon. These are owned by the government and they are a great source of revenue to the officers who have them in charge, from the highest to the lowest, for the Chinese have a way of speculating in things owned by the government.

Wuchang has not only several government cotton mills, that furnish cotton cloth for the natives in western China, but the mint, which is fitted up with the latest foreign machinery and supplies the province with silver coins and copper cash, is also situated there. Mr. Everall declared that neither of these cities had kept pace with Hankow, which could justly be called the Chicago of China. This comparison made me smile, for I failed to see any similarity between the two places. Seeing my incredulity, he said,

“The comparison will be more realistic upon completion of the Grand Trunk Railroad Line from Peking to Hankow, which is to be extended to Canton and will then open up the richest and most productive part of China, greatly increasing thereby the trade of Hankow. Every year there is an increase in its foreign population, and now Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany and Japan have valuable concessions here. Our river frontage is greatly marred by floating warehouses called hulks, where steamers discharge their cargoes. These you saw at all the ports where the boats stop on their way up the river, but it is to be hoped that in time they will be done away with and wharves will be built in their stead.

“Running parallel with the river,” he continued, “is the Bund, a large well-paved street, which is the grand promenade for Hankow’s population after sundown on a hot summer evening, for no public gardens or parks have yet been laid out. Facing the Bund is Be-tred Road where all the finest foreign dwellings are situated. The other noticeable buildings are two clubs, a municipal building and a large Roman Catholic convent. A new hotel will soon be built and it will be under French management. You will find the streets in the native walled-in town very narrow and thronged with people passing in streams attending to their various vocations. It is astonishing to watch with what ease a coolie, carrying a cumbersome load or a sedan chair, or pushing a broad wheel-

barrow, can penetrate the dense mass of humanity. The shops, with their counters facing the streets and their smiling assistants behind them, combined with the different wares displayed for sale, present a very picturesque scene, and one becomes enchanted with the business-like air of its surroundings. But for the smells and the squeaks of tortured pigs dangling by their feet from a bamboo pole over the shoulders of the Celestials on their way to market, one could almost forget that he is in the heart of this corrupt and decaying China."

In one of the streets are a lot of hand looms of the most primitive kind on which the Chinese weave a fine silk plush that is much sought after by European ladies for cloaks and jackets. I told Mr. Everall it was here that I came near losing my life; for when I got off my sedan chair to inspect the looms, two or three hundred Chinamen flocked round me out of curiosity and pinched my cheeks, looked at my skirts and wanted me to take off my shoes so they could try them on. They took the gloves off my hands, and when I succeeded in getting back to my chair they were still trying them on. I was glad to let them keep them for it kept their curiosity in check until I got away. I was not as enthusiastic about Hankow's Chinatown as the young Englishman was for, after spending half a day in its crowded streets and being jostled about, I was delighted to get out of it.

Although the steamer did not leave until after ten

P. M. I went on board as soon after dinner as possible, for the Chicago of China at this time, with all its great advancement, had not its streets lighted. I wanted to make the journey while there was some daylight left, but even at this early hour it was a very hard matter to see where I was going, for almost as soon as the sun set there was such a fog it was pitch dark.

At breakfast the next morning there was the same number of ship's officers,—Captain Downie, Chief Engineer Mitchell, the first officer, Mr. Sparks, his wife and the two pilots, and there was one other first-class passenger besides myself, and that was the young Englishman, Mr. Everall, who had been hastily summoned by the firm he represented to return to Shanghai.

After the usual morning greetings we all began to admire the dining saloon which had been tastefully decorated with evergreens, banners and mottoes during the time we had been on shore, for the Christmas festivities were about to take place. On the sideboard stood the Christmas cake. It was made by the head steward under the captain's direction, and they were both very proud of it and the way it was iced. After we had finished breakfast we all went up "top-side," as the Chinamen say, to enjoy the view, for this was the prettiest part of the river and the sun had come out for a few hours and made everything bright and cheerful including ourselves.

At five in the afternoon we reached Kiukiang, which, the young Englishman said, literally translated meant "nine rivers." He also informed us it was a place of considerable note, with two large Russian tea factories, and that it was extensively visited during the summer months, for the Europeans had built many hotels and houses on Mt. Kuling, which is 4000 feet in height and situated ten miles from the town. It is the summer resort of the people living in Shanghai, who much prefer journeying up the river to crossing the Yellow Sea to escape the terrible heat for which that locality is noted.

Just as the whistle blew for all to be on board, we saw a well-dressed gentleman, with satchel in hand, making a frantic effort to get on board before the boat loosened itself from the hulk. It proved to be a Dr. Glendenning, who had been in Kiukiang to make arrangements for moving his family there, where he intended to follow his profession. He came from good old Irish stock, though born in Australia, and though he proved to be remarkably clever and splendid company, he was always referred to by the boat's officer and the young Englishman as "a Colonial," a term not enjoyed by all the Great Britain's colonists.

I once met a Canadian whose ancestors had been natives of that country for several generations, and who had been brought up with all the broad-minded ideas of a true American. He said the people in

Canada have the same doleful way of calling England home that they have in China, but in many instances it is simply force of habit, for they care nothing whatever for the mother country. He said he had never fully realized how inferior the Britishers considered the "Colonials" until he came to China. Falling ill of typhoid fever, he went to a hospital in Shanghai, and when he was able to sit up the matron came to see him. One of her first questions was, "Where are you from?" and when he told her she curled her lip disdainfully and said, "Oh, you are a Colonial." He said it so angered him that for several days he was much worse and felt like telling her that he considered himself superior to any Englishman ever born.

The next thing that attracted our attention as we went down the river was Kiukiang's Pagoda, for it is one of the finest along the Yangtze River. These pagodas are usually built with an odd number of stories, for the Chinese believe there is luck in odd numbers. Pagoda building was introduced into China from India, and they were built first, as the dagobas were in that country, to cover some of the sacred ashes of Buddha, but afterwards they were used as receptacles for the ashes of saints and priests.

In about two hours we were in sight of the "Little Orphans," for no matter how often one goes up and down the river one always watches for the sight of these two pyramidal rocks, they appear so majestic

standing in the middle of the river. As the "Little Orphans" faded out of sight it began to grow dark, and the usual stop was made for the night. At dinner that evening we had rather an exciting time, for the doctor, who had been in China only a short time, insisted that the British part of Shanghai was under the control of the British government, and that it was a colony and not a settlement. The chief engineer, who had been in China for over thirty years, contradicted this statement and told him that it was known as the "Model Settlement," and that it was independent of the British government. The argument at one time became very warm, but in the end it was regarded as a great joke and the doctor enjoyed it as much as the rest of us. No doubt what made him so positive was the way the British government has of treating the "Model Settlement"; for only a few years ago it sent a number of fine field guns for their protection and every year it sends them an allowance of ammunition.

The next day was Christmas and it was the jolliest, funniest Christmas I ever spent. Although the weather was cold and we almost froze in our cabins, the dining saloon was warm and we spent most of the day there feasting and telling stories.

We did not have turkey for dinner, but we had golden pheasant, and never do I remember tasting such a delicious fowl, though it was only one of the many good things we had. We sat long at the



A Chinese Pagoda on the Yangtze River

table and there were many toasts and stories. The doctor of course was always in the lead for there was simply no end to his Irish wit. The chief engineer told some funny old Scotch stories too that made us laugh heartily, and so the day passed.

In the evening the captain gave us a splendid little supper; but when the fun was at its height he said, in a very solemn voice, "Let us change the program and each one in turn tell what he considered the greatest mistake of his life." Suiting the action to the word, he said that he considered his to be the fact that he had married, late in life, a young and beautiful woman, and had a number of sweet children whom he never would live to rear and educate, and who must necessarily be a great burden to his charming wife. The captain's story put an end to all the fun, and the chief engineer followed it with the tale of his family experiences. He said he had to find some object to love after the death of his wife some years before, and that ever since then he had kept in his cabin a little cat which he loved to care for as though it were the most precious thing on earth and which he had never even so much as allowed his servant to touch.

It was growing late and we bade each other good-night; but before leaving someone jokingly said to the chief engineer, "Chief, don't blow us up in the morning when you start the boat." He laughed, and pretended to be a bit indignant; but sure enough, through some unavoidable accident, we *were* nearly blown up

the next morning, and this necessitated our anchoring, to blow off steam, cool the boilers and effect repairs, which kept the engineer busy for over twenty-four hours. The doctor did a good deal of fidgeting about the delay and a good deal of talking about stopping some of the steamers and continuing his journey in one of them, but we coaxed him not to do so for we were loath to part with his good company.

Our first stop after we again got under way was Wuhu, a dismal place at any time, but now doubly so for it was raining hard. The young Englishman said that most people were greatly pleased with the name "Wuhu," but that he never stopped there without experiencing a desire to cry and rename it "Boo-hoo."

When we arrived at Nankin it was late and still raining, so we only waited long enough to get the mail. There were the same experiences at nearly all the other stopping places, and after a rather long journey we arrived at seven o'clock one evening at Shanghai, where we all left the boat and took rikshas. We were together until about half way down the Bund, when each took a different direction, and that was the last time we were ever together again.

It is now five years since I took this eventful trip, and during this time I have visited China three times, inquiring on each occasion for those who accompanied me. On one of my visits I met four of the party but the last time, when I made my usual inquiries, I was

pained to learn that the captain had died, according to his predictions, and that the chief engineer had also joined his beloved wife in the beyond. The chief officer and his wife lived in Shanghai and he had been appointed to fill the captain's place on the steamship *Pekin*. The doctor was still living in Kiukiang, where he had built up a large practice, the young Englishman was doing business for an American firm in Hankow, and still enjoying single blessedness, though the belles of Shanghai and Yangtze had vied with each other for some years in the effort to determine which of them would be lucky enough to catch him. My informant told me that Hankow had greatly increased its foreign population, and that I would never know the place, there were so many new buildings and improvements. The railroad was running between Hankow and Peking, but had not been completed to Canton.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ON THE CHINA SEA

PROBABLY there is nothing in China that excites the curiosity of strangers more than the foot-binding practiced among the women, and at no place do you see more of it than in Shanghai. When the practice began is not known, for it is probably as old as the Chinese empire; and, though many writers have tried to account for its origin, nothing is definitely known of it. One writer asserts that it was introduced for the purpose of keeping the women at home and stopping their gossip among their neighbors. It is now considered a mark of great beauty, that is much admired by the Chinese men. A rich Chinese merchant brought his wives to me that I might see their tiny feet. "Most too smalle," he said, "velly pretty!" I was told that if the parents, in many instances, omitted to bind the baby girls' feet, they would do it themselves when they were old, and the suffering would be much greater.

The foot is most unsightly when uncovered; the pointed, embroidered shoe, silk stocking and the long piece of cloth used to bind it and prevent its growing, cover indeed a multitude of sinning against nature. The small toes are turned under and next the sole of



Bound Feet Uncovered

the foot, leaving only the great toe and the heel, which, becoming greatly enlarged, loses its natural appearance and resembles the heel of a shoe. The instep rises into a hideous lump, and the weight of the body is borne on the big toe and the heel, which renders many of the women incapable of walking, and they have to be carried by servants.

When one goes to China one must learn pigeon English, for this is the only means of being understood by the coolies. There is only one written Chinese language, but every province has its own dialect; and, though these different localities may be but a short distance apart, one set of Chinamen cannot understand the other, so foreigners have adopted pigeon English as a means of communication with them all. I learned only a few words but there is an extensive vocabulary at the disposal of those who wish to accomplish the linguistic feat of mastering it. There are a few typical expressions: When you wish a Chinaman to hurry up you say "Chop-chop." When you call upon a friend, you ask "Master have got?" If he is in, the boy answers "Yes;" but if he is out he says "Have no got." If you wish a Chinaman to go upstairs you say "Go up top-side." They say "Can do," "No can do," and "No sabee," when they do not understand. "Chit" is another word used all through the East, and means a bill, a card or a note. A female servant is called "Oma."

I was now traveling on the *Hongkong Maru*. It

made very good time, and on the third morning after leaving Shanghai dropped anchor in the beautiful blue waters of the harbor at Hongkong, the great naval fortress of the English in the East. It is a free port and one feels a sense of relief on landing, to discover the absence of the usual lot of impudent customs house officers who tear one's baggage to pieces and blandly say they are "sorry to make so much trouble, but they are only carrying out the requirements of the law."

From the steamer's deck you have a fine view of the city. The portion that lies along the harbor is called Victoria, though few strangers know it by this name, for it is usually called Hongkong, the name of the island. The city has a population of 260,000, of whom 12,000 are foreigners of different nationalities. It is a very cosmopolitan place, the streets crowded with people from very part of the globe.

Hotel accommodations are difficult to get, although there are a number of large hotels, and new ones are constantly being built. The hotel proprietors are very independent and if you go to the office to make a complaint you are told they will send the coolies up for your baggage and you had better look elsewhere for accommodations. I always stop at the Hong-kong Hotel, for this is considered the best. In the dining room there are about fifty Chinese waiters all wearing long white linen tunics. The different dishes on the menu are numbered both in Chinese and Eng-

lish numerals, and you point to the number to designate what you wish, for the Chinese cannot read English. Each dish is brought in separately, and a novel sight it is to see these white-robed Celestials prancing round the room, getting in each other's way and often running into the guests. The head waiters are Chinamen dressed in stiff brocaded silk, and they walk around as though half asleep. They are rich, for all the "cumshaw" (tips given the waiters) are turned over to them to keep as their part of the "squeeze" for getting the waiter his position.

Hotel prices have advanced threefold during the last five years, since the Americans have been going to the Philippines. There has been a great change in this respect both in China and Japan. Chairs, rikshas and an electric tram car line that runs through both the foreign and native town are the means of transportation. The shipping of Hongkong is extensive, and boats are constantly arriving and departing to all parts of the world. The harbor is always full of Chinese junks and sampans, with thousands of Chinese living on them.

Rising majestically behind the city of Victoria is the Peak, the highest hill on the island. At its highest point, about 1,800 feet, is the signal station where the arrival of ocean steamers is announced by hoisting a flag and firing a cannon. It is the summer resort of the Hongkong people, and when it is unbearably hot in the city below you can sleep under blankets on

the Peak. Two large hotels and hundreds of houses are situated on it, and the view is marvelous, especially at night, when the harbor and the city, with its thousands of lights, give the impression of myraids of twinkling stars fallen from the skies. By daylight the view over the harbor and the islands is equally as fine. There are two ways of reaching the summit, one by a steam tram that runs up and down every fifteen minutes, the other by sedan chairs. The Governor General resides in a fine palace on a broad terrace half way up the Peak.

The society of Hongkong is divided into sets, and there is constant strife among them for the honor of being entitled to an invitation to the Governor's house. At the hotels and the most informal gatherings every one appears in full dress, and this colony is considered one of the most straight laced and snobbish of all that belong to Great Britain. Women who work in foreign stores are brought out from England, under contract to remain for a term of years with their employers, and as there are many single men among the foreign population, both in Hongkong and China, matrimony is a plant that flourishes in the Far East.

Many Englishmen set up housekeeping with a Chinese or Japanese woman, who combines the office of wife, housekeeper and servant in one. In some instances they marry these women, but more often they abandon them after a number of children have been born, and in consequence many half castes are to be

seen here. With all the disadvantages which Hongkong may suffer from climate and other causes, it is a pretty place and it has been truthfully said, "There is but one Hongkong and one Peak."

As the *Pitseanuloka* would sail for Bangkok at daylight, it was necessary for me to go on board the night before. Arriving at the steamer I was met by the captain, who informed me that I would be his only passenger, and that he had instructed his Chinese steward to look after my various wants and see that I was made comfortable. At the same time he excused himself as he, with the first and second mate, were to dine with friends on shore, and hence I found myself quite alone. There was not a sound but the heavy tread of the watchman at one end of the boat, and at the other the rattling of dominoes, with which the Chinese stewards were gambling, apparently improving the opportunity afforded by the absence of the captain. I went to the upper deck and found it scrubbed white as snow. In the center was a table with an electric drop light, and there were a number of long reclining bamboo chairs for the use of the passengers. On more pretentious steamers I have found greatly inferior accommodations. I had supposed there was not a living thing on deck, but as I was making my last round I heard the mew of a cat and the bark of a dog. Looking around to see whence the noise came, I saw under a chair two cats, and on the stairs a dog, which followed me to the brightly

lighted cabin below where I discovered that the cats were about half grown and very thin. Canned milk did not agree with them, the cabin boy said. One cat was a common black and white one while the other was a pure Siamese, with a coat of remarkable coloring, shaded from the most delicate cream to a seal brown, its feet and the end of its tail coal black. It had light blue eyes with that soft dreamy expression so often seen in Orientals. A beautiful animal is more admired than the plainer ones, and the Siamese cat which was no exception to the rule, received more dainty bits than the common one, but the latter had the keenest eyes ever set in a cat's head, and she attended strictly to business. She was the first of the three on the ship and she gave all the newcomers to understand that she was monarch of all she surveyed. The dog was of some common breed, white and very small, and he was the last addition to the ship's family. The common cat was very angry when the dog arrived and kept him in hiding for many days. Every time he made his appearance she would walk down the deck on her hind feet soundly thrashing the poor little creature. The Siamese cat was inclined to be friendly to the dog but the common cat gave her a good whipping and taught her to whip the dog also, who would stand on his hind legs and beg in the most pitiful way to be protected from them. Their method was to stand at either door, just under the sill, so the dog could not see them, and when he jumped into the



Beauty and the Beast

saloon they would assail him from both sides of the room. It made no difference where the poor little fellow went his feline enemies were watching, ready to pounce upon him and claw him. I took the part of the oppressed little canine and the common cat was disposed to fight me for my chivalry and teach me not to meddle with what she considered her business. For days I watched these creatures with the greatest interest. I had never before thought animals possessed thinking powers, but I am convinced that that common cat could reason out things with a precision that would puzzle her superiors. She seemed to realize that the Siamese cat, like the Siamese people, was weak and easily influenced, and that she had to act for her.

SIAM AND SINGAPORE

CHAPTER TWELVE

BANGKOK, A MODERNIZED CITY

THE ships plying between Bangkok and Hongkong are employed the year around in carrying the rice crop of Siam to Hongkong, whence it is re-shipped to Canton, where the greater part of it is consumed. There is little merchandise to take back to Siam and the ships have nothing but their ballast to hold them down, which is quite insufficient, for most of the way is across currents and it would be hard to find rougher seas.

It was not until the Gulf of Siam was reached that we found smooth sailing. The weather was growing warm day by day until it became very oppressive. The distance between Hongkong and Bangkok is 1455 miles, and it takes nearly five days to make the trip. The first glimpses of Siamese territory are the many green islands situated in the Gulf of Siam, some of which are very pretty and serve as resorts of the Bangkok people.

As the boat enters the mouth of the Menam river one sees two forts well equipped with modern devices of war for the defense of the river, the banks of which are low and swampy and covered with coarse grass. You soon notice the ship is rising in the water, and the captain tells you he is lightening the ballast, hop-

ing to cross the bar just below Bangkok where many vessels are stranded for days, the mud piling up around them until one could get out and walk about the ship. Fortunately the high tide usually floats them off. The channel is constantly changing and it is almost impossible to navigate it without a pilot who understands the current.

Not very far up the river a huge Buddhist temple comes in sight, built on an island in the middle of the stream, which is so level it appears to float upon the water. As seen from the deck of the steamers this temple is very picturesque, with its white spires and many-colored tiles shimmering in the sun. A little farther along you perceive boats with houses built upon them, moored to the banks on either side. Many of these floating houses are shops filled with different kinds of merchandise with people in small boats shopping among them. At night the river presents a splendid sight for these boats are brilliantly lighted and there are hundreds of shoppers and pleasure seekers on the river.

Never was I so astonished as when I arrived at Bangkok and found that I had been laboring under several misapprehensions. I had heard much about the filth of the place and that it was so hot eggs would cook in the shade. What was more, I was told after I arrived that eggs would hatch if you laid them in the sun; but this I cannot vouch for, as I did not see them hatching, nor can I vouch for the reputed size



*Boat Life on the River, Bangkok, Siam
Wat Chang, or Golden Mountain in the Distance*



Siamese Actors

of the mosquitoes. It is true that Bangkok is hot, and that there are plenty of mosquitoes, but there are just as many in other parts of the world and there are hundreds of oriental cities much dirtier. It has been so modernized in the last few years that it has not the appearance of an oriental town, but resembles a well-built foreign city. The streets have been widened and greatly improved, and there is an electric tram car running through the main street that is mostly patronized by the native people. There are a number of wide avenues and boulevards and some twenty miles of good driveways in and around Bangkok. The last addition is Dusit Park, of which the King is very proud, and in which he is building a palace for himself and the Crown Prince. This park is laid out with wide boulevards, and when the trees grow larger it will be a charming place.

I have never visited an oriental city where I was so well entertained, nor one where I enjoyed myself so well as I did at Bangkok. I had not been an hour at the Oriental Hotel when an evening paper containing a notice of my arrival was handed me, and soon after the American Minister, Mr. King, called with his family, and most charming people I found them. They arranged my sightseeing in Siam, a kindness which I highly appreciated, for it made my stay extremely pleasant as well as interesting, and, besides, they gave me so much information that it would have been difficult for me to have obtained otherwise.

I shall not attempt to give a description of the many wats, or Buddhist temples, for there are hundreds of them in Bangkok, and I visited only the largest and those most noted. Some of them cover acres of ground, surrounded by monasteries where the monks and priests live, who may be seen at a very early hour dressed in yellow robes and going from house to house collecting their supplies of food for the day.

Some of the old wats have their inside walls and doors finely inlaid with mother of pearl, but this kind of work is no longer done here and it is impossible to find a modern piece of inlaid work in Siam; it has become a lost art. It cannot be said that the workmanship of many of the wats is finely done, but the form of their spires and domes and their strange coloring make them very effective, and when seen from a distance they are wonderfully beautiful.

There is only one spot in Bangkok high enough to command a view of the city, and this is an artificial mountain called "Golden Mountain," with wat Chang built on its summit. It is two hundred feet in height and situated some distance from the business part of the city. Most of the wats are along the river and canals in the prettiest part of the town, and this enables their devotees to reach them by boat for they were built before the electric cars, carriages and rikshas, when the only means of transportation was by water. There are many canals running through



A "Wat," or Temple

Bangkok, and some of them are pretty with thousands of people living on them in boats.

I was fortunate in arriving in Bangkok in time for the King's procession to the wats, which occurs once a year when the King delivers the robes to the high priests. It is called the procession of Thot Krathin, and certainly it was one of the finest oriental processions I have ever witnessed. Never had I seen anything to compare with the three royal barges. They were over one hundred feet in length and almost covered with gold trimmed with red. These barges were rowed by eighty men dressed in red with eighty golden paddles that were lifted and dropped in perfect rhythm, a man sitting in the prow of the boat beating time. The King sat in the first barge smiling to the assembled throng; in the second were the young princes, while in the third were the robes of the priests. There was something like a dozen other barges built like that of the King's, but none were so splendidly ornamented. These are rowed by men in white, who lifted their paddles to the same rhythmic beat, and they would have been a splendid spectacle in themselves had not the King's gorgeous trappings overshadowed them. I am sure nothing could equal this spectacle for oriental magnificence.

The King was a good-looking man with a pleasing manner. He has some Chinese blood of which he is not at all proud, for he would rather be thought a pure Siamese. It would be impossible to tell how

many children King Chulalongkorn has, for he was the father of two before he was fifteen years old and he is now forty-nine. He has a number of children older than the Crown Prince, who is now twenty-six years of age, and the mothers of these older offsprings are concubines. The Crown Prince is the son of the first queen, who no longer lives with the King, because her half sister is now the reigning queen. Both are half sisters of the king; for, as he is the only Buddhist ruler in the world, there are no other princesses for him to marry. He speaks English very well and so does the Crown Prince who had a foreign tutor for years and is considered a very clever young man. His palace is surrounded by a high wall, well guarded by day and by night, and most of the government offices are within its enclosure. The only part of the palace seen by visitors is the audience hall and the government apartments. The King resides within these buildings among the ladies of the harem, quite out of sight. The palace is foreign built and furnished in very costly style with foreign furniture, but there is a great lack of taste in its arrangement.

In the palace enclosure are a number of wats where His Majesty worships. The latest addition was the Golden Pagoda built by foreigners and so poorly constructed that much of it has fallen down. The stables of the sacred elephants are shown to the visitor, composed of a half dozen half-starved, albino elephants in as many filthy stalls, attended by dirty



The King and Queen of Siam

natives who beg a penny as they throw the elephants a wisp of hay or a bunch of bananas. I was told that several times a year these huge animals were dressed in gorgeous trappings with diamonds hanging from their ears and marched through the King's palace. I only hope that on these sacred occasions they got a bath and enough to eat. Most visitors try to obtain a few hairs from the tails of these impotent beasts to make a good luck charm. I considered myself particularly fortunate in securing a ring from the hair of the whitest and therefore the most sacred.

The Siamese men and women are very inferior in appearance and the common classes are very filthy in their habits. The women dress in a short skirt, reaching to the knees, and so arranged that it looks like a kind of trousers. They fasten a piece of cloth across their breasts, for the King had a law passed fifteen years ago that women should not appear nude and that they should cover their bosoms; but he neglected to legislate on their chewing areca or betel nut, a habit so constantly and freely indulged in, that the red saliva is always running out of their mouths. They shingle their hair behind and roach it back from the forehead in front; and with all their dirt and half naked bodies they are so fond of jewelry that one often sees a diamond bracelet worth several hundred dollars on a most unclean arm. The immorality of the Siamese women is really deplorable; there are few oriental countries where they have fallen so low.

The power of the King is absolute; in fact the land and everything in the kingdom belongs to him and his subjects know nothing greater nor more powerful than their King. He has no less than sixteen names to distinguish him from the rest of mankind, and his brothers, for the most part, constitute the members of his cabinet. They also hold several other government offices, for he has no less than twenty-four of these relatives and probably as many sisters; so it is small wonder that the temptation of nepotism is great.

The commerce of the country is so largely in the hands of foreigners that the Siamese are really non-entities in their own country. The rice mills are owned by the Chinese and the gambling houses, that great source of revenue to the King, are run by Chinamen.

Siam is very level and as far as the eye can reach there is nothing to be seen but "paddy fields," as the Orientals call the mud and water patches where the rice grows. It is not until you get far into the interior that there is any high ground. The currency of the country is called the "tical," and the old currency is very peculiar. It consists of silver cut or hammered into a flattened ball with a deep groove on one side and a small chop, or stamp on the other, to show in what reign it was issued. The coins were made in this shape so they could be easily picked up by the gamblers, but many counterfeits were found among them, their shape making it impossible for



A Siamese Woman

them to ring. A new currency has been issued, flat with milled edges, like that of other countries, with a medallion of the King on one side and the coat of arms of Siam on the other. The new tical is the size of an American half dollar but worth only half as much. In the last few years the chartered bank of India and Australia, and the Hongkong and Shanghai bank, have been allowed by the government to issue different denominations of tical in paper, which is more convenient to handle.

One of my many pleasant remembrances of Bangkok is meeting the editor of the *Siam Observer*, who came to the hotel to interview me. He said that he deemed the impressions of a person who had traveled so extensively and seen so many cities and countries, worth gathering, and he wanted me to be very careful in what I said about Bangkok and Siam, for it would be read by the King and other members of the royal family. The interview was nearly a column in length, and I understood that the King was highly pleased with all I said in praise of himself and his country.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE ISLAND OF SINGAPORE

FORTUNATELY the *Delia* was to leave Bangkok for Singapore just as I was ready to sail. It was a three days' trip, and although the weather was exceedingly hot, there was always a cool spot to be found somewhere on board. The English passengers grumbled a good deal because there were no punkers in the dining room, but the boat was built for the East Indian service, and the Dutch believe that the punker cools the air too suddenly and causes one to take cold. The punker is a long fan, made by tacking cloth to a strip of wood and suspending it from the ceiling in such a way that it can easily be swung by means of long ropes attached to it and pulled by coolies. This device is much used in oriental countries for cooling the atmosphere.

Singapore has a splendid harbor which is always full of shipping. Most of the boats go alongside the quay, but we arrived before daylight and stopped half a mile from shore. All the passengers were up as soon as it was light and then came the usual bartering with the native boatmen to take us ashore. If there are any fixed rates in oriental countries one is a long time in finding it out; for the natives always take ad-



The Sacred White Elephant of Siam

vantage of newcomers, and everyone else when it is possible.

On reaching shore we were met by a number of Malay runners from the different hotels and they were about as hard to contend with as the native boatmen. The hotels are about a mile from the landing but the different points are a long way apart in Singapore.

The town is about three miles distant from the residence district. Even there it takes a long time to visit one's friends, for the houses and even the public buildings are surrounded with acres of ground and this makes them a great distance apart. The dwelling places are very charming, having been built in great groves of cocoanut and palm trees.

There are few places in the Orient that excite the admiration of the stranger as much as Singapore, viewed from the deck of the steamer. The greater part of the island is flat, the climate the same the year round, hot and oppressive, for it lies almost on the equator, and the island, like the climate, never changes; it is always a beautiful green. On the esplanade stands the statue of Sir Stamford Raffles, who founded Singapore in 1819 and served as its first English governor.

Singapore has a fine situation in the most southern part of Asia. The English, wishing to have a port far enough north so steamers going to and from Europe could call, swapped Java with the Dutch for

Singapore, and it has been an English possession ever since. Persons coming from China and Japan by the northern route, and those going to China by the same route, change steamers at Singapore if they propose visiting the Dutch East Indies. The boats of the Royal Packet Company, owned by the Dutch, are considered the best by travelers, for they run to all the different parts of the East Indies and their decks are furnished with reclining chairs and lounges, where the passengers take their afternoon tea and siestas, often, as well, spending the night in the cool air of the deck instead of going to their cabins below. I had gone on board the steamer the night previous to its sailing and it lay alongside the dock all night. There is no describing how I suffered with the mosquitoes, for Singapore's pests are terrible.

The first dawn of day found me on deck and I had hardly seated myself when I saw the captain taking his coffee, which is the custom in these countries to do as soon as one arises. This captain was an exceedingly homely man; his hair was bright red, his light Dutch complexion had been burned by the tropical sun until it was almost as red as his hair, and he was bespeckled with freckles almost as large as peas. To add to his ungainly appearance he was dressed in pajamas made from Javanese sarongs of gorgeous coloring, and he wore a jacket made from some white material which was not clean. On his head was a white cap, also dirty, and he walked



The Raffles Museum, Singapore

around quite as complacently as if he were in full dress. I was very much disgusted with his appearance, but it was not long before the other passengers came on deck and I discovered that all, with the exception of the German Governor from Apia, one of the Samoan islands, and his doctor, were similarly attired. The women wore sarongs with white sacks and no stockings and Javanese toe slippers.

For breakfast, however, the captain put on a neat suit of white, and on his left at the table sat the German Governor and his doctor; while the seat on his right was given to me. On my left sat two American gentlemen, so that, at our end of the table, everyone was properly attired, while most of the Dutch passengers breakfasted in pajamas and sarongs. It was not until dinner time that the pajamas were discarded, though many put them on again as soon as dinner was over. In many places in the Dutch East Indies the women, as well as the men, wear pajamas all day; and it is not until evening that they dress, often in silk, satin and velvet, and go to call upon their friends as late as ten o'clock.

At one of the steamship offices in Singapore I received a small guide book to the Dutch East Indies containing a paragraph advising tourists to take enough pajamas along to have at least a clean pair for each meal. A pair of pajamas, he said, were hardly the thing to wear at the table after they had been slept in all night.

150. NEWEST WAY ROUND THE WORLD

The sarong is the native dress worn by both sexes. These, and cotton handkerchiefs which the men wear on their heads, are manufactured by machinery in Batavia. They are stamped after the manner of calico, but thousands are still woven on hand looms by the women in the native houses. The cloth, after it is woven and before it receives the color, is called a "battek," and the beauty and fineness of the sarong all depend on how the "battek" is woven. The largest sarongs are about two yards in length and from three-quarters to over a yard in width. Their colorings are very gorgeous, one end usually being in some fancy design. They are worn by putting them straight around the waist and then drawing them up under a string or belt, crossing the fancy end over the plain in front. The Dutch law compels the native people to wear the dress of their country; but if the men wear the foreign trousers they must loop the sarong around their waists and wear the native handkerchief about their heads. If a man wears a foreign hat he must cut the crown out of it, for the native people are not allowed to wear foreign headgear, neither are they allowed to wear foreign shoes; even the soldiers are compelled to go barefooted. Of course, thin materials that will wash are most desirable in these hot climates where the thermometer often registers 100° in the shade; but one soon regulates his habits and manners of living according to the customs of the country he is in.

JAVA

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"THE LAND OF PAJAMAS AND SARONGS"

IF one intends to make a tour of the whole island of Java some warm wraps are necessary, for at Tosari, the highest health resort, which is only about 6000 feet above the level of the sea, one suffers with the cold after coming from the hot climate below. Even at the height of two or three thousand feet it is cool enough to be very enjoyable.

On the boat one gets the first insight into the way the people of the Dutch East Indies live. There are no bath tubs, the water usually stands in a large tub and you pour it over your head with a cup or pail. The meals are about the same as those at the first-class hotels in Java. In the morning, as soon as one rises, coffee is brought to the room in a small bottle that holds two or three spoonfuls and corked with a glass stopper. The coffee kernel is browned until it is almost black, and, as the decoction is generally made a day or two before it is used, it is as strong as can be, and similar to a coffee extract. One teaspoonful is quite strong enough for an ordinary cup, which is prepared by putting one teaspoonful of the extract into a cup and filling it with hot milk. I had heard a great deal about the delicious coffee of Java.

The Javanese, it was said, were the only people who knew how to make coffee to perfection; but this was not my experience, for I thought that of all the great coffee countries I had visited they knew the least about making the beverage.

Breakfast is served at eight o'clock and consists mostly of cold dishes,—meat, jam, bread, butter and tea. At twelve o'clock luncheon is served, called the Dutch India rice table, for large bowls of rice, holding several gallons, are passed around with a pint scoop to dish it out. Each person proceeds to fill his deep plate full, and then come the different dishes to be mixed with the rice. Sometimes there are no less than twelve kinds of boiled, baked, fried and dried meats, chicken, fish, soup, pickles, vegetables, chutney and other sauces mixed with the rice before it is eaten. It is surprising how much of this mixture the Dutch can eat and it is served for this meal the year around. After this, beefsteak and potatoes are usually served and there is fruit for dessert and coffee. Dinner consists of four courses with some kind of pudding and ice for dessert, also tea and coffee. All kinds of drinks may be had by paying extra for them.

At the hotels, before luncheon and dinner, an appetizer free to all the guests is set out on the veranda. It is a liquor something like the Russian vodka, but stronger. There is also a tonic, a dark-colored mixture, and the two together make a very strong drink.

The Dutch never drink Singapore soda water, which is so popular in Siam and on some of the steamship lines, for they believe it to be very unhealthful. They drink nothing but Apollinaris water, which is shipped to Java by the thousands of gallons. The water of Java is not generally good, as few of the cities have water works. Most of it comes from springs and wells and it often causes fever and cholera.

There was little excitement on the boat. About all one can do in these hot climates is to keep as quiet as possible and not overheat the blood. Everyone was anxious to know just when we would cross the equator and, though I had crossed it eight times before, I was as interested as any of the other passengers. The ocean was as smooth as a floor and we were always in sight of pretty evergreen islands.

As Java came into view it presented a charming appearance; and soon the boat entered the spacious harbor of Tand-jony-Priok, filled with the shipping that mostly belonged to the Dutch companies. The steamer proceeds to the dock and as soon as the plank is thrown out the Javanese boys, or porters, come on board from the hotels of Batavia to meet the passengers. Your baggage must all go to the customs house near the landing to see if you have any firearms with you. A little farther on is the railway station where you buy your ticket and book your baggage for Batavia, which is situated inland an hour's ride by train.

Entering Batavia one must be careful to get off at the right station. The hotels and the best residences are in the new part called Weltevreden, and if you go to the hotel first you change your station at Batavia and take another train for either the station, Noordwijk or Koningsplein, where carriages and omnibuses are waiting to take you to the hotels.

The first vehicle which attracts a stranger's attention at Batavia is a small two-wheeled carriage spelled "dos-a-dos" and pronounced "sado." The driver sits in the middle to balance it, and the passengers sit with their back to the driver facing the street. You get into it from a small step at the back, where there is nothing for you to take hold of, and often the pony starts as soon as he feels the pressure of a foot on the small step. This raises the shafts; and as the drivers are often half asleep you are liable to get a fall, as I did, nor did I recover from the effects of it for days. Thank goodness, these conveyances are found nowhere else in the world.

The hotels are situated along the tramway which runs through the old and the new town. The Hotel des Indies is the largest and best in Java. The main parts of the hotels are usually two stories in height, never higher, for to ascend to the second story is tiring in these hot climates. They are plainly furnished with wide beds and good mosquito bars around them, well tucked in at night. Only one sheet is put on the bed and a long bolster is laid in



Javanese Men in Native Sarongs

the middle lengthwise, which a person is supposed to embrace and hold next the body to keep the vitals warm, with no other covering but one's nightclothes.

Batavia has a population of 200,000 but no sewers and no water works. A river runs through the city having the appearance of a canal. It is walled up some thirty or forty feet on either side and it has been so dredged out that the current is very swift. Into this river every conceivable kind of filth is thrown. The natives bathe in it and drink the water, while most of the clothes worn in Batavia are washed in this useful stream. It looks as thick as mud, it is so impregnated with the red clay washed down from the mountains. The water used for cooking is taken from wells. When I visited Batavia in 1892 it had not rained for seven months, and all the parks and plazas were as dry as an ash heap and the cholera was spreading badly, as is always the case when there is a continued drought.

The old part of Batavia can scarcely be called pretty. The buildings are old-fashioned and crowded together, while the streets are dirty and there is a large native population; but the most important business houses, such as the banks, are in this part of the city. It is the upper part, or the new town called Weltevreden, that is so attractive and the prettiest oriental city in the world. It looks very little like a city, for the dwellings are situated on either side of long well-paved streets and are sur-

rounded by acres of ground, which give them the appearance of villas as well as a very rural look. They are only one story high, but they cover a great deal of ground and have wide verandas. At night they are brilliantly lighted with electricity, and it is a pretty sight to ride through the town at that time and see it lighted up. The whole city is built in a magnificent forest of tropical trees and plants. Many of the stores along the river have large grounds around them and look more like dwellings than shops. At five in the afternoon and until late in the evening the streets are full of splendid equipages filled with people riding with uncovered heads to cool off.

There are only a few places of interest to visit. In the old town are the gates of the old Batavian Castle, with two immense black statues on each side of the door, but it would be impossible to say what they represent. To the west, and not far from the gate, is the old cannon of Mariam, considered sacred by the natives, who believe it will produce life and fertility, and they keep offerings and sacred oil continually burning around it.

The Chinese town has rather a pretty situation and a population of over 20,000. They are not good looking like the Chinese of Singapore, for most of them are mixed with the Javanese. The museum is very interesting, the exhibits being mostly from the islands in the archipelago. In a small room in

charge of one of the attendants one sees the things that belonged to the Maraja of Batavia, among them a golden chair, a number of rings, swords, sheaths, and a hat that was worn by the Maraja, studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. In another room is a collection of Buddhist gods from the old temples in the center of Java, while in still another room may be seen the instruments of punishment used by the natives before the island came into the possession of the Dutch. One visit to this room is sufficient, for the sight is most harrowing. There is also a library in connection with the museum, in the front of which is a bronze elephant, a present from the King of Siam, who, with the queen, has twice visited Java.

Batavia was founded in the first part of the seventeenth century as the capital of the Dutch East India Company. It is an hour's ride to Buitenzorg and there are a number of trains a day; but it is always best to take one reaching there before two, as after that there is always a terrific rain storm accompanied by wind, and it is almost impossible to escape a thorough soaking.

There is little difference between the climate of these two cities, although the difference in the altitude is a thousand feet. Another rather remarkable thing is the fact that one city is flooded with rain while the other does not get a drop once in seven months. The great beauty of Buitenzorg is its tropical scenery, for the constant rain and the great

heat bring out the foliage to perfection. From the rear cottages of the Hotel Bellevue there is a fine view over the Valley of Tjiliwong and the Gedeh and the Salak mountains, which are covered to the top with a thick, tropical jungle.

But this is only the appetizer before the feast. Rising early in the morning one sets out to visit the Botanical Gardens, for it is impossible to walk through the dense forest after it grows hot. The Botanical Gardens were established in 1817 by Reinwardt, and they are considered the finest of their kind in the world. They are certainly the finest sight in Buitenzorg, but I will not attempt to give a detailed account of them, for they are so extensive, and they embrace so many departments, it would involve a long list of botanical names. They are greatly enjoyed by all who see them, but it is the botanist who has the greatest feast.

The Governor General's mansion is surrounded by these gardens, which give it the appearance of being situated in an immense forest. Often in the early morning the Governor General and his wife may be seen walking through them, chatting and laughing like a pair of lovers. Buitenzorg is a delightful place. Most of the best buildings are surrounded by fine gardens of shrubs and trees whose foliage is so dense that it effectually screens them.

Early one morning I took the train for Garoet, my next stopping place. The railroads are owned

by the government and the trains run about sixteen miles an hour. They are usually crowded, for the passengers generally bring the greater part of their baggage into the coaches to avoid paying for it. The first-class passengers are allowed only forty pounds, so every available space in the car is crowded with some kind of luggage and the conductors fall over it a dozen times a day, without saying a word. One of the coaches is divided into a first and second class compartment and there is a third-class European and a third-class native coach.

After leaving Buitenzorg the road runs through a broken and hilly country, with any number of “paddy” fields wherever it is possible to find a few yards of level ground. I have traveled through thousands of rice fields but never, until I went to Java, did I see rice fields so truly beautiful. In places the rice grew on terraces on the hillsides two or three hundred feet high; indeed there was so much variety displayed in its cultivation it would seem as if the fields had been designed by a landscape gardener.

Garoeet was once a health resort, but now the sanitarium has been turned into a boarding house, for it was not high enough to derive any benefit from a change in the climate. I enjoyed a rest of a few days there, for the boarding house was very comfortable and supplied with pure water that came from the mountains some distance away. The European

part of the town is prettily situated, but there is a large native town that is very dirty. One evening I went to see the native theater, or wa-jang. I was told it would be something like a puppet show, and that the puppets were cut out of buffalo hides. It was said that they had funny thin legs and resembled the wooden dolls sold by the natives in the streets. On arriving, however, I was much disappointed, for it appeared from all indications that I was about to see a show which had been in America; an American is not long in recognizing the characteristics of his own country.

In this case they were trying to act a foreign play, and there was nothing Javanese about it but the actors, who had belonged to the Javanese village at the World's Fair in Chicago, and wonderfully gotten up they were. The different acts were long and tedious and there was a great deal of singing and long-drawn-out dialogues, but toward the end things took a wonderful change and all the actors decided to die. It was not long before they appeared in ethereal robes and tremendous wings and commenced the ascent to heaven; but the ropes did not work well and they all came near getting their necks broken before they were pulled out of sight. So far they had used only the Malay language, which is the language of the native Javanese. At the conclusion, however, all the actors came out and sang "John Brown's Body" in good round English, but the song

was not known to any of the foreigners present excepting myself, and when I explained it to the others they all enjoyed it heartily. I am sure that no song ever written in America has been sung by different foreign nations the world over as has "John Brown's Body." If John Brown's soul has been on the march as long as the song which celebrates the great liberator, it has surely visited a lot of countries since John Brown's body has been moldering in the grave.

Garoet is situated near a number of volcanoes, one of which is the most active in Java. The crater most visited is that of Papandajan; and to visit it takes almost a whole day, for it is necessary to leave the hotel at three in the morning so as to make the ascent before the heat of the day. As soon as I arrived at the hotel, everyone I chanced to meet asked me if I was going to visit the famous crater; and, as most of the guests had been there they all seemed anxious to impress me with the vision of the wonderful sight to be seen. An 'old Dutch gentleman who could not speak English got off a lot of Dutch adjectives to describe how he was impressed with the sight, and the various contortions of his face, as he rolled off these tremendous words, each of which must have contained a dozen letters, made me very nervous, for I was afraid his jaw would be dislocated in the effort. As I got into the two-wheeled cart drawn by two ponies, I heard something pass through the air very swiftly, but it did not occur to me until some time

later how near I came to being kicked by one of the ponies, a very vicious animal. It was quite dark at the early hour I left the hotel for the volcano, but the ponies were good travelers and we passed swiftly through the darkness. We had not proceeded far on our journey, however, when I felt quite cold, and my native driver, who was thinly clad, was shaking like an aspen leaf from the chilly atmosphere.

At Garoet it was just cool enough to be pleasant at this hour, and I was surprised to find that a few hundred feet could make such a difference in the temperature in this hot climate. I arrived before nine at Tjiseropan, the station at the foot of the mountain, where a sedan chair, or djoecies, must be taken to complete the journey. I had rather an exciting time in my effort to avoid being kicked by the pony as I alighted from the cart, and it took the combined power of six coolies to hold him. But these little incidents break the monotony of travel and give one something exciting to tell one's friends at home.

Chairs and coolies were waiting for me. They are constantly on the lookout for persons making the trip and they appear to see them several miles away. It was impossible for the coolies to carry me at the steepest parts of the ascent and I had a long, steep walk both up and down the mountains. Arriving at the top I found a board shanty conveniently erected for eating luncheons, and from this point I had a good view of the crater below, which is filled



Gathering Cocoanuts in Java

with a number of hot formations, some of which are mud geysers, others of a sulphurous nature, that make a good deal of noise as they throw up their hot vapors.

As my guide took me through these geysers he continually asked me if I had ever seen anything like them before. It was useless for me to tell how disappointed I was after the glowing descriptions I had received, for I had visited most of the famous craters in other parts of the world, and after seeing Yellowstone Park and the Wonderland of New Zealand, I scarcely felt repaid for my visit. The only enjoyable thing to me was the trip through the splendid forests, the coffee and sugar plantations and the "paddy fields." This crater has not been in active eruption since 1772, but at that time it was very destructive and forty villages were destroyed together with 3000 people.

There are a number of other excursions to be made from Garoet to the neighboring mountains, but as I had seen the best of these sights I thought it hardly worth while to spend any more time and, therefore, proceeded on my way, to find that my train would go no farther than Maos, the great junction of the Javanese railroads, where connections are made with all the other railroads on the island.

When Central Java is reached the heat is much greater and railroad travel much more tedious. The rays of the tropical sun, beating on the tops of the

cars, heats the air inside until it is almost suffocating; and that, with the dust which comes in through the windows and doors, makes one fairly gasp for breath. The cars do not run at night so of course there are no sleepers, although it would be much more comfortable if one could travel at night and lie by in the daytime, but it is not considered safe, for the natives who run the trains are not skilled enough nor sufficiently careful to run a train at night.

Another disagreeable feature of Javanese railroad travel is the way they have of feeding their passengers. Just after the train starts the conductor goes through the cars and finds out how many want luncheon, of which there are two kinds, the beefsteak and the rice table, and you are asked which you will have. Somewhere near the noon hour two men come into the car with a lot of tin pails, such as workmen carry in America, each pail having three divisions. If you have ordered a beefsteak luncheon you will find in the first division a chunk of meat as black as tar and as tough as leather, cooked in a plentiful amount of grease. In the next division are a number of small potatoes cooked in rancid grease, and in the last division is the salad, some coarse lettuce leaves covered with a miserable mixture of oil and vinegar, and a banana serves for dessert.

A glass is brought about a quarter full of ice, and you are asked what size bottle of Apollinaris you

will have; but when this is brought it is so hot it causes the ice to vanish like smoke, and the whole thing tastes like hot water. As a result you feel as if you would like to sit and hold your head on for an hour or two after this abominable mixture. The rice-table luncheon is the best, but if you don't know the Malay name for rice you will have to take the beef-steak luncheon for, thanks to kind Providence, beef-steak has the same name the world over.

At Maos the Government Hotel can be endured for one night. Its nearness to the railroad station is appreciated by tourists for long distances and early trains mean very early rising and a good deal of worry and, moreover, coolies in oriental countries know nothing of being on time or in a hurry. The train leaves Maos at five in the morning, but even at this early hour the air is not cool, like the early morning air in north or west Java, and as soon as the sun is up it is baking hot.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BORO-BOEDOR

AFTER an exceedingly warm ride of four hours through a low uninteresting country, we arrived at Djokjakarta, where we found there would be an hour's wait before the train would leave for Magelang. This would give me time to make arrangements for leaving my heavy baggage at the station until my return. There are two ways of reaching Boro-Boedor from Djokja, one by driving all the way (it is twenty-five miles by this route), the other, and less fatiguing, by tram car to Magelang and driving the rest of the distance. By this route it is thirty-two miles. The coolies scrambled from under the trees, picked up the baggage and carried it to the train, and this was the signal for all to go on board. With many regrets we quitted our seats on the broad piazza of the railroad station shaded with palms and canary trees and took our seats in the cars, which were very ordinary, for the train was only an accommodation.

Many little villages, clustered among the tropical foliage, made a very enjoyable change in the scenery after the low uninteresting country we had just passed through, and these villages were built so

closely together it gave the impression of but one village extending from Djokja to Magelang. Such is not the case, however, for there are a number of these villages with different names, and all have their "passer" or native market, which were being held at this early morning hour. The streets presented a strange but picturesque appearance, a veritable kaleidoscope of coloring, both men and women being dressed in sarongs of every color of the rainbow, and dozens of little naked children stood on the platform of the station, their eyes and mouths wide open with wonderment as though they had never seen the cars before. Their unkempt hair and little brown bodies looked as if they had never been washed, but they were all as happy and contented as children could be. Their mothers trudged along with a long scarf thrown over one shoulder in such a way that it held a baby astride the hip, and many of them were chewing betel nut rolled up in a betel leaf mixed with some lime to extract the juice, which acts as a stimulant and colors the mouth and teeth as black as ink. No pen can picture the disgusting nastiness of oriental people taken as a whole.

Through the mistake of my native servant, who had never made the trip before, we left the train at the *town* of Magelang instead of going a half mile farther on to the *station* of Magelang, where the station agent will telephone the livery stable for a team. No matter whether you speak Malay or not,

all you have to say is "Boro-Boedor" and the agent comprehends at once.

We soon discovered our mistake but we had to make the best of it, and after some delay found the livery stable. The owner, a Chinaman, informed us that all the best rigs had been let to a party which were going to a neighboring town on government business, and a cart and two little ponies from Sandalwood Island were all he had left. These ponies are used extensively in Java, and when I was in Singapore I met a man importing them into Manila, though many other kinds of horses are used also. Most of the race horses come from Australia. While my cart was being made ready I found my native servant had hired no less than six coolies to help him with my hand bag which he could have carried easily in one hand. He said the coolies had begged so hard to help him that he could not resist their demands, and he thought I would not object to giving them a few cents.

After traveling for at least a mile through the town and being followed by a lot of curious natives, we came to the country road. It was well paved and on either side grew large canary trees centuries old; never during the twelve miles were we out of the shade of these magnificent trees. The road ran through a well-cultivated plain, planted with rice and sugar cane in different stages of cultivation, some almost ripened, others just being made ready

for the rice planting. No fertilizer is used on the rice fields; the stubble is plowed under and the field is then ready to be planted. The rice is sown in beds as thick as it will stand, and when about six inches in height it is transplanted, not more than one or two stalks to a hill, and these hills about a foot apart, the labor being performed by men and women wading into the mud and water up to their knees. There has been no change in the mode of cultivating this grain in Java for 1100 years; and the plow, the buffalo and the native carrying home the "paddy" tied to the end of a long pole and swung over his shoulder, may be seen to-day chiseled on the walls of Boro-Boedor. No animal but the buffalo can be used to plow the rice field, and this mud ox is always accompanied by a little native boy who sits on the animal's back to keep him from eating the rice while he is feeding.

Although it was but half-past ten in the morning the country was as deserted as if it had been midnight. The laborers had finished their day's work and had gone home. In oriental countries everyone rises early in the morning because it is the coolest part of the day and the only time when work can be done without suffering from the heat. The natives are in the field by two in the morning and never labor after ten, for the sun becomes too hot to be endured. My native driver was one of the most unfeeling creatures imaginable. He looked neither to the right

nor to the left, but kept up such a constant beating and "hee-heeing" at the ponies that it became extremely annoying.

When we had gone some miles I commenced to look for the temple, supposing it would come in sight, as the Great Pyramids of Gizeh in Egypt do, for these can be seen some miles before they are reached. There was nothing in sight, however, but the plain we were crossing and the high mountains in the distance covered with dense tropical foliage. Turning to my little driver and pointing, as I supposed, in the right direction, I said "Boro-Boedor?" and such a look and scowl he gave me. It seemed to say "How dare you ask me such a question!" and the manner of it had the effect of lessening my temple enthusiasm for the time being and arousing my anger for the contemptible little creature. However, we went on until he suddenly stopped in the road, stretched his mouth almost from ear to ear, and pointing to a hill not far away he exclaimed, "Boro-Boedor!"

Looking in the direction he indicated, I saw for the first time the great Hindu temple. "Oh, how disappointing!" I thought. Instead of towering hundreds of feet above the hill on which it stood it did not appear to be more than one hundred feet at the highest point, and so ragged and broken that many openings in the wall could be seen. Great white stones, where the rust and accumulated dust of ages had broken off bearing the faces of the stone



The Great Temple of Boro-Boedor

with it, gave the walls an unfinished appearance not in keeping with the rest of the massive structure. It looked as if it had been shaken by earthquakes which, with the great lapse of time since its construction, had brought it to a dilapidated condition. The hill, which is ascended by a road to the north of the temple, is rather steep and not in very good condition; but after some hard pulling the ponies succeeded in reaching the top and we drove to the Pasangrahan, a little hotel that stands opposite to and not far from the temple, owned and run by the government.

The manager of the Pasangrahan came to the steps of the broad piazza to meet us, gorgeously attired in new pajamas made from sarongs which were brilliant with great brown, yellow and red roses, his bare feet thrust into a pair of toe slippers that made a clapping sound as he walked, his sleeves rolled up to the elbows. When he addressed me I actually did not know whether he blushed or whether his color was a reflection of his pajamas; at any rate he seemed embarrassed, and I wondered what could be the cause. The reason was soon evident, however, for he suddenly vanished, to reappear later in a suit of white duck, and such a wonderful metamorphosis had taken place I did not recognize him, for I thought a new guest had arrived, much to the amusement of the young manager.

I had begun to think that blushing and embar-

rassment were not characteristics of the Dutch men and women of Java, the land of pajamas and sarongs, for both the men and the women appear in this dishabille attire on the hotel piazzas and at the noonday rice-table luncheon. One never expects to see any of these people blushing and embarrassed; bare feet and bare ankles are of too common occurrence to cause even a remark, and turning down the upper part of the garment at the neck and rolling up the sleeves are only in keeping with the abbreviation of the lower part of the costume. The ladies select their sarongs with as much care and take as much pride in their fineness and colorings as the ladies in other countries do in choosing their Parisian gowns; and doubtless the men are just as particular about their pajamas made from sarongs. The Hotel Bellevue at Buitenzorg was the only place in the whole length and breadth of Java where I heard any objection to this style of dress or undress; and the regulations found in each room contained the request, printed at the bottom in large black letters, that the guests would please dress themselves for the nine o'clock table d'hôte dinner.

An hour after my arrival at the Pasangrahan the rice-table luncheon was served, and I could not determine whether the fact that it was the first time the rice-table luncheon had tasted really delicious to me was due to my coffee breakfast and long ride or to the superior excellence of the Pasangrahan method

of preparing it. Not long after the luncheon was over all the people around the hotel, both foreigners and natives, disappeared to take their afternoon siestas, and I was told it would be out of the question to think of going to the top of the temple until after three o'clock, for the hot sun might cause sunstroke or fever. So I contented myself with a view from the hotel piazza, from which two sides of the temple are distinctly visible and give one a good idea of its size, and it was soon so still not a sound was to be heard; not so much as a leaf stirred on the trees. The stillness became really oppressive. Even Nirvana, the Buddhist heaven, the land of Eternal Sleep, could not be more still and deathlike, and the two hours I sat there seemed an age.

The first thing that broke the stillness was the sound of the natives pounding the hulls of the rice with a wooden pestle attached to a lever and worked with the feet, another of the time honored inventions that date back as far as the plow, which is nothing more than a common shovel fastened to a crooked stick. One by one the people around the hotel made their appearance, and at last a native guide came to show me over the temple. In the meantime I had been reading a small pamphlet which I had purchased at the Pasangrahan, entitled "Tyandi Boro-Boedor," a work recently published as a guide to the temple and written by Dr. J. Groneman, Honorary President of the Archæological Society of Djokja.

I quote one of the paragraphs which describes the temple almost precisely as it now appears, for although it has been greatly damaged from various causes, it still rises majestically above them all and has the same overpowering effect upon us: "Upwards of 1000 years have rolled over the Barabudur, the Great Buddha; earthquakes and ash showers have disjointed its walls, heavy rainfalls and rank vegetation have disintegrated its foundation, and short-sighted slaves of imbecility or fanaticism have defaced its works of art, but still the ruin stands there, an imposing fact, a powerful creation of the thinking mind, an epic in stone, immortal in its decadence."

Barabudur is a solid pyramid and rises in five splendidly sculptured terraces which are its crowning glory. At every turn around this great pyramid one feels more inclined to believe it was an inspiration from Buddha himself as a masterpiece to his memory, for it seems almost beyond the human mind to have planned and executed such a piece of work.

Very little was known about the ancient ruins in Java until 1811, when, after Napoleon's defeat, the English took possession of the island. Holland at that time belonged to the French and her possessions in the East Indies were ceded to the English. The Dutch had been in possession of the island for two centuries at that time, but they only knew of the ruins of Brambanan, which were accidentally dis-



Sculptures on the Galleries of Boro-Boedor

covered by a Dutch engineer in 1797 when he was constructing a fortification near them. The Dutch were too much occupied with their commercial pursuits and money-making schemes to be interested in the ancient ruins of Java, and they knew nothing about the people prior to the Mohammedan conquest. During the time the English occupied Java, from 1811 to 1816, there was a complete revolution of the government under their Governor, Sir Stamford Raffles. He had the island explored and the ruined temples cleared of the rank vegetation that had covered them for ages, and the inscriptions and data uncovered at that time enabled the explorers to determine the period of their building as the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries.

It was during these explorations that Boro-Boedor was discovered in a thick, tropical jungle which had covered it for more than six centuries, and it took the English surveyors over a month and a half, with the assistance of a small army of coolies, to clear the temple of its tropical covering and to excavate below the terrace, where they found two other terraces buried out of sight, and replaced the earth, fearing the temple might collapse.

After the Dutch again came into possession of Java their archæologists made a thorough study of the temple and further excavations were made. It was discovered that the broad terrace around the base was of much more recent date than the inner portion

of the temple, and that it was doubtless constructed by the last worshipers of Buddha in Java as a support to the massive structure.

The road leading from the top of the hill to the temple was the one used by the pilgrims, on either side of which lie the crumbling pedestals where Buddhas once looked down serenely on the passers-by; but these have all disappeared. There are a number of lions lying around on the grass and sitting near the temple, and they are sufficiently ugly to give one a cold chill even in the hot, stuffy climate of temple hill.

Boro-Boedor is situated in the district of Boro and the province of Kedu. No dates or inscriptions were found on the temple which would lead to the discovery of the time it was built, but by inscriptions found elsewhere it was determined that its construction dates back to the eighth or ninth century. The temple covers three acres of ground, and the interior is filled in with earth. Its original height was 120 feet, but twenty feet of the spire or central dome has fallen off. In shape it is a terraced pyramid, which rises first in a square terrace that forms its base, then five square terraced galleries and above these three circular terraces around the top. In the center is a cupola that rises above them all.

One ascends the first terrace by some dilapidated stone steps at one end of the temple, but these were built after the originals had disappeared, as formerly

each of the four sides had steps that corresponded with each of the four stairways ascending to the top. In the center of each of the four sides of the galleries these stairways pass under finely sculptured pointed arches, and all of these five galleries are sculptured on either side in bas relief, of which there were once more than 2000 sections, though now more than one-third have crumbled and disappeared. The inner walls are much more elaborately sculptured than the outer, and around each of the galleries are balustrades containing niches or temples, in which life-sized Buddhas, with disks around their heads, are seated on lotus cushions.

The three circular terraces around the top have openwork dagobas, shaped like a bell, but only a few of these are perfect, for many of them have lost their tops, others have been shoved from their foundations by earthquakes, and still more are broken and crumbling. Each of these seventy-two dagobas around the top once contained a Buddha seated cross-legged on a lotus cushion. These figures have no aureole around their heads but all are seated facing the great central dagoba, the grand finale of the whole. The purpose for which this great central dagoba was built has never been fully determined; but it is generally supposed that this, together with the open-work bell-shaped dagobas in the three circular terraces around the top, was built over some of the sacred ashes of Buddha.

According to the account of Buddha's death his remains were buried in eight different towns. "King Asoka, 264 years B. C., caused seven of these tombs to be opened and 80,000 parts of the ashes to be preserved in vases in order to have them distributed over the kingdom and the surrounding country." It is thought that the Buddhists brought some of these ashes to Java and covered them with the dagobas, building the temple around them, as the style of the architecture shows that the builders of Boro-Boedor were Hindus.

The central dagoba is fifty feet in diameter and was originally walled in. The English opened it but found nothing besides a deep hole and an unfinished Buddha resting on a pedestal. The hole is now filled in with earth and fallen stone and nothing but the head of the Buddha appears above the chaotic mass.

It is the general belief of those who have examined the sculptured galleries that they represent some part in the life and worship of Buddha and his disciples, and naturally it took a large number of these sculptured pictures to portray the subject. For ninety years archæologists have been working almost constantly in deciphering the sculptures on the walls of the five galleries, but only a few of the vast number have been satisfactorily worked out.

One never tires of wandering around these galleries, for the richness and infinite variety of the



A Buddha from Boro-Boedor

sculptures keep one constantly interested. It is not until the shadows begin to lengthen and you know it is time to hasten to Buddha's Nirvana at the top to see the sun set, that you take your last glimpse and promise yourself another view of the sculptures when you again visit the top to see the sun rise at the first dawn of day. By some rough stone steps you ascend the central dome of the cone, which formerly surrounded this dagoba, though nothing is now left of it but a part of the pedestal, ten feet broad. I found it difficult to stand there, for the wind was blowing very hard and I felt as though I might suddenly be dashed to the broken stones below and run the chance of joining Buddha in Nirvana. One soon forgets the danger, however, as the great panorama unfolds itself, for it seems as if this must be Buddha's chosen spot, and nothing but paradise could be more lovely.

As soon as the sun had set we left the temple, and I saw on the way what looked to be a monkey walking up a tall cocoanut tree. Both the South Sea Islanders and the Javanese have a way of climbing trees which is more like walking up them than climbing, and they can walk up a tree fifty or sixty feet in height with the ease and grace of a monkey. On close inspection the figure proved to be a little naked native boy, carrying some small pails made from the bamboo tree to catch the sap from the cocoanut tree, which the natives make into a delicious su-

gar. I had seen in the "passer" at Garoet a similar sugar made from the date-palm, though much inferior in quality, but it is only in central Java the sugar yielding cocoanut trees are to be found. These trees bear tapping for five years before the process kills them.

It was dark when I returned to the hotel, for there is no twilight at the equator and when the sun has gone down it is pitch dark. The piazza was lighted with a large kerosene lamp. In more pretentious hotels one of these lamps hangs before the door of each guest chamber, and usually there are a writing table and rocking chairs for yourself and friends. One would naturally conclude that such a locality would be a delightful place to spend a warm evening in the tropics, but this is not so, for these lamps are nothing more nor less than a beacon to allure all the insects in the neighborhood which come thrashing in droves against one's face, the tables and the walls, and the whole piazza is soon a mass of crawling, creeping things. To add to the discomfort numerous little lizards scamper along the walls and floors after these insects, until you simply flee to your room and shut the door, almost afraid to light the night lamp, which consists of a little wick that floats in a cup of cocoanut oil on a little cork at one end, for fear your room will be filled with insects.

The evening being warm and sultry, I went out to sit on the steps of the old ruin and see the moon rise,

gilding the splendid old pile from its topmost dome to its lowest terrace with a beautiful silvery sheen that fell on the faces of the enshrined Buddhas, making them look so ghastly one is almost afraid they will rise from their lotus thrones and come down the great processional of the terraced galleries. Long I sat there enjoying the lovely scene and letting my thoughts wander at their own free will. At first there was not a sound to break the stillness of the night beyond the rustling of the leaves on the great canary trees that grew on either side of the broad avenue leading up to the temple; but after a while there came a sound such as I had never heard before, and one that seemed weird and uncanny enough to have come from the great Buddha himself in the land of Nirvana. It was the cry of the gecko, a hoarse, guttural noise that sounds like "Be-gone, be-gone, be-gone"; and I thought it was time for me to get beyond hearing of this horrid thing, bird or reptile, I knew not which. It may live in other parts of Java, but the only place I heard it was on Temple Hill.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

JAVA AND THE DUTCH

TWO miles from Boro-Boedor is Chandi Mendoet, a temple supposed to have been built about 800 A. D. One of the many noteworthy things that Sir Stamford Raffles did, during his short stay in Java, was to write the first history of the country, but no mention is made of this temple, for it was not discovered until seventy-nine years after Boro-Boedor. In one of the chapels of this temple sits a colossal Buddha with a large state umbrella, or pajong, over his head, and on either side of the Buddha stand colossal figures finely sculptured. In the back part of the temple the walls are splendidly decorated, and along the terraced pathway are some sculptures in bas relief exceedingly well executed.

Returning to Djokja I went to the Hotel Toegoe, and when I registered at the office the hotelkeeper said "You are from America." He said that he too was an American, but that he was born in Germany and had gone to South America when a boy, being a naturalized citizen of the Argentine Republic; but in one of the rebellions he had taken up arms against the President and had been banished from the country forever. Coming to Java he had mar-

ried a Dutch woman, a misstep he greatly regretted, for he had been very prosperous in South America and had not met with much success in Java.

Nowhere in Java was my stay so enjoyable as at this Hotel Toegoe. It is built in a large yard, with a very wide piazza extending far back under the upper story, which, with the magnificent large canary trees, makes it very shady; there was always a cool spot somewhere on this piazza. The manager of the hotel, a Mr. Westhoff, was broad-minded and very progressive, due probably to the fact that he had spent much of his life in America. He seemed much interested in travel and in travelers, and told me many stories about the "globe trotters" who had been guests at the hotel. "But," he added, "you are the first lady globe trotter I ever saw who traveled alone."

He asked me many questions about my trips around the world, but most of all about my journey over the Great Siberian Railway, for this was the newest route around the world, and as the railroad was hardly completed at the time, but few people had made the journey. He was greatly impressed with the magnitude of that undertaking and said that probably nothing in the history of the world had ever equaled it.

He asked me if I did not feel nervous in crossing Russia and Siberia, and remarked that he should think it would be the last trip a woman would con-

template taking alone, especially one not acquainted with the language nor the manners and customs of the people. I told him there had been but few disagreeable experiences in the whole six thousand miles of travel, and that I had found it a very pleasing experience. He spoke as if every part of him was alive, and his manner was so characteristically American I enjoyed it, for it was in strong contrast with the slow manner of the Dutch, who talk as if they had just wakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep.

"You must have a notice in our leading Djokja paper," he said, but the paper had such a long unpronounceable name I will not attempt to give it. "Oh," said I, "do you think that a Dutch newspaper in Java would condescend to notice a woman 'globe trotter' from America?"

"Yes, they will," he replied, "and I will write the article myself, for none of the editors speak English."

Seating himself at one of the tables on the piazza he wrote an account of my arrival in Djokja and my journeyings over the world, which he handed to the editor of the paper with the long name, who expressed himself as quite pleased to accept it. This was all quite different from my experiences in other parts of Java, for most of the Dutch people I had met were overbearing, narrow-minded and not at all inclined to be courteous to strangers, and it is due to the treatment travelers have received there that the

impression has gone forth that Java is a hard country to travel in and that the Dutch do not care for foreigners.

The weather at Djokja was somewhat warmer than at Batavia, but it did not seem so warm for the air was more invigorating, though, as in Batavia, not a drop of rain had fallen for seven months and a half. Java has the same temperature the year around, the wet and dry seasons being the only variation. These changes are caused by the different directions of the wind called "monsoons." The dry season is from April to October, and during this time the monsoon blows from the southeast. From October to April is the wet season, and the monsoon blows then from the southwest. The dry season is the more enjoyable, for the days are hot and dry and the nights are cool; but during the wet season the heaviest rainfalls are often at night, making the night air very hot and stuffy, while the days are hot and steamy.

One of my first questions on arriving at Djokja was whether the cholera had broken out on account of the long-continued drought, and I was informed that the drought was only detrimental to crops in this locality, for Djokja is one of the healthiest cities in Java.

This city was the capital of the first Hindu empire, and it was the princes of this empire who built the many temples situated near Djokjakarta; but

when Hinduism became more powerful in Java it was divided into two empires; the eastern, of which Majapahit was the capital, situated near what is now Soerabaya, and the western, of which Pajajaran was the capital, situated near Batavia, the new capital founded by the Dutch. The Dutch East India Company came to Java after the Mohammedan conquest and when the country was ruled over by the Sultan or Susunhan, afterward called the Emperor, who lived in great splendor in the kingdom of Mataram in Central Java, the Hindu empire of Majapahit.

The native princes disliked the Dutch East India Company as much as they had disliked the Mohammedans, and they rose in rebellion against them both, fighting with such bravery it often took the combined force of both to put down these rebellions.

So, when the Mohammedan prince tried to drive the Dutch East India Company out of Java, it was not long before the native princes rose against him, and finding he had two enemies to fight, he made terms with the Dutch East India Company and sought their assistance in his wars against the native princes. For their assistance in these wars the Dutch received many grants and privileges; and, after these wars and rebellions had been going on for a considerable length of time, the Dutch East India Company gained such power over the Mohammedan

prince of the kingdom of Mataram, that in 1743 he was forced to take the oath of allegiance to the Dutch East India Company and give them the whole of the north coast of Java.

On the death of this prince, six years later, he bequeathed to the Dutch East India Company the whole of his kingdom, at the time in a state of rebellion provoked by his brother who had joined the native princes, and it was not until after a protracted war that this brother was induced to lay down his arms on the promise of half the kingdom of Mataram. He received the western portion and the title of Sultan of Djokja, but it was not long before the princes of the divided kingdom went to war with each other and the Dutch were again compelled to take a hand and settle the difficulty, for which they received more grants and privileges.

The last war of the Dutch with Djokja was in 1825 and lasted thirteen years. It was the most severe of all the Dutch wars in Central Java, and required all the force they could muster for five years to prevent defeat. At its close the princes of Central Java lost most of their kingdom and became mere pensioners of the Dutch government, and they have never been able since to regain their lost power. The Sultan of Djokja and the Susunhan of Soera-karta are mere figureheads and have no say whatever in the government of Java. They receive an annual income from the government and pay taxes on that

part of their kingdom which remains to them, though they still try to retain their regal splendor in the small enclosures in which they live.

Djokja was somewhat disappointing, for there was nothing ancient about it, nor are there any ancient ruins in it. Modern Djokja, however, is a lovely place, with wide clean streets so delightfully shaded that you can ride all over it without an umbrella to protect you from the sun, and the dwellings of the foreign residents, like those of all the modern cities in Java, are surrounded with large tropical trees and plants that almost hide them from view. One of my first visits was to the "passer," for "passers" must be visited early in the morning to see them at their best. It was quite extensive and thronged with native buyers and sellers of the various commodities to be found in the well-filled stalls.

Of the twenty-two provinces and residences into which Java and the neighboring island of Madura are divided, Djokja is the capital of one of the most important. The Resident, or Governor, resides here in an imposing white mansion with large Doric columns in the front, and spacious grounds, laid out with much care and taste, contain many rare plants and trees from different parts of the world. Its beauty, however, is somewhat marred by the several hundred Hindu gods which have been brought from the neighboring temples and set up in rows in the yard for strangers to gaze upon and wonder at, giv-

ing it the appearance of a very ancient and overcrowded cemetery.

The Sultan of Djokja's palace is near the center of the city, but it is no easy matter to obtain a glimpse of it, for it is built within a fort or enclosure, called a Kraton, which is surrounded by a high stone wall four miles in circumference. This enclosure is divided similarly to a city and has a population of over 15,000 inhabitants, all of whom are attached to the Sultan's court in one way or another, and it is only by permit from the Resident that entrance may be had to the Kraton. Although the Resident addresses the Prince as "Toeian Sultan," he does not allow him outside the Kraton without a permit, and he fully investigates the nature of his business before granting it. A company of native soldiers or dragoons with a Dutch captain act as a guard for the Sultan, and when the state processions take place Djokja presents a gala appearance for the people come from far and near to see a display which few oriental nations can surpass in magnificence and splendor. No one would ever surmise that the present Sultan is but a mere pensioner of the government; on the contrary, one would suppose him the real ruler with the wealth of a nation at his disposal.

The carrying of pajongs, or state umbrellas, as a mark of distinction came from India, and anyone who is acquainted with the significance of the different colors knows at a glance the rank of the person

over whom the pajong is carried. One of the most notable features of the state processions is the great number of these pajongs, there being no less than from fifteen to twenty that belong to the court of the Sultan. The pajong of the Sultan is golden, the Queen's is yellow and the Crown Prince's is white with a golden border. Another noticeable feature of the state procession is the great number of beetle boxes and fan bearers. The ballet forms the amusement of the court, and every prince, from the highest to the lowest, has his own dancers and musicians.

The temples of Brambanan, supposed to have been built in the 11th century are, next to Boro-Boedor, the finest in Java. These temples are situated midway between the ancient capitals of Djokja-karta and Soera-karta, and by taking the early morning train we found there would be ample time to visit them and then proceed by a later train to Soera-karta or Solo, the abbreviation by which it is usually called.

Arriving at the small country station of Brambanan we learned that the temples had been passed a mile back, and that there was no way of reaching them but by walking through the burning hot sun and dust half a foot deep, over a rough country road that was minus shade trees. The situation was not at all pleasant, but we had only one alternative, to wait in the little hot station five hours for the next train to Solo, or to walk to the temples; so we concluded to run the risk of sunstroke and of being



The Temples of Brambanan



Sculptures on the Temples of Brambanan

choked to death with dust, and proceeded on our journey down the road with some natives in the lead, who assured us, by waving their hands in the direction of the temples, that they knew where we wanted to go.

After walking for fifteen minutes we came to a turn in the road that led over the bridge across the Opak river, the temples being on the side opposite the railroad station, and a short way farther on we came to a large grove and a native village where we shook the dust from our clothing, wiped the perspiration from our faces and sat down to rest under the tall palms and canary trees. The natives flocked around us and stared curiously at us with their great black eyes, but they were quiet and gentle in manner; nor did we hear a loud discordant voice even on the crowded streets of that little village. As a matter of fact all the native villages we visited in Java were just as orderly as this one. Even when the "passers" were in progress and the streets were so crowded it was almost impossible to pass among the people, there was no fighting nor wrangling so characteristic of the native people of many oriental countries, especially the Mohammedan. The Javanese are no more cleanly in their habits than any other orientals, but they are more gentle and law abiding and they favorably impress strangers, who soon have a kindly feeling for "the little people of Java" as they call themselves.

Feeling quite rested we proceeded on our journey

and walked through the grove until we came to a short turn in the road, which led to the entrance of the wall encircling the splendid temple group known as the temples of Loro Jonggran, so named for the beautiful Hindu goddess who is worshiped in India under the name of Durga and Parvati. These temples resemble the Hindu temples of Southern India, and like them they are pyramidal in shape. Eight large temples, built in rows of three facing each other with two between, compose the group, which was originally surrounded with three circular walls with small temples between the second and third. With these small temples there were 165 in all.

Both the outer walls and all the small temples are now gone, and nothing but the inner walls rise above the ground. Five of the eight temples are in a broken and dilapidated condition, two are only traceable by their foundations, and it is only the three which form the west group that are in a fairly good state of preservation, or at least, sufficiently so to give one a good idea of how imposing the group must have been before earthquakes wrought such havoc among them.

In the inner temple of the western group was the principal one which contained four rooms. In the west room is the ugly and repulsive elephant god, Ganesha, in the south room are the images of Siva and Parvati, while in the north room is the magnifi-

cent image of the four-armed goddess Loro-Jonggran, after which the temples are named. In the south temple of this group is a broken Brahmin with some smaller ones lying on the floor.

In the north temple, which is exactly like the south, was a Vishnu, seated between two gods, and piled in heaps were heads, arms, legs and parts of bas relief that had been broken from the outside decorations, for these temples were covered from top to bottom with bas relief and life-sized figures. None of these bas reliefs are perfect, except those which are on the temple of Loro Jonggran, among which are the life-sized figure known as the Three Graces, famous the world over for their beauty and considered the best types of Grecian Hindu art in Java.

The art of sculpturing was brought into Java by the Hindus from India, where it had been learned from the Grecians who carried their art into the East, and nearly all the faces on the temples bear a striking resemblance to the Grecian type while none of them are Javanese. The Archæological Society of Djokja commenced the laborious task of restoring these temples a few years ago, nothing having been done to them since they were cleared by Sir Stamford Raffles eighty-five years before, and most of them were again covered with vines and trees. After they were again cleared the task of restoring them was very difficult, for many of the parts were missing and broken. Where it was possible the stones were

shoved together and piled in a way that greatly improved the appearance of the temple. In addition, the Djokja Society had laws passed forbidding the carrying off of any part of the temple under penalty of a heavy fine, but it seems rather strange that it took the Dutch so many years to come to the conclusion that they should protect these ruins, for as much as one-third of them had been carried off at that time.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

LAST GLIMPSES OF JAVA

GLANCING at my watch I found more time than I supposed had been consumed in visiting the temples, and that only by walking briskly could we reach the station in time for the train to Solo; but when within a few minutes' walk of the station the train went screeching past us and it began to look as if we would have to spend the night in one of the huts of the native villages, for there are no hotels or foreign houses within some miles of Brambanan. To my surprise, however, the station agent came to the door and waved his hand for us to hurry, for he was holding the train until our arrival. He met me at the door with a ticket and told me to pay the conductor for it on the train, and both the conductor and brakeman helped me on board,—a courtesy I little expected from the railroad employes, especially under the stiff, stern Dutch rule in Java. Still another agreeable surprise awaited me for there were no other first class passengers, and I had the whole compartment to myself. In hot countries like Java, one wants as much room as possible for the air to circulate, and sitting near a fellow traveler is simply torture.

There was little of interest on the journey for the

railroad ran through a level country planted mostly with rice and indigo. Arriving at Solo we found the railroad station was some distance from the town, but it did not take us long to decide where we would stop, for the Hotel Slycer is the only good one in the place and we were soon on our way toward the capital of the Susunhan or Emperor.

The Kraton, or palace enclosure in which the Susunhan resides, is situated in the center of Solo. It is painted white and something over four miles in circumference. The court of this monarch far surpasses that of the Sultan of Djokja in regal splendor, although his retinue numbers five thousand. All the forms and usages of his royal ancestors are permitted him at his court within the Kraton walls, but his power extends no further, for he is always under the watchful eye of the Resident, who never allows him outside the Kraton except with a permit.

The Susunhan still adheres to all the old customs and usages of his ancestors, and the Crown Prince and all the royal household are obliged to assume the same humiliating attitude in his presence as the commonest servant of the court. This posture is called the "dodok." It is a squatting position, with the heels so bent that the person appears to be sitting on them and resting his body on his toes. In this posture the subject is obliged to hop and slide around the room never daring to rise or turn his back upon royalty.

Another custom quite as humiliating as the "dodok" consists of the different degrees of respect which the members of the Susunhan's court are permitted to show him according to their individual rank. The Crown Prince is permitted to kiss his royal father's hand; the princes next in rank kiss his knee; the highest officers of the court kiss his instep while those of lower rank kiss the sole of his foot.

I was told that the Susunhan of Solo was not a very old man, but one would hardly dare guess the age of a Javanese, for in countries where girls are often mothers at ten and boys fathers at fourteen, people look much older than they really are. He has a pleasant countenance and his face shows he is much above the common classes of Javanese. He wears a foreign military jacket, trimmed with gold cord and lace and ornamented with his royal orders, an Arabian fez, a native sarong and toe slippers. A court sword hangs at his left side with a handsomely carved sheath, and through the back of his belt sticks a jeweled kris.

There are usually three great court fêtes during the year which take place on the Mohammedan New Year and during Ramadam, the great fasting time of the Mohammedans, and at the Queen of Holland's birthday. The scenes at the Court of Prince Mangkoe Negoro at these times are worth a trip around the world to see. The court ballet of native dancers, with their strange masks and dresses, forms one of

the most interesting features of these fêtes, and a grand procession takes place at the time of these festivities in which many royal carriages, different colored pajongs, beetle boxes, fan bearers, and all the great retinue of the Susunhan, march through the streets of Solo with native and foreign bands of music.

Solo is built on a plain broken by the winding course of the Solo river, which is the largest in Java and navigable for more than three hundred miles. Much has been written about the beauty of this plain which some writers say is the prettiest spot in the world, while others call it the Paradise of the East. Solo is the second city in size and built much like the other modern cities of Java, but it is much prettier because of its beautiful location and much more interesting because it is the capital of the Susunhan and because one sees there more of the better classes of the Javanese. Its streets are broad and clean with great rows of tamarin trees on either side.

Of the foreign dwellings the Resident's mansion is the most imposing and second only to the palace of the Susunhan. At the hotel there was the usual saronged and pajamad crowd, with bare feet and ankles. From the ceiling of the piazza hung the great kerosene lamp, or bug beacon, and the little lizards had not diminished in number, for they scampered in droves over the piazza after the bugs. We learned that the bite of these little lizards is not

poisonous, nor is the bite of the spiders or tarantulas fatal in Java. This lessened our dislike for the frisky little creatures, which before had been our torment for our room was always full of them.

It makes very little difference how many towns one visits in Java, the first visit is usually to the "passers," which never seem to lose any of their attractiveness for the stranger. Solo's "passer" is one of the best in Java and one can visit it several times without seeing it all. It was quite scattered and it took considerable walking and hunting before we were sure we had reached its limits. There were quantities of fruit and flowers and in fact most of the principal products of the world were massed together in the different booths.

The pawnshops of Solo are far ahead of those in Djokja, there are so many of them and they contain a greater variety and a much better quality of things. They all have krisses in great numbers, from the recently manufactured articles to the very old ones.

There are so many different kinds of krisses one often thinks he is being imposed upon in the knives shown him, for there are nearly fifty different varieties used in the East Indies alone, besides more than a hundred used in the Malay peninsula. The kris, no doubt, came from Malay; but according to the old legends of Java, Panji was the inventor of it and he is said to have brought it with him from India and to have been the first to introduce it into Java. Panji

and his various exploits are now thought to be myths, but at any rate this knife was adopted by the Javanese as a badge of fidelity, and anyone who wore the kris was considered a loyal citizen. They wore it during the day and slept with it by their side at night; to lose it, was to lose both citizenship and honor. The peasants, or common classes, were never considered citizens and hence they were never allowed to wear the kris; but to all other classes who had attained the age of fifteen the privilege was granted. Even women of rank were allowed to wear it, and princes of the highest rank wore two or more.

The veining of the kris is produced by welding soft and hard metals together and soaking them in lime juice and arsenic to eat the iron away. It was this process that gave rise to the idea that all krisses were poisoned, and that a stab from one of them was fatal. Such is not the case, however, for the arsenic and the lime juice were only used to brighten the blade and to make the veins show to better advantage.

The Javanese were always considered the best kris makers, for they understood how to work iron so as to give it hardness and durability and they knew how to weld the different metals together so as to produce the fine veining which makes the kris so valuable. Most of the krisses are manufactured now in Europe and they are no longer used in Java as a means of defense.

Solo has one of the largest Chinatowns or Kam-



A Javanese Street Dancer

pongs in Java. It is much more cleanly than these towns generally are and judging from the number of well-dressed Chinese seen in the streets it is in a flourishing condition. More than two-thirds of its population are Parankas, a mixture of Chinese and Javanese, for they have been marrying and intermarrying for more than three centuries and a half. The mixture of the two races, however, has in no wise changed the business-like money-making propensities to be found in the genuine Chinaman.

The Parankas wear the queue and adhere strictly to all Chinese customs; they are much more intelligent than the native people and hold a very important place in the business centers of Java. Moreover, they have always been able to hold their own with the Dutch in all commercial transactions, and though the Dutch govern them with much severity and pretend to dislike them greatly, they nevertheless approve of their cunning, crafty and underhanded ways of doing business.

Some years ago laws were passed forbidding them to come into the country; but these laws were soon repealed, for the Dutch found out they could not get along without them, for there was no one to do the dirty work. It has been the custom of the Dutch for many years whenever they had a disagreeable piece of work to be done, to turn it over to the Chinese who have always proved themselves equal to the occasion.

The Parankas are made to pay exorbitant taxes

and they are taxed both when they come into the country and when they leave it; but with all the severity the Dutch heap upon them they are the most prosperous people in Java. They are often seen dressed in the finest European clothes and many of the richest of them live in beautiful villas. In fact, they seldom live in houses like those of the native people, and most of their kampongs are built of brick.

Leaving Solo by the early morning train we found we would arrive at Djokja in time for the afternoon train for Maos, where we must spend another night at the Government Hotel and then proceed the next day to Tjiandjoer, this being the stopping place for those who wished to visit the sanitarium of Sindanglaja. Tjiandjoer is situated at the foot of the mountain and the locality is extremely warm. Ponies and carts for the accommodation of the guests are usually sent from the sanitarium to meet all the trains, so after selecting two of the best, one for myself and one for my baggage and servant, we began to climb the mountain. The road was in good condition and it required very little "heeing" and pounding of the ponies, for they seemed to be in good trim and little affected by the journey.

The mountain is 3000 feet in height. When we were half way up the air was much cooler and when we reached the top it seemed like stepping into an ice house on a warm summer's day after being in the hot country below. The thermometer stood at about

70°, a temperature which prevails the year around, the only variation being at night when it is somewhat colder and blankets become necessary. It was a pleasant change after being so long in the heat of central Java.

We found the sanitarium sadly deserted, although there were plenty of people at Buitenzorg and Garoet only a short distance away, who had been there for their health for these places are so warm and trying, and there was not a person at this delightful mountain resort. The sanitarium is two stories high, with great wide piazzas both upstairs and down, and one could walk into the upper story from one side of the mountain. The place seemed very desolate and lonesome. All kinds of amusements had been provided for the guests, billiards, croquet, a bowling alley and a gymnasium. Every tree, shrub and plant that grew on the mountains was in bloom and the air was laden with the most delicious perfume. Growing about the sanitarium were some of the finest trees I saw in Java.

Every afternoon there was a heavy shower that made the air cool and fresh, and after three days of rest and quiet I felt quite myself again. At six o'clock one morning the ponies and carts were sent around to gather up my belongings and I started across the mountain to Buitenzorg. It took nearly five hours to make the trip though the ponies went at a brisk trot except in the steepest places. The road

wound through a thick, tropical jungle and at this early morning hour it was not uncomfortably warm.

The climate of Buitenzorg was very oppressive after my stay at the sanitarium. The city has the finest fruit market in Java, one that is always very attractive, for nearly all the different fruits that grow on the island are sold there twice a week and no country in the world has such a number of indigenous fruits as Java. One can visit it many times before becoming familiar with them all.

One of the most beautiful fruits is the rambutan. It looks more like a nut than a fruit, for it is covered with a shell of long spines resembling the burr of a nut, and shaded from the most delicate pink to the deepest red. The fruit is very attractive and the stranger generally buys it for its gorgeous coloring. When the shell is pulled open there is a juicy white pulp which is very delicious. The managosteen has long been called the finest tropical fruit of the Indies and the Malay Peninsula, where it grows in great perfection. It begins to ripen in the fall and may be had as late as January. It grows round like an apple, of a dark purplish color, and hangs from the trees on long woody stems. When the thick outer rind is cut open the inside shows a delicate pink. It is easily opened for the shell parts in the middle and the two lobes contain a white pulp which is considered the most deliciously flavored of all the tropical fruits.

Those who have made the trip around the world

by way of Penang are well acquainted with the durian, for the captains of the steamers usually give the passengers many accounts of this fruit and its various odors before this port is reached, and this is the place where it is bought. The captain of the steamer I sailed in had a particular dislike for the durian and he told me he always anchored out as far as possible so he could not smell this fruit from the shore as the odor always made him ill. He told all the passengers who went on shore not to bring one on the ship for he would surely throw them overboard if they did. This only made the passengers the more desirous of tasting them, and as soon as I landed I went in search of the fruit and found a good sized pile. I called a native boy to help me select one of the best, and to my surprise he chose the one I thought the worst of the bunch. The fact is they must be very ripe before they are good and when they are in this condition the skin is very much broken and they have an odor like decaying onions and overripe eggs. The one I purchased weighed about five pounds. I had it taken to the hotel where the native boys peeled off the outer skin and divided it into sections like a melon. It was of a creamy white color with black seeds, but the pulp which grows around the seeds is the only part eaten. It tastes like the finest Spanish onions cooked in thick rich cream, but after eating a few mouthfuls I found it was too rich, and fearing it would make me sick I gave it to the native boys

who fought over it like a lot of dogs over a bone. A gentleman told me he had seen English children having just such a squabble over the durian, for Europeans learn to like it just as well as the natives. The outside of the durian is rough and covered with spines that are disagreeable to the touch. It grows at a considerable height from the ground and it is allowed to hang on the trees until ripe, when it falls of itself. It grows in every part of the Archipelago and the Malay Peninsula. Some writers have pronounced it the finest fruit in the world, while others declare that the fetid odor of the outside rind would condemn it, no matter how delicious the inside pulp might be. One thing is certain, its odor has given it a reputation beyond every other fruit that grows.

FRENCH INDO-CHINA

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

SAIGON AND HAIPHONG

ON my return to Batavia I found the steamer about to sail, and I was soon on my way to Tand-jony-priok, the seaport. The steamer was another of the Royal Steam Packet Company's boats and exactly like all the boats of this line. On the third morning at daylight after leaving Java we arrived at Singapore. The mail steamers were in ahead of us and lying alongside the dock. All the passengers had to do was to change steamers, and within a half hour, all except those who remained in Singapore, were on their way to their respective destinations. I had hoped to meet one of the large *Massageries Maritimes* mail steamers, but instead there was only a small cargo steamer of this line. It proved more comfortable, however, than it looked, for there were six first class cabins opening off the dining saloon and they were good sized and clean.

When the Saigon river was reached the ship slowed down and a pilot came on board to take us up the river, for Saigon is sixty-five miles from its mouth. It took from four in the afternoon till eleven the next day to run this distance, and the heat and mosquitoes were terrible. The large warehouses along the river

front give Saigon an imposing appearance as it first comes into view, for some of these buildings have great Chinese dragons on top, which give them the appearance of old Chinese temples.

Saigon is a great surprise to the stranger for one hardly expects to find such a beautiful city in such a locality; it is Paris in every respect only on a smaller scale. It has the same temperature the year around, always scorching hot, and there is scarcely an attractive place in all the country around it. The land is low for the most part and the territory was once rice fields that have since been filled in. It is a very unhealthy locality and foreigners have every disease known to hot, unhealthy tropical countries. The mosquitoes are numerous and as annoying as they are along the Amazon. The city is laid out in squares with parallel streets, clean and well shaded by large trees. All the streets are paved and lighted by electricity.

The residences of the foreign population are generally one story and cover considerable ground. Most of them have large yards filled with tropical trees and plants, and they are quite as attractive as the foreign towns of Java. There is only one grand avenue through the place and this runs to the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. These gardens are interesting and very prettily laid out. Their main attraction, however, is the collection of birds, for there is such a number and variety of tropical birds and many of

them have gorgeous plumage. Orchids of rare beauty grow in open work baskets and hang everywhere from the branches of the trees.

The hotels resemble cafés and restaurants more than hotels for they have only a few rooms that have been added for the accommodation of guests. None of them are good nor are they clean; and one examines the bed linen very carefully to make sure it has been changed since the last occupant left the room.

One of my fellow travelers told me about his experience in one of these hotels. He said he was greatly exhausted by the heat and fell asleep when he retired, but was soon awakened by an awful noise which he was sure came from the mattress under him. Examining it he found one of the largest rats he had ever seen with six young ones all in a nest in the mattress. After that I examined not only the linen on the bed but the mattress as well.

These cafés are the resorts of the foreign population of Saigon. The people go to them as soon as the sun is down to drink coffee and wine and to enjoy a social time until long after midnight. In this hot, sticky, steamy climate a tight-fitting dress is very uncomfortable and the women wear Mother Hubbard wrappers; but they are so "Frenchified" with dozens of little lace ruffles they usually look like night-robes.

The wide-brim cork hats which they wear to protect themselves from the sun, are also covered with dainty

white frills that make them very unbecoming, except to very young women, for the frills have too childlike an appearance. All these women, however, have costly Parisian gowns for extra occasions so when they choose to wear their foreign gowns the women in the French possession of China are the most stylishly dressed in the Far East.

At five o'clock the foreign residents come out for a drive on the grand avenue which runs through the place, their carriages of the latest French build and drawn by fiery little native ponies which are good travelers, and these rigs are as attractive in appearance as those seen on the fashionable drives in Paris. The Governor's Palace, the Grand Cathedral and the Opera House are the finest and most costly buildings in the place. The theater is subsidized by the government and this, with the proceeds from the sale of tickets pays the theatrical company. The expense of bringing the company from Paris is also borne by the government. With all the comforts and pleasures with which the French have surrounded themselves in Cochin-China, however, they cannot change the miserable climate, and they are a pale-faced sickly-looking lot of people who feel their exile keenly.

Cochin-China was the first territory taken by the French. It was acquired in the early sixties, and they have been in possession of it ever since. It was then a narrow strip of land lying along the sea-coast, but since that time they have greatly increased their terri-

tory for they have annexed Cambodia, Tonkin, Annam and, after a difficulty with Siam, they annexed Laos. The last territory acquired by them was Kwang-chan-wan, in the Chinese province of Kwangtung. Saigon being the capital has always been the most important city; and although it is the largest commercial port in Cochin-China, it is losing its importance since Hanoi has been made the capital of all French Indo-China.

It was with few regrets I took my departure from Saigon. After staying in this heated locality for several days and suffering from dirty hotels and poor cooking, my admiration of the place had constantly diminished although, with these exceptions, the city is a little Paris. We were to have left Saigon at nine in the morning but we were delayed as the boat did not leave the dock until eleven. It moved out into the middle of the stream where we remained until three in the afternoon waiting for the tide to run in so we could proceed down the river. It was so frightfully hot the passengers could not sit out on deck under the awning, but were obliged to go to their cabins and remain in them until the boat was under way.

On the main deck there were at least fifty native Annamese, some of whom were servants of the first class passengers. Two of them were wet-nurses for two white-robed pale-faced French babies, and never in my life have I witnessed such a disgusting sight as these babies presented, nursing these dirty, filthy

women who were chewing betel or areca nut and expectorating the red saliva over the deck of the boat until it looked like a slaughter house. The mothers would hand their babies to these dirty begrimed women with as much indifference as if they were the white-aproned, daintily capped children's maids one sees in Paris.

With all the delays it took five days to reach Haiphong, a river town at the mouth of the Cua-cam river, where two sand bars gave our boat great difficulty in crossing. It is these sand bars that prevent Haiphong from being the largest commercial port in Indo-China, for, with all the large sums of money and the labor the French have expended on this river, they have not been able to deepen it sufficiently for large boats to navigate it, though it has been greatly improved and splendid docks have been built at Haiphong, that make landing an easy matter. The customs house is near the landing and the baggage of all the passengers was examined. The French in Tonkin have adopted a system of high tariffs for the protection of their colonial trade, and this has proved somewhat detrimental to their commercial interests for it has restricted the liberty of the people and prevented capitalists from coming into the country.

One can scarcely believe the stories related about the appearance of Haiphong twenty years ago. It is said that at that time it was nothing more than a mudhole which was nearly inundated at high tide. It

is also said that great swamps surrounded it and that every door yard contained a pool of filthy water. When a lot was bought for building purposes, it was staked off in the mud and water and the site had to be filled in to give the house a foundation to stand upon. It has been greatly improved since that time under the French rule, and the large expenditure of French francs has made it into an elegant and well-built city. Its streets are wide, clean and well paved, with a number of driveways and boulevards, and there are good sewers and waterworks and the streets are lighted with electricity. The residence portion is very pretty, the houses large and imposing, with extensive grounds around them but they are not so charming as those of Saigon, for tropical trees and plants do not thrive well in this climate.

The French mode of living is quite different in Tonkin from that in France. The climate is the cause of some of the changes for there are seven months of very warm weather and five of damp, chilly weather with quantities of rain. The latter season they call the most enjoyable of the year, but it is far from pleasant, for the dampness is so uncomfortable and none of the hotels or houses are heated.

The coffee breakfast one learns to like so much in France has been done away with, and the people go to work at eight in the morning on an empty stomach. At eleven they quit work and go home to breakfast, when all business comes to a standstill and all the

stores and business houses are locked, and the streets deserted. This continues until two in the afternoon, for three hours is the time allowed for this meal, or about an hour and a half in its consumption and the rest of the time is spent in drinking coffee, playing cards and taking siestas.

The banks close at five but the stores are open until six. At five Haiphong's streets are full of people, and the ladies come out for a drive along the boulevard, dressed in their Parisian gowns. They would not be called pretty women, although they are wonderfully made up, for they are very thin and look as if they were suffering from the effects of the climate. There are no street cars nor public conveyances except rikshas drawn by Annamese coolies, who make better riksha men than anything else, for, although they are small, they are very strong and capable of pulling a good-sized load.

There are several hotels of which the Hotel du Commerce is considered the best. It is a fine-looking building from the outside but this is the extent of its fineness, for it is very dirty and the meals are miserable. All the servants are Annamese, who do not make as good servants as the Chinese for they are not so intelligent. The French do not treat them very gently, they push and shove them around and pay them very small wages. They have adopted a system of having them all registered and photographed, and refuse to employ any who have not a certificate from

the police that they have complied with the law; so if any are guilty of wrong doing they can be easily punished.

There is no parlor or reception room in the Hotel du Commerce, but it is the fashionable resort for the well-to-do people of Haiphong. At seven dinner is served and there is a complete change of dress for this meal. A large, dirty room opens on the piazza, and this is a kind of restaurant, billiard and card room, where the people congregate after dinner to drink coffee, play cards and have a social chat.

The theater is one of the largest and most expensive buildings in the place but it has a comparatively small seating capacity which is usually very much crowded. The same artists play both at Haiphong and at Hanoi, three months at each place during the year. The theaters are owned and leased by the government and the same lessee has control of both, for which he receives a subsidy from the government. Almost everything one wants may be bought at Haiphong stores for they are well stocked with all kinds of French goods and they are as "Frenchy" in appearance as though brought bodily from France. The three banks and the stores are said to do a good business. French Indo-China has not been a source of revenue to the mother country and it will be some time before France will realize the large sums of money she has spent on her colonies in China.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

HANOI, THE PARIS OF THE ORIENT

IT is eighty miles by railroad from Haiphong to Hanoi; the road is narrow gauge and the cars are built after the American plan, with an aisle running through the center. The train consisted of three coaches; the first and second class passengers were in the same car, separated by a partition with lavatory between; the third class was for the natives. All the rolling stock of this road was manufactured in France. It was a very expensive road to build for there were so many streams to bridge and all the iron work of the bridges was manufactured in France and sent out ready to be put together. The great bridge of Hanoi over the Red River has made this railroad somewhat famous, for the structure is magnificent and one of the longest in the world. It is built of steel and rests on a foundation of hard gray sandstone found in Tonkin. This bridge runs for some distance across a flat country before it crosses the river, and then it joins a stone aqueduct six hundred meters long and very picturesque. It has but one track, on either side of which is a foot path for pedestrians. The railroad station at Hanoi is a fine large building. It is intended to make this the grand central station for the many railroads that have been projected for Tonkin.



The Great Bridge over the Red River, Hanoi



The Railroad Station, Hanoi

Hanoi, the capital of French Indo-China, like Saigon and Haiphong, resembles Paris except that it is smaller. Its site was once a large swamp, but one can scarcely realize that such is the case when riding along sixty miles of well-paved streets and boulevards, nearly all of which are bordered with shade trees and most of them are lighted by electricity.

Hanoi's public conveyances are an electric tramway and the "Pousse-Pousses." The electric tram car runs through the town and for a considerable distance through the suburbs. It is patronized by foreigners and natives alike, having both first and second class accommodations. The principal conveyances, however, are the Pousses-Pousses (pronounced *ché*), which is the French for *jinrikisha*. The best I ever rode in were in Hanoi. They had been manufactured for the Paris Exposition and had ball-bearing bicycle wheels with rubber tires. You could ride in them all day and not feel fatigued for there was no jar such as is felt when riding in the ordinary *rikshas*.

The citadel is some distance from the center of the town but it is easily reached by the electric tramway. It was the old Annamese fortress and the old walls are still standing. It is now used as the headquarters of the army in Tonkin.

On my way back I stopped to see the Botanical Gardens with a small Zoological Garden at one end and containing some fine specimens of the animals and reptiles of Indo-China. These Botanical Gardens

are very attractive, having many shade trees and some fine driveways. They are the fashionable resort for the residents of Hanoi, who come here to drive in their carriages and sit under the trees until late in the afternoon. At this time of day the gardens present a lively appearance, for nearly all the French people keep a carriage and a span of ponies, and it is surprising how well these little steeds look when well groomed and with a harness that fits them. The carriages are so built they do not look too large and cumbersome for the ponies, and the little Annamese coachmen and footmen, wearing a most becoming livery which fits their forms nicely and consists of a moderately high hat and top boots, sit as straight as an arrow and with folded arms.

The race course is easily reached from the Botanical Gardens. The races are well attended and take place on Sunday. Considerable money changes hands on these occasions for betting is freely indulged by both the men and the women. The race horses are the little Tonkin ponies which are too small for Europeans to ride, so they are ridden by little Annamese boys, dressed in the colors of the owners. Some of the ponies are quite speedy and the races are generally very exciting.

There are many lakes around Hanoi which give one the impression that the town is surrounded by water. In the center of the city is Petit Lac and in the center of this lake is an island reached by a pretty

bridge, and in the center of this island is an old Annamese temple with a statue of liberty on top, which was paid for by contributions of the native people. This lake is another resort for Hanoi's people on a warm summer evening, for the island has a small hotel or café near the lake where the people can drop in for a game of cards and a social chat.

Not far from this lake is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the finest church in the place. There is also a small Protestant French church near by, but the largest and most magnificent buildings are the two palaces, one occupied by the Resident Superior of Tonkin, the other by the Governor General of Indo-China.

Hanoi has a great variety of shops and many kinds of French goods can be bought but they are very dear. Although there were both French bakers and butchers neither the bread nor the meat was good, and besides, the French do not patronize the native markets for they have their own. In the native town there is a long street where most of the shops are situated. In one part of this street were the blacksmiths and iron workers, in another those who worked in brass and in still another the jewelers; but there was nothing worth buying to take out of the country.

Hanoi's hotels, cafés and boarding houses are numerous but none of them first class. The Hotel Metropole is the best; it is new and has a fine appearance. I was led to believe it was the best hotel in the

Far East, but I was disappointed, for there is nothing first-class about it beyond its situation on the Boulevard Henri Riviera, just opposite the palace of the Resident Superior of Tonkin.

The dining room is large with high ceilings and well adapted to hot weather. A café was being built adjoining it, which extended back into the yard at the rear of the hotel. The waiters were Chinese but all other servants in the hotel were Annamese. Dinner was served at 7:00 P. M. and there were always many private dinner parties. These meals evidently had been ordered in advance for they were much better than the regular bill of fare. At half past eight the people began to arrive at the hotel, where they seated themselves at small tables in the café, and with a few words to the Annamete boy in pigeon French, they secured whatever kind of drink they wanted. A pack of cards was brought with the order and they spent the evening playing, smoking and chatting; the ladies joining in these pastimes seemingly with as much enjoyment as the men.

One sees many uniforms on all public occasions, for French soldiers must always appear in regimentals. It appeared as if the whole country was made up of the army and a few government officials. As in Paris, the Hanoi citizens turn night into day and after spending a few hours at the cafés they go to balls, musicals and theaters, where they remain until nearly morning.

At the time of my visit the Exposition was the great attraction there. It was designed to attract the attention of the outside world to what the French people were doing in Indo-China and to give the mother country more confidence in the ability of her colonies in the Far East. It was hoped that capital would be attracted by the Exposition and would be induced to come and establish manufactories and invest money in the various schemes set on foot by the government officials for the improvement of the country. By an ornate gate which faces Boulevard Gambetta entrance was gained to the Exposition grounds. No admittance fee was charged, the expectation being that the countries' exhibits would pay the expenses of the Exposition.

The Palace Central is a fine building built to remain after the Exposition was over, to be used as a museum and art gallery. It was the central building of the Fair and contained exhibits from different parts of the world. In one section two jewelry firms from Paris had a fine line of goods arranged in many pretty designs, and in one end of the building was an exhibit of the work done in the public schools of Hanoi, consisting mostly of drawing and fancy needlework. Near the center was a collection of cabinets, tables, chairs and other articles, made from blackwood and inlaid with mother of pearl. This collection was sent with the exhibit of Tonkin to Paris in 1900 and it attracted much attention. In another section was

a small exhibit from Korea composed of a collection of hats, of which no other country has so many different styles, worn by the peasantry and the government officials. The collection consisted of the more common kind of hats and was not tastefully arranged. One of the most curious exhibits was a collection of jewelry worn by a tribe which inhabits the mountain regions near Langson. These people are neither Anamese nor Chinese but a distinct tribe by themselves. The other buildings were attractively grouped.

China and Japan occupied two large buildings and their exhibits were the largest on the ground; but many of the things were never unpacked for the attendance was so small. In a long building to the north of the Palace Central was the exhibit of France and her colonies. France of course was well represented and her exhibit was the most tastefully arranged of any at the fair. The exhibit of Indo-China was small because so much of the country is unimproved and there is little manufacturing done. The most interesting things were sent by the King of Annam from his private collection, and consisted of some robes worn by the former kings, gorgeous in the extreme, and others worn at his own court on state occasions, quite as fanciful. Near this exhibit was the collection of gods and altar decorations which had been taken from the Buddhist temple.

The Tonkin Coal Mining Company had a large exhibit from the coal fields of Hongay, arranged in



The Palace Central, Hanoi

pyramids that glistened like diamonds and resembled the anthracite found in Pennsylvania. It is of an excellent quality and the mines are said to be almost inexhaustible. This is the most extensive and the best paying business of Indo-China. The companies working these mines pay large dividends to the stockholders and large quantities of the coal are sold to the neighboring countries. Tonkin has both iron and copper mines that yield an abundance of good ore but they have not been extensively worked.

Near this was the exhibit of Siam, which consisted of the nation's flags and three huge elephants, one of the most attractive sights of the Exposition. Every afternoon the little Siamese coolies who had the elephants in charge would decorate them with some pretty canopied saddles and take them to the suburbs to feed on the tall grass and banana stalks of which they are very fond. Although an elephant moves along the road with a measured tread that appears to be slow and cumbersome, it is not so in reality, for when it is gathering food for itself it covers a great deal of ground in a short time and its appetite is soon satisfied. It pulls up the grass and banana stalks with its trunk, breaks off the roots by striking them against its fore leg extended for the purpose, and then, dividing the stalks into lengths to suit its mouth, rolls them up and devours them.

The American flag was the largest on any of the buildings and it hung over a building near the en-

trance gate. The first thought that came to my mind was,—“I wonder if there is any American food there;” for I had been a long time from home and I was ravenous for American cooking. Entering the building I found it was only a tobacco exhibit from Manila, in charge of a Spaniard who said he simply loved America for he had been very prosperous ever since the United States had taken possession of the Philippines.

Taking the Fair as a whole, it was nicely gotten up and an honor to those who projected it; but for some reason or other it failed to attract outsiders and in consequence it did not prove the great advertisement for Indo-China the projectors had hoped.

CHAPTER TWENTY

BACK TO CHINA

ALTHOUGH I had gone to the hotel office the night before my departure to pay my bill and had told the clerk I wanted rikshas the next morning in order to catch the six o'clock train for Haiphong, I found the request had been forgotten and that all the coolies around the hotel had overslept themselves; so, when I was ready to start there was not a riksha in sight. After considerable delay two were found, however, and I started at a lively pace for the station which was more than a mile from the hotel. It had rained the night before and the mud and water flew in every direction. A coolie ran on ahead to get my ticket and tell the train man to await my arrival, and though the conductor did so, for I was so nearly on time, I was covered with mud and water and not in a very happy frame of mind when the train pulled out of Hanoi.

The native coaches were crowded with people on the way to market which is held every morning half way between Hanoi and Haiphong, and they brought into the train all kinds of produce to be sold there. There were a good many pigs, so fat they could hardly walk, with bamboo poles strapped to their backs for

a handle by which they were carried as one would carry a satchel, and much to my surprise they did not squeal for they seemed to be quite used to being handled in this way.

The Annamese are a small people, averaging not over five feet three or four inches in height. The men are homely but some of the women would be good looking were it not for their black teeth and mouth, the result of chewing betel nut. Both the men and the women wear their hair long and roll it up in a knot high on their heads. They wear white cloth trousers with a long black glazed cotton gown over them. They are not very intelligent but many of the men are very strong.

Arriving at Haiphong, I found the ship for Hong-kong had not received its cargo in time and instead of sailing that evening it would not sail for two days. This was another disappointing delay for the weather was growing damp and chilly and I had to walk the streets to keep warm, for none of the hotels are heated. Although I had heard much about the size and the number of Haiphong's mosquitoes, I neither heard nor saw one all the time I was there. The Annamese room boy would tuck up the mosquito netting under the bed clothing, and when I pulled it out to let the air circulate he went through a lot of strange actions to show me how much I would suffer if the mosquitoes got inside. He even measured their length on his fingers to give me some idea of how large they

were, but the cool damp weather had completely silenced them and I had no personal encounters with them at all.

It was a most disagreeable trip on a French steamer, for the wind blew a gale and the rain poured all the way. Our landing in the fog and rain was dismal indeed, but the passengers did not seem to mind it, for they had all been so ill during the trip they were delighted to set foot again on terra firma.

During the week of my stay in Hongkong the time passed very pleasantly, for I had friends who entertained me royally. It was my first Christmas there and we had two days of it. I once heard of a man called as a witness in a case who, on being questioned regarding the time when a certain event took place, replied that it was "the second day of Christmas." This answer caused considerable merriment in the court room, but if this man had been a witness in a case in Hongkong his answer would have been accepted and understood, for they have a first and a second day of Christmas there and just as many New Year's days. During these holidays the banks, the steamship offices, the post office, the shops and all the places of business kept by Europeans are closed, and the town is given over to the Chinese who keep their shops open and stand about in the streets, which, in consequence, become almost impassable.

The day the steamer sailed the sun rose bright and clear for the first time during my stay in Hongkong.

There were three first class passengers besides myself; two of them wealthy Chinese tea merchants with garments of the richest silk brocade, lined with Russian sable, their finger nails nearly three inches long and rolled up in the palms of their hands, to show that they belonged to the class of Chinese who are above labor. The Captain said they had made many trips with him and he treated them as though they were royal princes. They did not sit near me at the table, but I was glad that after the first meal they were seasick and so confined to their cabins until they reached their destination. The other passenger was an Englishman from Sumatra, who was traveling around the coast of China and trying to induce Chinamen to go to Sumatra to work on his tobacco plantations. I was told confidentially that he promised them good wages, but when he got them there he paid very little for their work and took care they never had a chance to return to their native country. Europeans have never been able to enslave the people of Sumatra as they have the Javanese, for they are a brave and warlike race, and the Dutch have never wholly subdued them during all the years they have been in possession of the Island.

Just twenty-four hours after leaving Hongkong we arrived at Swatow. The boat stayed here all day for there was little cargo to take on, and the ship's comprador offered to show me over the town. The compradors are the commercial agents of the ships



An Annamese Woman of Tonkin

and they are usually very well-to-do. As we were walking along the main street of the town we saw a commotion before the door of one of the houses and stopping to see what it was, the comprador said, most indifferently, "It is nothing at all but a mother trying to sell her baby. You can see this in almost every town in China every day in the week."

Both the mother and the baby were well dressed in new clothes of the sort worn by the peasant classes, and the baby appeared to be eight or nine months old. The mother was very careful to assure the bystanders of the masculine gender of the child, and declared she was not trying to palm off on them anything so absolutely worthless as a girl baby. Asked why she wished to dispose of her infant she said over and over again, "No chow, no chow"; which means nothing to eat. She followed me for many blocks around the streets trying to induce me to buy her baby, and it was evident the child was drugged for, in her frantic efforts to dispose of it, she almost let it fall several times, but the child never even made an outcry nor opened its eyes. At first she asked thirty Mexican dollars; but the price kept falling until a few cents would have bought it. I was told by those who had lived among the Chinese for many years that they were guilty not only of selling their babies, but that almost every family, from the lowest to the highest, was also guilty of infanticide, and that many more girl babies than boy babies were killed, though in some cases both fared

alike when the parents were too poor and the child prevented the mother from working. When the baby is born the parents pay no attention to it and it soon dies. The worst of it is they are not particular about burying the body for they often throw it into the back yard or on to the commons for the hogs and dogs to devour.

Swatow is the place where all kinds of pewter ware is manufactured. It is very heavy to carry away but it is interesting to visit these shops and see the various articles made from this metal and the fine workmanship the Chinese put on them.

Some years ago a Baptist minister came to Swatow as a missionary from America and built the village known as the Missionary Settlement, situated on the mainland two miles from the Chinese town. It is said that when he first came here he went to the Yamen of Swatow, the place where a Chinese official lives and carries on his official business, usually composed of several buildings surrounded by a high wall painted yellow, and asked the Yamen for land on which to build a mission. He pretended to think that the Yamen had given him the open space in front of his own dwelling, so when he commenced building there the Yamen had to stop him. He pretended to think then that the Yamen had said he could have the ground in front of the old Chinese fortifications, but here again he was stopped for his buildings would interfere with the maneuvers of the army. In order

to get rid of this troublesome individual the Yamen finally gave him the tract of land on which the village is built, and he was careful to get the whole thing in his own name, so it is all his own property. Much of the ground was swampy but he hired cheap Chinese labor and had it filled in, and he has turned out to be one of the shrewdest missionaries in China, for he now rents the property for \$20,000 per annum to the missionaries who reside in the village. He built a church, but it is so small and insignificant, compared with the other buildings, it would never be seen unless pointed out; and many have been there and have come away declaring there is no church. Such is not the case, however, for it is so overtopped by other buildings it is difficult to find.

After dinner we started again on our journey and about five o'clock the next morning arrived at Amoy. It was New Year's Day, bright and beautiful, not a cloud in the sky. At breakfast the Captain informed us he was allowed the two New Year's holidays and that he was going to spend them here for he was a member of the club and hoped to have a jolly time. Before we were through breakfast the American Consul, Mr. Fesler, came on board to see the Captain, and finding an American among the passengers, invited me to go on shore and spend the day with him and his wife. I found that both Mr. and Mrs. Fesler were born near my native town, Princeton, Illinois, and that we had many mutual friends there. This

stimulated a friendly feeling for each other and I passed a very pleasant New Year's Day with them.

Amoy is the shipping port for the many tea plantations situated in this part of China. It is said to be the filthiest town in China, but I could see no difference between it and other Chinese towns, for they are all very dirty. It had been nearly destroyed by fire only a short time before and this gave it a very dilapidated appearance. The foreign population lives on the Island of Kulangsu, just opposite Amoy, a pretty Island, but very rocky and hilly. In some parts the hills rise two or three hundred feet above the sea and all the foreign consuls reside there.

On the highest hill of the Island stands a large brick residence surrounded by several small ones known as the Talmage Mission. It was founded by a brother of the Reverend De Witt Talmage more than twenty-five years ago, and after his death the work was continued by his widow and two daughters by his first wife, who had grown old in the missionary service. They were said to be very exclusive and hard to get acquainted with, but very faithful in their mission work.

The French, English and German consuls live in fine residences, and the club house is a very good building for so small a place. It contains quite a large library with billiard and card rooms and a hall where dances and receptions are held. There was considerable strife in this community of a hundred or

more foreigners over the subject of which of the consuls' wives should be its social leader, yet in spite of this difference, they seemed to enjoy themselves greatly, for the ladies told me they had so many engagements it was almost impossible to attend them all.

I had been so agreeably entertained I was sorry when the signal sounded from the steamer for all to come on board for it was about to sail. The Min is the prettiest river in China, with its green hills on either side, some of them covered with a rich soil and cultivated to the top. On either side of the entrance are Chinese forts which have a very picturesque appearance, especially from the deck of the steamer, but they are said to be of little use. Owing to the many sandbars in the river large steamers cannot go farther than Pagoda Anchorage, nine miles from Foochow, where a small steam launch meets the steamers and takes the passengers and their baggage to the city. This launch often runs into the sandbars and has to wait four or five hours until the tide rises high enough to float it off.

When we arrived at Foochow it was pitch dark and none of us knew the way to the hotel. After some delay we got a coolie to show us the right road but we found the hotel was nothing more than a small boarding house over a store, and when we arrived there every room was taken. After considerable coaxing, however, the proprietor gave me a small

hall bed-room that was hardly large enough to turn round in. The gentlemen fared worse than I for they were assigned to mattresses on the floor of the dining room, with the promise of rooms the next day when some of the passengers would leave on the steamer.

Foochow is quite hilly and the only way of getting about is by means of sedan chairs or on horseback. It is rather a pretty place, though there is not much to see beyond a few pagodas some distance from the town. It has always been famous for its lacquer work, done by the Chinese and considered superior to the Japanese variety. All I saw was finely done and very beautiful; but it was impossible to get a piece for it is always engaged beforehand.

It is not easy to get into or out of Foochow, for the steamship offices know nothing about the sailing time of the ships at Pagoda Anchorage, which do not leave until they get a cargo, whenever that may be. So, when the passengers hear there is a steamer at the Anchorage bound their way, they have the launch take them down there and they go on board to wait until it sails. It was only by the merest chance I learned there was a steamer bound for Shanghai, and I lost no time in getting to it.

When the boat came in sight the only thing I could see was its white sides and its mast, towering above thirty or forty junks unloading around it, and I was curious to know how the launch could get near enough



A Chinese Woman of the Better Class

for me to go on board. The Chinese pilot assured me he would manage that all right but it proved a fearful undertaking, for there were no less than five junks to be crossed. The launch came up to the top of the first one and we got into it quite easily; but the next was nearly empty, and it was necessary to pile bags of rice high enough for me to cross it to the third. Besides they were so far apart that planks were needed from one to the other, and if the boat moved or rocked I stood a chance of being thrown into the water below. When the ship was reached there was no getting near the ladder and I had to climb over the railing and slide down the other side. The coolies brought my baggage after me, throwing it from one boat to the other, and I was sure from the noise it made in falling that it would be broken in pieces, and I was greatly relieved when it took its last somersault and landed on the deck of the steamer very much the worse for its trip.

The boat was one of the China Merchant steamers on which it is sometimes difficult to procure passage, for they belong to a Chinese company and often the first class cabins are all taken by a mandarin, or Chinese official, for himself and his wives. The Captain told us this had been the case on a former trip when the passengers were obliged to go back and wait for the next boat.

The officers of this line are English and Scotch, and we were fortunate in having only two Chinese for first class passengers, who chose to eat with the Chinese

head steward; so there was only one first class passenger besides myself at the table, a Canadian employed by an American insurance company with headquarters at Shanghai. He said that in the space of six months he had made \$6000 in gold above all expenses, by insuring Chinamen, who liked the paid up policies, he said, because they provided a place to secrete their money so that their families and the government could not get hold of it, besides obviating the necessity of paying taxes and securing a future income.

After a rather tempestuous voyage I landed in Shanghai January 7th, 1903. On the way out I had sailed from this place October 7th, 1902, three months to the day from the time I had left this city, though I had not arranged to do so. A great change had taken place in the climate and appearance of Shanghai in the short time I had been absent, for when I left in October the weather was perfect, with warm sunny days and bright moonlight nights; but now the leaves had fallen from the trees, the flowers along the Bund were brown and dry, the little park looked forlorn and deserted, and everyone was dressed in thick, winter clothing. Shanghai is not a winter resort; sometimes it is cold enough for a light snowfall, and during December and January there are usually very heavy rainfalls.

The morning I again sailed was bright and clear. The air was crisp and cold and one drew one's wraps

close to be comfortable. The brightness of the morning, however, had the effect of making everyone cheerful and there were none of those solemn countenances one sees when people are going on long journeys. When the signal came for "all ashore that's going ashore," there was nothing but smiling faces, and we all went on the upper deck of the launch to wave good-by and see Shanghai, the Queen of the East, pass gradually out of sight.

Owing to the shallowness of the Hwang-pu river and the sandbars at its mouth, none of the large steamers go up to Shanghai but anchor off Woo-sung. It took the tender two hours of hard steaming to get down there, where we found awaiting our arrival, the *Empress of China*, one of the steamers of the Empress line owned by the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. It seemed almost a mountain in size, as I walked up the long ladder to its upper deck after traveling on fifteen small coast steamers, and it was the third largest steamer I had traveled on in these waters, and the eighteenth since leaving America.

The next day was Sunday and the stewardess asked in the morning if I proposed to attend church. I said I certainly should if the Captain was to conduct the service, for I thought it the duty of every passenger to show this respect to the commander. It is one of the rules on all passenger ships belonging to Great Britain and her colonies that the captain must read the Church of England service on Sunday morning.

I have attended these services the world over, but I never heard a captain read the services as well as Captain Archibald of the *Empress of China*. I am sure that anyone who had not known he was a captain would have thought him a regularly ordained minister of the Church of England, and no ordinary one at that.

Another thing in connection with this Sunday service, and one which I had never seen on any other English ship, was that all the crew not on duty attended church in their smartest clothes. The sailors marched in like a lot of well-drilled soldiers, dropped upon their knees as they entered, and looked neither to the right nor the left, but paid the strictest attention to the service. I soon discovered that everything on board was managed with as little friction and with about the same precision as the machinery which propelled it, for the captain allowed no discordant elements to exist among the crew. If they could not agree with one another they had to go; and his firm, quiet way made them all stand in respectful awe of him, for they never knew just which one of them might be left at Vancouver.

The table was excellent; nearly all the food was from America and nicely cooked and served. One evening at dinner the Captain said, "Miss Miller, you have visited so many different countries, will you please tell me which one in all the world you like the best?"



Happy Valley, Hong Kong

"Yes, Captain," I replied, "that is very easy and I will give it to you in verse:" and I proceeded to repeat the following stanzas from a song first sung by a clown in "Yankee Robinson's Circus." It was the first song I had ever learned to sing, taught me by my father, who greatly admired its sentiment:

"Of all the mighty nations
In the east or in the west
The glorious Yankee nation
Is the greatest and the best.
We have room for all creation,
Our banner is unfurled,
Here's a general invitation
To the people of the world.

So come along, come along,
Make no delay,
Come from every nation
And come from every way.
Our lands they are broad,
Now don't you be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough
To give us all a farm."

At its conclusion the Captain asked me which of the *oriental* nations I liked the best, and I replied, of course, Japan, adding that if it advanced in the future as it had in the past, it would not be long before it would be the equal, if not the superior, of any nation on the globe.

JAPAN

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

"THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN"

FOR the eighth time I found myself crossing the Yellow Sea, but it was the first time I had ever enjoyed the trip, for I had always found it so rough and disagreeable. We were two days and a half crossing from China to Nippon, as the Japanese call their country, which, in some unaccountable way, the Chinese and other foreigners have twisted into "Japan."

The beauty of Nagasaki's harbor lies in the green hills around it, covered to the top with large camphor trees centuries old. These hills almost surround the harbor, for the opening between, where the ships enter, is less than half a mile across. Here and there on the sides of the hills are dwellings built on terraces, and on their summits little villages, temples and tea houses that look very charming nestling among the green foliage of the trees. This is the principal coal-station in the Far East and boats from all climes and nations come here for coal. The mine from which the coal is obtained is situated on the Island of Takashima, not far from the entrance to the harbor and so near the sea that the barges load at its entrance.

As we came alongside the landing one of the passengers called attention to the "kurumas" waiting

for us. This name is used in Japan mostly by newcomers and by people who wish to appear elegant and learned. It is another name for the little gig-like vehicle known the world over as the jinrikisha, a conveyance invented by an American living in Japan, who, having lost the power of locomotion through illness, invented it as a means of getting about. In time it became popular and it is now used in the East as far as India.

Nagasaki's fine situation on the southwest coast of Japan has given it, like the harbor, a reputation the world over for its beauty. The hotel and steamship offices are situated along the Bund, a pretty, wide street in front of the harbor, and because of the great number of strangers who visit this city each year, as more ships call here than at any other seaport in the country, its curio shops are in a flourishing condition. The porcelain bazars are very numerous and the blue wares, known as Imari and Deshima, are the principal varieties displayed in them. These porcelains are very popular and quantities are shipped each year. The potteries where they are manufactured are situated near Nagasaki and date back to the time when the art was first introduced into the country from Korea and China, many centuries ago.

Nagasaki's fish market is very extensive but it is not necessary to visit it for it visits you, or rather, the odor does; it permeates the harbor, the city and the surrounding country. I read in a Japanese news-

paper that there are three hundred varieties of fish found on the coast of Japan, and it is said that every one of them may be found in Nagasaki's fish market. On account of their odoriferous character, however, I did not take pains to verify either statement.

By a rather steep road at the back of the town one reaches the public park belonging to O-Suwo temple; a pretty place with a fine view of the city and the harbor. When General Grant came to Nagasaki it was near the top of the hill in this park that he and Mrs. Grant planted trees to commemorate their visit. The trees were well taken care of, but after a few years one of them died, another being planted in its place, and both are now in a flourishing condition. A rough stone stands between the trees, inscribed with the date of the planting and the monogram of the General. At a tea house, also in this park, the Governor of Nagasaki gave a Japanese dinner in their honor; a splendid affair, interspersed with different kinds of entertainments including geisha dancers, tumblers, jugglers and theatrical performances.

Nagasaki was the first port opened to foreigners and it has never been wholly closed to them, for when the United States sent Commodore Perry to Japan in 1853, to open her ports to foreign nations, the Chinese were allowed to enter the country at Nagasaki and a few Protestant Dutch were permitted to live on the little island of Deshima in the harbor of Nagasaki, where the porcelain bazars now are.

Nippon, according to geologists, is the last addition to the world. It has something over 40,000,000 inhabitants occupying a territory about the size of New York State. They are a very polite and cheery people, who have a way of getting along that astonishes a foreigner. There are no almshouses in the country and not many beggars for the people are very industrious, economical and wonderfully self-reliant, and this may account for the small number of dependent people. The working classes receive very low wages,—from eight to thirty cents a day in our money,—but they manage to save some of it and nearly all of them have something laid by for future use.

For the third time I crossed the Inland Sea after leaving Nagasaki and found the trip monotonous; for, though the scenery is very pretty and one always enjoys the smooth waters and peaceful calm that prevail upon this sea, there is a great sameness to it.

At nine in the evening we entered the harbor before Kobe and Hiogo, but because of the darkness and the fog, the whistle from the steamers brought no launches for the passengers and we had to stay on board until morning. At the landing was the usual customs house, which I found to be a knotty proposition, for almost everything brought into Japan at that time was dutiable. When I complained of the insolence of the customs house officers and their method of tearing things open, they sarcastically re-

marked that I should not complain, as they had only adopted the methods of the United States in that respect; and seeing that I was an American and not used to “mean customs houses” they would let me off on payment of six yen duty. After I had gathered my baggage together, which was no little trouble, they all three laughed and asked if I did not think I had gotten off cheap. These fellows had forgotten the politeness for which their country is so famous.

Kobe in January is far from being pleasant, and its finely sheltered position at the head of the Inland Sea does not seem to render it less subject to the raw winds than the less favored towns, for nearly every day there is a heavy downpour of rain. Hiogo and Kobe are so situated it is impossible to find the dividing line between them. The former is the ancient city, inhabited by native people, and the latter was nothing but a sandy waste prior to 1868, though now it is a large, modern city. The population of both these towns, when they were opened to foreign trade thirty-five years ago, was only 10,000, but now the two cities have a population of 217,000. Kobe is an important commercial city and the seaport for Osaka and Kioto.

At Hiogo I saw the funeral of one of the richest tea merchants in Japan, a very imposing spectacle. The coffin was a square wooden box covered with white silk and festooned with white and tinsel cords. It was borne on the shoulders of uniformed coolies

by means of a bamboo pole attached to it, and looked very small for an adult corpse even in a sitting posture. In front of the coffin walked twelve Buddhist priests in gorgeous robes, and just behind it followed a cage of white doves. Then came the food offerings for the dead and a half dozen or more small evergreen trees and bouquets of flowers carried by coolies,—the offerings from the friends of the dead,—and last of all came a long line of rikshas filled with hired mourners who were a lot of women dressed in white, their faces painted to look ghastly. There were many white and red banners borne along the line. At the cemetery the priests droned prayers for the dead and the mourners wailed dolefully. One by one the whole assembly passed before the coffin, bowing low, and laid a small branch of evergreen on it. The coffin was then taken in charge by those who were to cremate the body, for the dead merchant was a Buddhist.

A native guide is indispensable in traveling through Japan, and they may be had by applying to the Kalyusha, or Licensed Guide Association. These guides relieve one of every care and worry incident to travel. They are always on time, willing and ready to serve their employer. They telegraph ahead for your hotel accommodations and when you arrive coolies are waiting to take care of your baggage. They buy your railroad tickets and pay all your bills for you. Each member of the Association carries a printed list of the rules and regulations of the society,

which they are careful to live up to, and they are pledged to serve those who hire them to the best of their ability and to charge no more than the established fee which is now two yen fifty, equal to \$1.25 per day in our money.

Some of these guides are poor interpreters, but I have been very fortunate in this respect, for, on my first visit to Japan, I had Kobe Tagima for a guide, who was appointed by the Mikado to take General Grant through the country, as well as the King of Siam. He was very intelligent and spoke English fluently. On my next visit I had Oto, of Isabel Bird fame, and now I have Fujisawa for a guide. He is not good looking, for Japanese men are extremely homely and foreign clothes do not have the effect of improving their looks. On the contrary, they seem to bring out all their defects, and they have no taste in selecting them or in wearing them either. I soon discovered, however, that Fujisawa was a good guide, for he could read, write and speak English well, having been six years in America. He had learned to lift his hat in foreign style and he would apologize for the low bowing of the Japanese and their excessive politeness.

Bowing takes the place of handshaking in Japan. When one is introduced to a Japanese lady or gentleman, they place their hands upon their knees and bow two or three times very low, the men sucking their breath between their teeth, with a loud, hissing

sound, which, though not very pleasant to listen to, is a token of great respect. According to Griffis' History of Japan, the sucking of the breath between the teeth originated among the Samurai, who were the military classes and ranked next to the Daimios, the vassals of the Shoguns who ruled Japan.

It so happened just before leaving Kobe that I received an invitation to visit a rich merchant's house for the purpose of seeing his garden. The whole family met me at the door, the three servants falling upon their knees, their foreheads touching the floor, while the gentleman and his wife stood just behind them, the wife a little back of the husband. Each made three low bows, and as soon as the coverings I had brought with me were drawn over my shoes (for all shoes must be removed or covered before entering a Japanese house), I proceeded to follow my hosts within. The servants brought silken cushions for us to sit upon and I tried to drop on my knees and sit on my heels as the Japanese do, but I found it a difficult matter. However, I was finally seated, tailor fashion, when my hosts gave three more bows. Then tea and sweets were served and each servant as she passed bowed three times.

After this we proceeded to visit the garden which contained over five hundred plants and trees though they all occupied a space not over eighty feet square. It was laid out like a park and looked like a doll's paradise, with tiny trees not over six or seven inches in



The Greeting



Rikisha Riding

height growing on the sides of miniature mountains and spread out like forest trees. Some of them were sixty years old, and there were all kinds of plants blooming in beds, many of them not over three inches in height. Orange trees six inches in height were so loaded with fruit it seemed as if their limbs must break; then there were maple trees of about the same height with all the autumn tints. On one of the islands stood a Shinto temple on a piece of ground not larger than an ordinary dinner napkin, with waterfalls, moss-grown rocks, and ponds of gold fish. This garden was different from most of the Japanese gardens, few of which have blooming plants in them. The Japanese are wonderful landscape gardeners and their greatest talent is that of producing plants and trees in miniature.

On our way back to the hotel we stopped to see a Japanese school. The Japanese use the Chinese characters in printing their language which they read in a singing way, and it is very amusing to visit a school and hear the pupils singing their lesson. The Chinese letters are very difficult to learn, for one must have a knowledge of from four to eight thousand characters for ordinary use, and for the classics thirty thousand or more. The Japanese print their alphabet, which contains forty-eight letters, besides the Chinese characters, for the benefit of the illiterate, and the Japanese language, like the Chinese, though rich in words, contains none for cursing or swear-

ing, and they have no knowledge whatever of profanity.

Osaka, the Chicago of Japan, as it has been dubbed on account of the progressive spirit of its people, never before appeared so bustling. The hotel was full of people, who, I learned, were exhibitors waiting for the National Industrial Exposition to be completed, which for some unforeseen reason had been delayed. I, too, was disappointed, for I had hoped to see the Fair, and I was obliged to content myself with the kindness and overwhelming politeness of Mr. Oda, his Imperial Japanese Majesty's Commissioner, who presented me with a permit to visit the buildings and grounds. These buildings were all built of staff after foreign models. Mr. Oda wanted to know what I thought of it, and I told him that, as a whole, it was very artistically arranged, but that I would have enjoyed it more had it been purely Japanese and not copied from the Paris Exposition.

No large vessels call at Osaka, on account of the shallow water and sandbars near the mouth of the Yodogawa river which empties into Osaka Bay, so its various commodities are loaded into boats and sent twenty miles across the bay to Hiogo and Kobe, its seaport. Two branches of this river run through the city, intersected by innumerable canals spanned by hundreds of bridges.

Osaka is a very old city and the southern capital of Japan. Some of its ancient landmarks still re-

main, the greatest among them being the castle built in 1583, by Hideryoshi, whose enterprising spirit is said to have paved the way for Osaka's commercial greatness, for it was during his reign that most of the canals were dug. Just outside the castle walls is the arsenal, which is very large and was running to its fullest capacity and over hours. When I asked what this meant, my only answer was a significant laugh, which I interpreted to mean that war was expected in the near future.

The Imperial Mint is the pride of Osaka. It is large and well equipped with modern machinery and employs both men and women who attend the machinery in the different departments. Here are manufactured the gold, silver, nickel and copper coins of the country, but the paper currency is manufactured at Tokio in an establishment called the Insatsu Kyoku, an interesting place to visit.

Mioksen of Osaka is the best Satsuma decorator in Japan, or, for that matter, in the world. I once visited his place of business with a party of twelve, when he sent to his kura (fireproof warehouse) and brought all the stock he had on hand. It did not amount to three dozen pieces; and when we asked him why he did not enlarge his business and make more out of his reputation, he replied that if he taught his art to others they would set up for themselves and both his business and reputation would be ruined.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

JAPANESE CUSTOMS AND ART

BABIES, babies, where do they all come from! one exclaims when visiting Japan, for they never seem to grow fewer, and you are willing to wager that the last town you visited had twice as many as any of the others, for you hardly see a woman without a baby tied on her back, while many of the men and nearly all the children are burdened in the same way, some of the children being not much larger than the babes they carry.

This method of carrying babies takes the place of crib and perambulator until the child is old enough to walk. They are fastened to the back by a long strip of cloth wound several times around them and then brought around the waist of the person carrying the child and tied in front. These babies are dressed in kimonos, just like their elders, only of a much more gorgeous hue. They are odd little bundles of humanity but they are cunning and quite captivating, though some of them are badly afflicted with sore eyes and heads. One in a measure overlooks this, for they bear it so patiently, and they are wonderfully good and scarcely ever cry. If they do, a few extra jolts

from their carrier soothes them, and they resume the even tenor of their way, gazing contentedly around at the street scenes or sleeping soundly with their heads rolling backward, or from side to side, until it seems as if their little necks would break.

All babies have their heads shaved; the boys until they are three years old, when little tufts of hair are permitted to grow over each ear and at the nape of the neck. Some have little bare spots at the crown with a fringe of hair around it.

The Japanese cannot be called a dirty people, for they bathe frequently in water hot enough to cook them, the temperature being usually from 100° to 120° Fahrenheit. Their children, however, are often sadly neglected along these lines, for some of them have distressingly dirty faces; but if at times this gives one a slight feeling of nausea, they are paragons just the same, for you never see a disobedient or quarrelsome child and they all have the dignity and bearing of their elders.

Japanese do not kiss and caress their children as we do; in fact, kissing is unknown. Their love is undemonstrative, but quite as deep as ours, for no people in the world love their children more than they do; they often spend hours playing with them, they buy them innumerable toys and take them on picnic excursions and never scold or whip them.

The Japanese marry from the ages of sixteen to nineteen, and there seems to be a Jack for every Jill

in Japan, for one seldom sees an old maid or bachelor. Young unmarried men and women do not associate with each other; they are separated when children and grow up apart, and they are never allowed to get acquainted, for it is considered vulgar, a thing not to be thought of, for young people to fall in love, or have any regard for each other before they are married. So, when a young man arrives at the marriageable age, he goes to some one of his married friends and asks him if he and some other married friend they decide upon will be "go-betweens" for him in the selection of a young woman from among their acquaintances, who they believe will make him a good wife.

These friends, or "go-betweens," are willing to shoulder the responsibility of the whole affair and regard it as an honor to be able to serve a friend in this capacity. They take a parental interest in the pair after they are married and try to make their wedded life a happy and prosperous one; and in case they become divorced, the "go-betweens" always take an active part in the proceedings. After the selection has been made the "go-betweens" speak to the parents of the young woman about the suit of their friend, and if they do not object to him a party is arranged, usually at the house of one of the "go-betweens," and here the young couple meet and have a chance to judge for themselves whether they are pleased with each other. If there is no dissatisfaction



Out in a Storm



Japanese Cribs and Perambulators

on the part of either after this meeting, the parents of the young man send a present to the young woman and her parents send a present to the young man. This takes the place of an engagement, and the "go-betweens" then set a date for the wedding and attend to all the arrangements for it.

On the day of the wedding the bride's trousseau and a certain number of pieces of household furniture which each bride must have, three or four barrels of "sake," and a lot of presents for the parents of the groom, are sent by the bride's parents to the groom's father's house. Along about dark, the bride, dressed in white with a long veil enveloping her and accompanied by her parents and the "go-betweens," is carried to the bridegroom's father's house where the wedding ceremony takes place.

This ceremony is nothing more than drinking "sake" (wine) according to a long-established usage, and there is no one present but the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids and the "go-betweens." When the bride is brought into the room by the bridesmaids, the groom, who is seated on the floor, does not arise but keeps his eyes fixed on the floor until the bride takes her seat beside him, with the bridesmaids and "go-betweens" on either side of the bridal couple. A small table is then brought in and placed before the bride, and a tray is set upon it bearing three small cups of different sizes. The bridesmaids fill the smallest cup with "sake" and

hand it to the bride, who takes three sips from it and hands it to the groom, who does the same. The other two cups are filled and emptied in the same way and the bride and groom then retire to take off their wedding garments and put on reception dresses. The bride, however, keeps on her long white veil, for this will be her burial robe some day. The bridesmaids then raise a two-spouted tankard and present it to the lips of the bride and the bridegroom, who drink from it alternately until it is emptied, a ceremony symbolic of tasting together the joys and sorrows of wedded life. This is the final ceremony and the bride and groom join the friends and relatives who have assembled in an adjoining room and congratulations, sake-drinking and feasting are kept up until a late hour.

As soon as possible after the wedding the marriage is registered at the government registration office, the only action required in Japan to make it legal. On the third day after the wedding the bride and the groom make a visit to the parents of the bride, and a large party is given to which all the friends and relatives of the two families are invited. These festivities are given in honor of the bride's departure from her father's house, for, from this time forward, she separates herself from her own family and becomes as much a part of her husband's family as if she had never known any other. A man never marries for money in Japan, and it is seldom a wife brings her

husband riches, for she cannot inherit any of her father's property, and it is not often that a father gives his daughter a dower on her marriage, though he may do so if he wishes, but it is not expected of him. As a rule, the property is given to the sons.

Woman's rank in the social scale is greatly inferior to that of the men. From her babyhood she is taught to be submissive and to respect and obey the head of the house, be it a father, a husband, a brother or a son. She is taught that she must marry and this usually takes place when she is sixteen or seventeen years old. From this time on she is nothing more than a slave for her husband, who treats her with less consideration than he would a servant, but she never complains of her inferior position, nor the hardness of her lot; she is sweet, gentle and obedient under all the trials she has to bear.

If extreme sensitiveness on the part of the Japanese is any indication that they are beginning to realize that there should be a reform in the evils of social life in Japan, one would think the time is not far distant when they would be corrected; for if anything is said or written over here, either by a foreigner or a native, derogatory to the position of woman, the Japanese know no bound to their rage, though they well know this is one of their weak points and one they are powerless to defend, and that it is a blot on their progressive spirit and their higher civilization.

Greater enlightenment does not have the effect of

diminishing the number of divorces in Japan, but rather of increasing them. Even among the higher classes there are more than there used to be, but of course there are fewer here on account of the scandal and disgrace usually connected with proceedings of this kind. Among the lower classes, where there are no restraining influences, men are often married and divorced seven or eight times and women two or three times. Until the new code was passed the marriage tie could be severed at the will of either party, a simple change in the registration being all that was necessary. While the new code will have to be greatly amended before it will have the effect of improving the condition of marriage and divorce to any appreciable extent, there has been some falling off in the number of divorces among the lower classes since it was promulgated. It seems a little coercion goes a long way in Japan.

Divorces can now be had as formerly, by mutual agreement or through the courts, and this is some improvement over the old way, for if the parties fail to agree, or if one does not wish to be divorced, they can then arrange a judiciary divorce. The law still gives the children to the father, and this is one of the most deplorable things about divorce in Japan. Sometimes it is possible for a woman to arrange with her husband for the custody of her children, but it is seldom she is able to support them, and a man in Japan cannot be made to support his children if they

are taken away from him, or help his divorced wife either; she must go back to her relatives and depend upon them for support.

The Japanese have a topsy-turvy way of doing things, just the opposite to what we do. For instance, they build the roof of the house first upon the ground, then the other parts, raise the roof and put it together. Foot notes are put at the top of the page and locks are put in the jamb instead of on the door. They have a rather clever way of addressing a letter; the country is written first, then the state, next the street and number and the name last of all. They mount a horse from the right and a vehicle turns to the left instead of to the right as with us. Horses are hitched in their stalls tail first, napkins are made of paper and white is worn for mourning.

A great change had taken place in Japan during the three years since I last visited it. Prices had advanced greatly, most of the large stores had adopted the one-price system, and the soroban, the Japanese counting board, was not so much used as heretofore. Railroad fares had advanced one sen, first class is now four sen a mile, second class three, and third class two. The yen is equal to fifty cents of our money and it is divided into a hundred sen; so a sen is a half cent of our money.

Another innovation was porters in blue uniforms on the railroad trains, and such a nuisance they were. They fairly drove me distracted, for they wanted to

brush me off every five minutes, because they were under the impression that this was the way our porters did. I tried to explain to them what we expected of a porter, but they would not listen to me, for some Japanese, who had traveled in America, had given them instructions and they wanted me to understand that Japanese were not behind the world even in the matter of brushing railroad passengers' clothes.

Kioto is the ancient capital and here the Mikado lived until the Restoration, when he moved to Tokio. These cities are now designated as the eastern and western capitals. The Japanese still love the more ancient capital and many of them regret that the Emperor has permanently taken up his residence at Tokio. The great palace where he lived has lost none of its sacredness in their estimation because of his absence, and it is surprising to see the reverential air they assume when they enter it, for they believe that all of their emperors were of divine origin.

The palace is situated in a large park, and none of the gates are open now except the gate of the "August Kitchen"; and here I entered, to be shown through the building by two solemn-faced Japs, who wore pleated trousers and silk kimonos, the ancient court dress. In the great audience room, or The Cool and Pure Hall, is a new throne, which the Emperor used after the Restoration. A white silk canopy covers the throne which is a red lacquered chair, with a back shaped like a torii. A lacquered stool stood

on either side for the sacred sword and seal, the insignia of the Emperor, and in another room was a white silk tent that covered the old throne, which is now in the museum at Tokio. When the Emperor held his audiences he sat inside the tent on a matting throne, with the curtains drawn around, and nothing was seen of him; only his voice being heard. In one of the corners of the room was about a yard square of cement floor, on which fresh earth was placed every morning, in order that the Emperor could worship his ancestors on earth without descending to the ground. There is no furniture in the palace nor is it heated. The Mikados warmed themselves over a few coals in a hibachi or fire-box, just as the peasants do now. In the winter the palace is cold and dreary looking, and in the summer it is hot and dreary looking—there is not a cozy nook or corner about it.

Less than a mile from the palace is Nijo castle, built by the feudal lords, who lived there in great splendor. It is a blaze of magnificence from floor to ceiling for neither labor nor money was spared in its decorations. The screens were covered with gold and painted by the old artists in most fantastic design; and the same richness of decoration is carried out in all the rooms throughout the castle. Only the inner part of the great fortress is perfect, much of the building having been destroyed by fire and earthquakes.

Kioto is also the more interesting because it is less foreignized and the most Japanese of all the cities.

Weeks can be spent here it is so fascinating; for if it is not one thing it is another, and one never becomes satiated. The shops are especially enticing and you are apt to spend much of your time in them, for there is no end to the beautiful things they display, particularly in embroideries of the most exquisite designs, —an art in which the Japanese excel.

Nammikawa, the first cloisonne artist of the present time, has his workshop in Kioto, and the most beautiful bronzes in Japan can be bought there also. There are whole streets of porcelain bazaars and the largest silk stores in Japan, where one can find a splendid assortment of Kioto crêpes and brocades for which the city is so famous, as well as all kinds of foreign silks, and there are shops filled with wonderful fans, ivory carvings, damosening, bamboo work and all kinds of curios.

It would take a volume to describe the temples in and around Kioto, for they are almost innumerable. The new temple of the rich Monto Buddhist sect is the largest and grandest; it was only completed a few years ago and cost a vast amount of money though much of the material used in its construction was donated. A small army of the best artists in the country worked for three years decorating the interior, which is rich in carvings, gold and lacquer work.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE INTERIOR OF JAPAN

IT was in Kioto, the first time I visited Japan, that I was invited to a Japanese dinner given in honor of Thomas Cook & Son's round-the-world parties, an English firm with headquarters in London and offices in nearly every town and city throughout the world. They were the first in the tourist business, and their service is a great boon to travelers. No one knows this better than I for I have traveled more miles with their tickets than any other woman.

It was the first of these parties I had ever met. They were all delightful people, as jolly as could be, with nothing to do but enjoy themselves, for they were relieved of all the cares and responsibilities of travel by their able conductor. Among them was Dr. Warner, of corset fame, from New York City, who was traveling with his wife and daughter; a Mr. Calendar, also of New York, a retired millionaire who was collecting curios for a Southern college; Dr. Little of Glens Falls, New York, a scientist and naturalist, who had traveled all over the world with his patients; a Mr. Van Curan of Newburg, New York, another retired millionaire; a Reverend Dr. Miller of London, England, who had served his congregation

for twenty-five years, and who for his faithful service was sent around the world to enjoy a well-earned rest; a Mr. Bly of London, a young Oxford graduate, who was traveling around the world to add a finishing touch to his education; Baron Von Rubenskirk of Austria and Count Segery of Germany, who devoted their lives to traveling for recreation.

The dinner was given in one of the largest tea houses in Kioto, which are all alike except that some are larger than others. We were met at the entrance by a number of nesans, or house servants, who took off our shoes and we followed them stockingfooted upstairs to a large room where the dinner was served. Our seats were red silk cushions laid on the floor, so arranged that the guests faced each other. Before each guest was a tabako bon holding a tiny hibachi with live coals in a cone of ashes, and a section of a bamboo stem for an ash receiver. Then came the tea and sweets which always precede a Japanese dinner; and next the nesans set in front of each guest an ozen, or table about five inches high, on which stood a covered China bowl and a long envelope containing a pair of chop-sticks. Our host opened his envelope and broke apart his chop-sticks, for they were only split half way down, to show they had never been used before, and then lifted the cover from his bowl, and this was the signal that the feast had commenced.

It is not an easy matter for foreigners to use chop-sticks, for the art is not acquired in a few minutes.

Our host kindly gave us many pointers and showed us how he used his, but the more we tried the more they would wobble, bobble and cross and the food fell almost anywhere, but it was lots of fun trying to use them and we all enjoyed it hugely.

A Japanese dinner is a long-drawn-out affair and it takes a great deal of patience and endurance to sit on one's knees or tailor fashion on the floor in stocking-feet for five hours, but this was a more elaborate dinner than usual and there were twelve courses in all. There were five kinds of cooked and raw fish eaten with soy, the Japanese sauce made from beans, four kinds of soup, three kinds of chicken, rice curry, lily bulbs, bamboo sprouts, egg plant with different kinds of vegetables cooked with them, and the last course was sponge cake with sweets and a tastefully arranged basket of sweets as a souvenir. Hot sake was served with each course. This is the Japanese wine made from rice, and is drunk as healths, and you must rise during the dinner and drink the health of your host and each of the guests, lifting your little sake cup to your forehead in salutation each time, then emptying it in three sips. It is customary also to drink the health of each of the *nesans* or waitresses, who bow their heads to the floor in acknowledgment of the compliment.

When several courses had been served three geishas entered, knelt on the mats and commenced to play the *samisen*, *koto* and *tzuzumi* or drum, and sing to the

accompaniment, when presently six more geishas, the most famous professional dancers and singers in Kioto, entered. They all wore beautiful silk crêpe kimonos and obis of the richest silver brocade, and waved exquisite fans of silver and gold most fancifully decorated. Their jet black hair was a tower of silky puffs with many fancy pins stuck through them, but their faces were expressionless, for they were covered with coat after coat of white paint. At the nape of their necks were three little diamond shaped patches, called "beauty patches," made by leaving their natural yellowish skin unpowdered. Often a narrow band is left along the forehead next the hair in the same way. They all had charming manners and between the courses they would sit around on the floor among the guests and smile, tell little stories and fill the sake cups. The dancers were quite pretty but there was a great sameness to them and after two or three we did not care for them.

The musical training of these girls is a long and tedious one, but their musical accomplishments are only appreciated by the Japanese, for it is almost impossible for foreigners to detect the slightest melody, time or tune in their playing on the samisen. The vocal part of their musical education consists in acquiring a peculiar, high squeal, which is the principal note in it, and to do this, according to Hearn, "in the coldest hour of the winter night she must ascend to the roof of her dwelling house and there play until



A Japanese Tea House and Garden



Geishas Dancing to Samisen Music

the blood oozes from her fingers and her voice dies in her throat. The desired result is an atrocious cold. After a period of hoarse whisperings her voice changes its tone and strengthens; she is now ready to become a public singer and dancer."

They commence their career young, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and they never lack for engagements, for no Japanese entertainment, public or private, is considered complete without them. They are not all bad but their training is such it does not tend to keep them virtuous, as they associate only with men and they are taught only to make themselves fascinating and pleasing to this sex. There are more in Kioto than anywhere else, where they take part in the two great festivals, the Cherry Blossom and the Maple, which take place in the spring and fall.

I once attended a Cherry Blossom festival, which commences in April and lasts three weeks. There were about one hundred geishas, eighty of whom were drummers and samisen players, and they all wore gorgeous kimonos. These girls never wear jewelry but their costumes often represent a small fortune. The musicians were arranged on either side of the theater and when the grand overture was played it sounded as if pandemonium had broken loose; it was simply ear splitting; but as I have said before, foreigners do not appreciate Japanese music.

The theater was brilliantly lighted with electricity, and the stage was made pretty by means of some

mechanical arrangement behind the scenes which let down cherry boughs, laden with bloom, over the heads of the dancers so that they danced in a bower of flowers; then maple boughs with all the autumn coloring, were let down in the same way, all made of paper but quite as effective as if they had been real. At the top of the stage were a lot of twinkling lights that looked like stars. The dancing was a pantomimic play of the song of the Cherry Blossoms, sung by the geishas to a samisen accompaniment, and the dances themselves were a lot of graceful poses, in which the dancers waved their long sleeves and golden fans in time to the music. We entered the theater through an anteroom where one of the geishas went through the ancient tea ceremonial. It was very odd and incomprehensible, we were all served with strong tea and sweets and the people sat in little boxes or pens on the floor, drank tea and sake, and smoked, hardly looking at the performance at all.

This was the prettiest theater I had seen in Japan but they are all common compared to ours. I was greatly disappointed with the first one I visited—it was Danjuro's at Tokio—for I had supposed this great artist would have a theater which, for oriental splendor, could not be equaled in the world; but to my surprise it was very plain with a rough, unfinished appearance. It was divided, as they all are, into little square boxes or pens, the floor was covered with matting with a red blanket thrown over it, and that

was what we sat on. There were no dressing rooms near the stage for the actors; they were in the front of the building and the performers went to them by a kind of passageway over the heads of the audience. Danjuro spoke in a very unnatural voice and did a good deal of ranting and roaring, which was not very pleasing to those who did not understand the plot of the play. He wore splendid costumes made from old brocades and embroideries, which we had a good chance to see as he walked to and from his dressing room.

One of the most charming excursions from Kioto is to Lake Biwa, one of the largest and prettiest lakes in Japan. The legend is that this lake came into existence many centuries ago in a single night, and that Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, three hundred miles away, rose at the same time. The Biwa pine tree that grows near the shore of this lake is one of the most wonderful trees in the world. It is four hundred years old and its boughs have been twisted and bent until they spread over an acre of ground. They are held up by posts, and its trunk is five feet in diameter and sixteen feet in height.

The return journey is by a canal through three tunnels in the mountains. These tunnels are very small and barely wide enough for two sampans to pass easily, and so low you cannot stand up in the boat. The only light is a little lantern in the bow, so small that a Javanese lightning bug would be power beside

it. You have a strange feeling in these dark, subterranean passages, a sense of chilliness creeps along your spine, the cold sweat comes out on your forehead and you are told to sing to hear the echo; but the creaking of a little sampan is harrowing enough to your feelings without your producing any more strange noises. You have a sense of relief when you are once more in the daylight, but the tunnels are very novel and well worth going through once at least. I know of no others like them; and it always seemed to me they were built as a habitation for the Japanese dragon rather than for commercial purposes.

The Yaami is a beautifully situated hotel, on what is known as Eastern or Buddha hill. From here a good view is to be had of Kioto. It was a comfortable place and I regretfully said my "sayonaras" (good-by) to the pleasant-faced proprietor, who bowed half a dozen times as I took my departure for Nara. It was a cold, rainy morning and the only heat in the railroad coaches was warming pans filled with hot water and laid along the center of the first class coaches; the water soon gets cold and a bundle of rugs must be taken along to wrap up in and keep warm. At the stations where you change cars a long stairway must be ascended from the train in which you arrive through a covered bridge and descended to the other train. This is no doubt a safe way and prevents many accidents but it is tedious to those not accustomed to it.

Nara is one of the loveliest places in Japan; but on this rainy, foggy day it looked forlorn enough, for it was wrapped in an almost impenetrable gloom. It is prettiest in the spring, when the wistarias are in bloom, and its old cryptamera forests are covered with these vines, which have woven and interwoven themselves in and around them for centuries. In May, when they are in full bloom, great bunches of purple and white flowers hang everywhere from their trunks and branches.

Nara is very ancient for it was the capital of Japan from 708 to 782. The legend is that the founder of Nara rode on a deer when he went to select a place for his habitation; and ever since that time deer have roamed here at will and it is a great deer park. They are innocent-looking little creatures but they approach strangers timidly, and beg for little cakes which are sold in booths along the wayside. The city has some wonderful antiquities; among them the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan, founded more than twelve centuries ago, the place where the Buddhists first settled when this religion was brought into the country from India by way of China and Korea. The colossal Dai Butsu, the largest in the country was cast and put in the temple in 750. It is fifty-four feet in height and seated on a lotus pedestal. The whole image was once gilded but the gilding has worn off, leaving the face very dark; and it does not have the placid, serene, Nirvana countenance of the Kamakura Dai Butsu.

In one of Nara's prettiest cryptemara groves stands Kasuga, a large Shinto temple; and in one of the pavilions of this temple the sacred dances are given by some young girls, called priestesses, the daughters of the priests of the temples. They appear in painted faces and flowing robes of red and white, their hair parted in the middle and trimmed with flowers and tinsel hairpins hangs down their backs, and they hold tinkling bells aloft as they dance to the music of a drum, a squeaky old flute and a koto. There is no enumerating the stone lanterns that stand in row after row along the avenue and around the temples of Nara; they are all finely executed and most of them are eleven centuries old.

Fujisawa, my guide, was devout and on several occasions when we visited temples he said a prayer before the shrines, but never once did he buy a prayer, chew it to a pulp, make a ball of it, and throw it at the gods, as many of the Japanese do. If it sticks they believe their prayers will be answered, if it falls they try again. He was anxious for me to visit Ise for the Chinese New Year, for many of the Japanese believe if they go there at this time they will be benefited both spiritually and bodily. The Emperor abolished the Chinese calendar more than thirty years ago and ordered the Gregorian used; but in this sacred locality they still celebrate the Chinese New Year, which took place in 1903 on January 28th. Ise is the name of a province and Yamada is the town near which the two

famous Shinto temples are situated which have caused this place to be known as the Mecca of Japan.

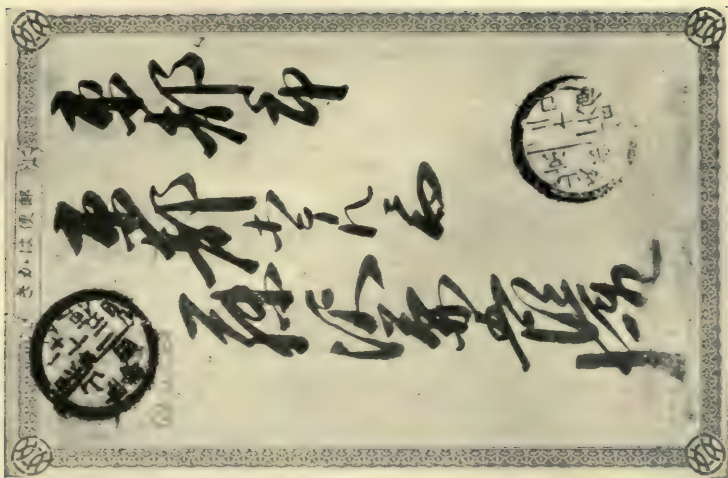
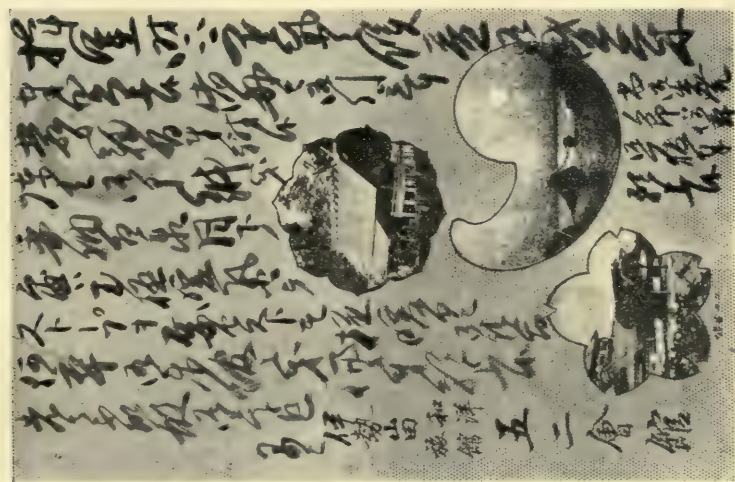
The train to Yamada was slow and several hours behind time, and we did not reach there until after dark. The hotel is more than two miles from the railroad station and none of the streets were lighted. The coolies were the fleetest that ever drew a riksha; they dashed through the darkness at a frightful rate, shouting at the top of their voices for the people to get out of their way. The rikshas went into ruts first on one side and then on the other, and I was obliged to hold on with all my strength to keep from being thrown out. The last dash was up a steep hill, three hundred feet in height, and around a sharp curve where we landed at the Gonikwai Hotel, and I breathed more easily and attributed my good luck in not getting my neck broken to being in the Holy City.

The entrance to the hotel was through a portico brilliantly lighted with electricity. The two little daughters of the manager, dressed in fancy kimonos and with obis tied in butterfly bows on their backs, and the three housemaids dropped on their knees, placed their hands on the matting and touched the floor with their foreheads as I entered. The manager also appeared, placed his hands on his knees and gave me three very low bows, and the maids then drew the covering over my shoes, for the floor was polished until it shone like a looking glass, and assisted me up

the stairs to the second story. The stairs were polished like the floor and very steep and narrow, and there were no banisters or railings to hold to. I often wondered how I would get down them in case the hotel took fire, and they were a nightmare to me as long as I stayed there.

There were two dining rooms, one for the Japanese and the other for foreigners. My table was covered with a fine, white linen cloth, and in the center was a bouquet of red and white camelias. The first course was a vegetable soup, then baked carp; after this roast beef from Kobe, or a province near Kobe, was served, and it was quite as good as Chicago beef. Birds on toast followed this course, then a lettuce salad; two kinds of vegetables were served with each meat course and, lastly, dessert, a sweet omelette, sponge cake and tea.

The Gonikwai Hotel is the finest real Japanese hotel in the country; it is beautifully situated and from its upper windows and from the hill on which it stands, a good view is to be had of Owari Bay, many green islands and half a dozen towns. It was built by a stock company in order that the Emperor might have a comfortable stopping place when he came to Ise to worship his ancestors. The manager, very proudly, showed me the Emperor's room, about ten feet from where I was domiciled, and assured me it was built just like the room he occupied in the palace at Tokio. It was raised about a foot and a half from



Postcard Received by the Author from the Gonikwai Hotel, Yamada, Ise

the floor; the door slid back so I had a full view of the room, but when the door was closed the room was just like a box, for there were no windows nor any way of ventilating it. It was about ten feet square and six high; the floor was covered with matting, and the sliding doors had sunken brass knobs with red tassels hanging from them, like those in the palace at Kyoto. The ceilings were decorated with the sacred white storks, and at the sides and back of this room were smaller rooms for the Imperial bodyguards, for his sacred body is never out of their sight, day or night. When he comes to Yamada he brings his silken futons and wooden pillow and sleeps on the floor in the Japanese style and rides around in a riksha like an ordinary individual.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

SOME SACRED SPOTS OF JAPAN

IN opposite directions on the outskirts of Yamada, about two miles apart, stand the Naiku and Geku temples, the most sacred of any of the Shinto temples in Japan. They are so sacred that none but priests and the royal family are allowed to so much as enter the outer walls that surround them. The Shinto religion does not allow anything but the plainest architectural simplicity in the erection of its temples, which are built of white wood, unpainted and with thatched roofs. There are no interior decorations belonging to them, but they are profusely decorated on the outside with brass.

The great antiquity of Ise's temples is only a historical continuity, for a very ancient custom decrees that they must be razed to the ground every twenty years and rebuilt in exactly the same style. The new temples are built before the old ones are torn down and a great ceremonial takes place when the sacred emblems are transferred to the new edifices. Ise's temples were last rebuilt in 1889, and the wood of the old temples was made into sacred emblems and sold to the faithful. There are two sites for these temples about one hundred yards apart.

The temple of Naiku is dedicated to the Sun Goddess Ama-terasu, from whom all the Mikados are descended. The mirror in this temple, the emblem of the Sun Goddess, differs widely from the round mirror seen in other Shinto temples, and it is never exposed to view. It is said to be a likeness of the Sun Goddess and to have been sent to earth by herself; and it is held in such high veneration that it is often worshiped as a deity.

Geku, the other great Ise shrine, is dedicated to Toyo-uke-bime, the Goddess of Food. This temple is beautifully situated in a grove of cryptemara, camphor and maple trees, with a wide and pretty avenue that leads to it lined with stalls where food is sold to the pilgrims. In a long pavilion near this avenue the sacred dances are given by a lot of priestesses and the stall where the sacred white horse is kept is near here, but the pilgrims buy and feed him so many sacred beans his stall has to be closed to keep him from being killed.

Before daylight on New Year's morning I was awakened by the firing of cannon from the two men-of-war which lay at anchor in Owari Bay before Yamada. All day at intervals they fired salutes and both were gayly bedecked with flags and banners for the occasion. In front of the houses and shops along the streets hung new straw ropes with pieces of white paper hanging from them, the emblems of Shintoism. There were also many Japanese flags, great red discs

on a white ground, and the streets were crowded with people from early morning until the next morning going to and from the temples. There were thousands of pilgrims besides the inhabitants of six neighboring towns. The nearest any of them got to the sacred edifices was the gate of the main entrances which had been withdrawn and a white curtain hung before the opening. The faithful worshippers, who had walked hundreds of miles to be here at this time, were allowed to stand within four feet of this gate, clap their hands, say a prayer, drop their offering and depart. It would have been death for any of them to have touched those curtains.

For lifting with his walking stick the curtain which hides Geku's shrine from the public gaze, and remarking as he did so, "Why should I bow to such foolish superstitions;—if there is anything behind this curtain worth seeing, I want to see it," Viscount Mori lost his life. He was a remarkably clever man, once the Japanese representative to Washington, afterward to London, then Minister of Education. Buntaro, a fanatical Shinto priest, saw and heard what he did and said, and from that time shadowed him until an opportunity offered to kill him, on February 11, 1889. The priest was at once dispatched but his act was approved by the Japanese, who made a martyr of him. Thousands visit his grave, burn incense on it and say prayers over it.

The New Year's offerings, consisting of rice cakes



A Japanese Temple



Torii, or Temple Gate

and money done up in paper packages, were several feet deep around the entrances. At night holy fires were lighted near the temples and kept burning from eight in the evening until daylight the next morning. Thousands of rice cakes were roasted in the fires and eaten by the people to keep off diseases, and for good luck and happiness throughout the year. Some cooked the cakes in the fires, rubbed them on their afflicted parts and then ate them.

Shintoism has been little affected by Buddhism in Ise, and these temples are more like the aboriginal temples than any others, unless it be the great Shinto temple of Izumo on the west coast. Shinto, the primitive religion, or cultus, has existed from time immemorial; it is very simple, nothing more than ancestral worship of heroes and great men who are supposed to become deities after death and to exercise a good influence over mortals. Being the religion of the Emperor and the court, it greatly predominates over the other religions in Japan, and the priests and temples receive an annuity from the government for their support.

Twelve miles from Yamada is Toba. The road runs over wooded hills, through green valleys and along the Bay, and the scenery is beautiful all the way. Our four coolies trotted along at a lively rate and covered the distance in a little over two hours, which would have been fair traveling for horses, considering the steepness of the road. When I saw the

little boxes of luncheon the riksha men had brought with them, I offered to buy more as there was not much over a half pint of cooked rice and a teacup full of cooked vegetables, which seemed wholly insufficient for men working so hard; but they refused my offer, saying it was about as much as they ate at each of their three meals a day. I could hardly believe that these muscular little men, none of whom were over five feet two or three inches in height, could build up such strength on such modest rations. Their hard exertion and exposure, however, soon kills them, and hardly any live to be over thirty-five or forty years of age, usually dying of pulmonary diseases.

Toba is a small town on the sea coast. Few strangers go there, for it is some distance from the beaten path of travel. Its principal visitors are coast steamers. From Hiyori-yama, a high hill at the edge of the town, one has a fine view of the ocean, and there is of course a tea house on its summit, so arranged that while eating luncheon and sipping tea you can enjoy the prospect. The ocean and harbor for a considerable distance are filled with green islands, many of them very peculiar in shape, and the white sails of junks and coasting steamers, thickly dotted over the water, make a pretty contrast with the blue sea and the green islands.

We returned by another route, quite as pretty as the one we went over but much more hilly, in order to visit Futami, a picturesque and charming seaside

resort, where the Empress Dowager spent her summers some years before she died. The great attraction of Futami are two black rocks, not far from the shore, tied together with bright straw ropes. Murray's Guide Book to Japan calls them "Wife and Husband Rocks," and says the rope is symbolical of conjugal union; but according to the story told by Fujisawa and other Japanese even more intelligent than he, the rocks have quite a different meaning.

Fujisawa said, pointing to a spot on the shore just opposite the rocks, "It was about there our Mikado stood many centuries ago and prayed to the Sun Goddess, his relative, to show him some visible manifestation of God; and as he prayed, great streaks of effulgent light descended from heaven, and two golden dragons, a male and a female, appeared on the water. They swam toward the Mikado, and when they came to the rocks they wound themselves round them, and from that time the rocks have been considered sacred."

Futami was crowded with pilgrims, who had come here to pray before the rocks, for as many pilgrims as visit the shrines of Ise, come here for this purpose every year. A booth near by did a thriving business selling photographs of the sun as it appeared on the day this miraculous event took place.

Fujisawa told me of two more visits of the golden dragons to Japan, both of which were to Buddhist priests. These cunning, crafty men knew well how

to work on the credulity of the Japanese in early times and pretended to have visits from both the dragon and the Sun Goddess. In this way they succeeded in mixing their religion with that of the Japanese, until there is hardly a Shinto temple in the land about which there is not something that has been borrowed from the Buddhists. The dragon is worshiped as a deity by the ignorant, and highly respected even by the educated and more enlightened classes. The dragonology of Japan is very extensive, for there is no end to the marvelous and miraculous things attributed to this scaly wriggler the Japanese variety of which is distinguished from all the rest of the dragon family by the number of his claws, which is three.

Nagoya was grewsome, cold and disagreeable to an extreme degree, as it was snowing, blowing and freezing when we arrived. The hotel was like an ice box and it was impossible to go on the streets on account of the storm; so I stayed in the hotel, rolled up in rugs to keep warm, and kept busy looking at the various articles the peddlers brought to the hotel. They had quantities of cloisonne, a business carried on extensively here; some of which was lovely, especially the enameling on silver, which is the latest cloisonne.

Nagoya is a rich commercial city, the capital of the province of Owari. It is famous for its potteries, the largest in the country, of which the Matsumura



(a) Geku Temple
(b) Naiku Temple



*The Sacred Rocks
Futami, Ise*

potteries are in the town and easily visited. They turn out good ware but nothing like those of Seto, about fourteen miles from Nagoya. These potteries have been established for nearly seven centuries. Their founders spent years in China learning the art, and Seto's porcelains are famous the world over for their fineness, beauty and quality.

Nagoya's castle is another of the monuments left by the Shoguns. It was built for Iyeyasu's son, who was the first prince of Owari. The apartments occupied by this prince were magnificently decorated and enough of the decorations are still sufficiently perfect to show what they were like, although they are dimmed by time and were defaced by vandals at the time of the Restoration, as were many other things in Japan through the ignorance of that period.

When I entered the railroad coach at Nagoya its only occupants were an English lady, a Japanese gentleman, and a little girl who resembled him. Grouped around them were a number of women, one of whom had her hair cut square at the neck and drawn back from the face with a kind of hairpin, after the manner of widows of the better classes, who wear their hair in this way and never re-marry. Her teeth were blackened according to the custom of the married women and many of the widows of Japan, and I afterwards learned that she was the mother of the gentleman.

As the time drew near for the train to depart, the

widow and her companion wept bitterly and gave the little girl boxes of toys. The English lady said to the little girl, "Bid Grandma good-by, darling"; but what was the child to do for they neither kiss nor shake hands in Japan. She scowled and hung her head sullenly, while the son looked at his mother perceptibly affected; but as love and affection are undemonstrated in Japan, he simply stood and blinked his tears away. The English lady offered her hand several times, but as no hand was offered to receive it, she seemed perplexed to know how to comfort the weeping women. It was a sad, strange parting.

Strangers in a strange land soon get acquainted and the English lady and I were soon quite chatty. She introduced the Japanese gentleman to me as Mr. Teska, and said that their marriage was one of the romances of the Chicago World's Fair. Mr. Teska, being one of the owners of the Matsumara potteries at Nagoya, came with the exhibit to the Fair, after which he opened in New York one of the largest stores for the sale of Japanese porcelains in the United States, and there they had lived ever since. The little girl was their only child; she was named Keyo, meaning pure, after a waterfall near Kioto, and would have been pretty but for her Japanese eyes.

When I left the train at Shidzuoka I noticed a great many people around the depot and flags conspicuously displayed everywhere. I found that the commotion in this otherwise quiet town was due to

the visit of forty members of the Japanese Diet, who had arrived only a short time before from Tokio, to attend to government business and to visit the temples.

The Daito-kwam Hotel was in a whirl of excitement when I reached there, as it was getting ready for a banquet to be given them in the evening by the principal citizens of the town. This banquet took place in the foreign part of the hotel where three long tables were set for the guests, who ate with knives and forks food cooked in the Japanese style. There were innumerable courses, more than half of which were different kinds of fish, and the odor was so strong it could be smelled all over the hotel and far out in the street. Hot sake was served with every course. They did not smoke the little toy-like Japanese pipes with metal bowls and mouthpiece and bamboo stems that hold about two whiffs of tobacco, but the best brand of Manila cigars. No maiko or geisha girls were bidden to this feast to entertain this august body with their songs and dances, but there was a master of ceremonials, however, and each member responded to a toast. They stamped their feet, clapped their hands, and "hurrahed" in true western style until about twelve o'clock, when the hot sake made them jolly and they began to sing, and such caterwauling I never heard. This continued for an hour or more, when they commenced to say their adieus; they bowed and bowed until I thought their heads would fall off, and sucked their breath through their

teeth loud enough to wake up the town. They were dressed in foreign evening dress with a lot of old derby hats very much out of style.

On one of my former visits to this place I was just in time to attend one of the meetings of the Red Cross Society. The Princess Komatsu, who is the President of the Society, stopped at the Japanese part of the Daito-kwam Hotel with her husband, sister and ladies in waiting, and I had a good chance to see them. The Princess and her sister were dressed in Parisian gowns and bonnets and over their heads carried parasols made of dainty lace, but their gowns fitted them badly, for they were much too large. They rode around the town in rikshas without any guards, and there was nothing to distinguish them from ordinary mortals, except that they were always accompanied by their ladies in waiting. The Princess Komatsu speaks several foreign languages fluently. She has shown wonderful ability in her management of the Red Cross Society, especially during the Chinese war. She is greatly interested in all the hospitals of the country and spends much of her time among them, especially in Tokio where she lives.

The Red Cross Society of Japan numbers nearly 8000. Oto was my guide on this occasion and many times he reiterated the fact that it was seldom a tourist saw so many of the real ladies of Japan assembled together. Nearly all of them were dressed in kimonos of different shades of drab silk crêpe, embroidered

with their crest. They were the most orderly, well-behaved lot of people I ever saw together.

Shidzuoka is famous as the place where Iyeyasu, the Napoleon of Japan, spent his old age. Nothing can equal the mortuary temples of this Shogun and his grandson Iyemitsu at Nikko, unless it be the Taj Mahal at Agra, India. They are situated on the top of a sacred mountain, surrounded by grand old forests that are centuries old, one of the most charming places on this earth.

Nikko, next to Ise, is the most sacred place in Japan. When the last of the Shoguns surrendered his power in 1868 he removed to Shidzuoka, where he lives in seclusion, seldom being seen outside his estate. His dwelling is situated in an exceedingly lonesome looking place, in a large enclosure or park on the outskirts of the town. Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, can be seen plainly from here. It never looked more divinely beautiful, for it was covered from top to bottom with a mantle of pure, white snow; there was not so much as a filmy cloud round its cone. It stood out clear-cut against the heavens in all its majesty and glory, peerless Fuji, the wonder and admiration of all.

After we left Shidzuoka the ground was covered with about three inches of snow and the air was cold; but the country looked warm and summery, and the trees were green. Through the car window we saw camelias in full bloom standing in the snow, and at one railroad station where we stopped the plum or-

chards were so full of bloom their limbs were fairly bending. Cold, foggy weather does not seem to affect the flowers or prevent their coming out, and there is not a month in the year without some kind of lovely bloom in Japan.

The only one of its flower shows I was disappointed in was the Chrysanthemum, which takes place in November, the largest one being held at Tokio. Those I attended were held in a lot of common sheds along a narrow, hilly street with many flags and banners flying. There was nothing extraordinary about the size or beauty of the flowers; they had been woven into many odd designs but they were so inartistic I could hardly believe they were the work of the Japanese. The finest varieties of the chrysanthemum grown in the country are those in the Imperial Gardens, many of which are large, rich in coloring and wonderfully beautiful. The Emperor gives two large garden parties every year, one in the fall when the chrysanthemums are in bloom, and the other in the spring when the cherry blossoms are out. The Japanese call the chrysanthemum "Kiku," a great improvement on the long, lumbering name we have given them.

Traveling in the same car were three young girls dressed in dainty kimonos; they were the daughters of some of the best families, for no other class of Japanese ever travel in the first class coaches. They had natural red cheeks and lips, which contrasted



Fujiyama, The Sacred Mountain

pleasantly with the artificial coloring so characteristic of the Japanese girl, and they were so sweet and had such charming manners I greatly admired them and wondered what their names might be, for the Japanese have a very aesthetic and pretty method of naming their girls. A Japanese gentleman who was also traveling in the train and could speak English, kindly wrote their names for me in Japanese and translated them into English. One was O-Hana, which signifies "Honorable Blossom," another was O-Kiku, or "Honorable Chrysanthemum," and the third was named O-Ume, which means "Honorable Plum." The Honorific "O" is very promiscuously used out there; in fact, nearly everything is "Honorable"; it always precedes women's names and monkey's alike.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

FAREWELL TO JAPAN

AT Kodzu we went to the Kodzu-kwan, a Japanese tea house and inn combined, for luncheon, or rather to eat the luncheon I had brought along with me, for they do not serve foreign food there, only tea to foreigners. It was so chilly from the dampness I took my luncheon out of doors to eat it, which I found to be much more comfortable.

Japanese dwellings are very superficial and look more like playhouses for children than habitations for human beings. They are nothing more than a lot of sliding screens which they slide both externally and internally. The inside screens are made of paper and at least one-half of those outside are lattices covered with a tough, white Japanese paper made from wood fiber, to let the light in and take the place of windows. Glass is beginning to be used quite extensively, and often there will be a few panes set in the paper screens for lookouts; in some of the more pretentious houses the lattices are filled with glass instead of paper. The ceilings are of polished wood. The houses have no chimneys nor any way of heating them except hibachis (fire-boxes).

The Kodzu-kwan Inn was packed with Japanese

who, like myself, were waiting for the train. They sat around on the floor wrapped in their thickly wadded kimonos, and hovering over hibachis, and they seemed to feel the cold as much as I did. The Japanese wear their kimonos thickly wadded in the winter time, but few of them wear any underclothing and they do not seem to be very warm for the kimonos usually fly open at the bottom every time they step. Their stockings are made of thick, white cloth, but they are of little protection to the foot for they only come just above the ankle joint and there is quite a space between them and the kimono. Their shoes are wooden clogs or straw sandals, held fast to the foot by a strap passed between the first and second toes, and their wearers slide and slip along in a manner we call "pigeon-toed." Both men and women go bareheaded with the exception of those who have adopted foreign headgear.

After an hour's wait we took the electric tram car for Odawara. On the way Fujisawa said I was to have a surprise, as I was about to ride not only on the smallest railroad in the country but the only one of its kind in the world. Not far from where the cars stopped at Odawara was a long shed that had been made into a waiting place, and at a shop near by Fujisawa bought our tickets. Pointing to the Japanese letters on them he read "Jinsha Railroad." The literal rendering of jinrikisha is "Man-power carriage"; so I understood it was a man-power railroad;

and judging from the track, which was hardly two feet in width, I came to the conclusion it was a little baby railroad with cars drawn or pushed by men.

After twenty minutes' wait the train made its appearance. It consisted of a third, second and first class coach, each coach about four feet wide, six long and five in height. They had been made to seat six Japanese, but were hardly comfortable for four foreigners. The tops were of wood and the sides of canvas. The first class coach was hitched in the rear, the second next and the third ahead, and they were all run separately, pushed from the rear end by coolies, the number varying, according to the load, from two or three. The coolies pushed the cars up the hills, until we came to a long incline of a mile or two where they jumped on to a board fastened to the rear of the coaches for the passengers' baggage, and rode until the next hill was reached. Then came a terrible pushing and chanting and yelling of the coolies in order to work together, for sometimes the cars would stick and the poor fellows would have a hard time getting them started again.

There were four stations on the route where we stopped, and at one of them we changed coolies. It took us four hours to go sixteen miles to Atami, the terminus of the road. The scenery was very picturesque along the way, and now and then we caught glimpses of the ocean between the hills. In the valleys the plum and orange trees were in bloom and the air

was full of fragrance. Atami is the winter resort of the Japanese aristocrats, who come here to take the hot baths so famous for their curative powers. The water comes from a large geyser in the center of the town, which breaks out every four hours; but since it has been piped into so many bathing places it does not shoot up to its former great height. The most attractive place is the villa of the Crown Prince, situated at one side of the town. Before his marriage the Prince came here every winter, but now he comes only occasionally. His health is said to have been much improved by the baths.

The Japanese hotels were crowded with people afflicted with different diseases, but I did not see any doctors in the place, and apparently the only remedies used were hot baths and massage, the principal curatives of the Japanese. The massage business is confined to the blind, and their plaintive cries may be heard in the streets as they grope their way along soliciting customers. They charge for their services not more than from ten to twelve cents of our money with a tip of two or three cents called "sake money."

I found many curious and ingeniously made things in Atami's shops, in one of them three Buddhist gods. They were Amida, or Dai-Butsu (Great Buddha), which is the principal Deity worshiped in the Buddhist Temples of Japan; Kwannon, the Thousand-Handed Goddess of Mercy, who is supposed to listen

to the prayers of the needy and sorrowing ones, and Jizu, the special protector of women and children, and forlorn and weary travelers. According to the traditions told of him, he has one of the most beautiful and sublime characters ever given to a deity. He is always represented with a shaven head and a sweet childlike countenance, holding in one hand a staff, in the other a jewel, and he is usually seated on a lotus throne.

When the shopkeeper noticed these gods attracted my attention he brought them out and bowed profoundly to each as he sat them on the counter. He informed me they were at least three hundred years old, and added that he had bought them from some Buddhist priests in the interior who were obliged to dispose of the surplus gods around the temple to buy rice to keep them from starving. After the usual amount of haggling we arrived at a satisfactory price, and I bought them. The shopkeeper assured me that I would be prosperous and have good luck as long as I had them in my possession, although they had not proved of much use to the starving priests.

Murray says that owing to the mildness of its climate and the beauty of its scenery and its many orange groves, the little peninsula of Izu where Atami is situated, can justly be called the Riviera of Japan. It is baking hot here in the summer time and Atami's winter visitors move over the hills twenty miles to Miyanoshita, a lovely summer resort situated on the

mountain sides. As I viewed it from afar it recalled to memory the pleasant time I spent there one October some years before. I never forgot its excellent hotel, the Fuji-Ya, it had such nice hot baths direct from the boiling springs. But one of the most charming things about it was the little Japanese maids who waited on the guests. They did everything around the hotel, even to carrying the baggage; I never had to ring for a waiter as long as I was there, for they were always flitting in and out of my room doing something to make me comfortable.

We left Kudze for Tokio by the express train, which was packed full of passengers, all Japanese except myself. The first class coaches were divided into compartments, and it was in one of these I had to sit with five Japanese during my forty-mile ride. The air in the overcrowded and poorly ventilated car was almost unbearable, and recalled forcibly to my mind what an American lady who had lived in Japan for years had told me. She said that foreigners should not put too much confidence in the regard the Japanese often profess for them, for though it was probable they like Americans better than any other foreigners, these in general are so disliked by them that even the odor from their bodies is abhorrent. She also said that when the Japanese have lived in foreign countries long enough to acquire the same odor, their relatives would have absolutely nothing to do with them when they returned to Japan, and that they had

to burn their clothing and live on high-smelling fish and other rank Japanese food until the national odor returned to them before they would be recognized by their countrymen. I had always thought the smell of all orientals unpleasant, but never until I was shut up in that compartment with five of them did I realize what a strong, queer odor the Japanese have. No doubt it was because I never had sat near so many in such close quarters before, but whatever the cause I was sure if Americans should stay out there until they had acquired this odor, not only their own countrymen but everyone else would shun them.

When we reached Tokio it was storming and the ground was covered with a foot of snow. I was greatly amused at the scene around the depot, for many of the coolies wore storm coats made from rice straw, and they looked like a lot of little straw stacks out for a lark as they nimbly bobbed around attending to the passengers and their baggage.

There was no perceptible change in the Imperial Hotel since my last visit. It still had a French chef and the various dishes on the bill of fare had long French names, but I could not detect the slightest taste of French cooking about them, but they were very palatable. The dining room was quite pretty and very pleasant. In the center was a pyramid of ferns, and perched high above it was a large bronze eagle with outspread wings, made by a poor Japanese artist for the World's Fair at Chicago and exhibited

in the Japanese section there. For some reason it was not disposed of and was sent back to Japan, where it was bought by the hotel company. I saw it often at the Fair where I had greatly admired it, for it is a wonderful piece of workmanship. It was made entirely by hand, and there are over 7000 perfect feathers on it, each of which was made separately.

There is no order or regularity to Tokio and not much about it that reminds one of a city. Its million and a half of inhabitants occupy a space one hundred miles square, and are so scattered and separated by gardens, parks, parade grounds, moats, rivers, and canals, you are seemingly always going from one town to the other, most of them miles apart. It takes hours to get anywhere here, for the principal way of getting about is by jinrikishas, often called big baby carriages. There is but one electric tram car line that runs to the center of the city, and a few omnibuses, patronized only by the lower classes. The different parts of the city are exactly alike,—the streets wide, crooked and extending in all directions, the houses small, of one and two stories and built of wood, the highest of them being seldom over nineteen feet. Nearly every house has a little open shop in it with many odd advertising devices suspended from the front, which gives the streets a very picturesque appearance. It is the largest city in Japan, and one of the most important since Iyeyasu moved the capital of the Shoguns there more than three centuries ago.

Prior to that time it was only a small fishermen's village.

The new palace where the Emperor now resides is built on the spot where the palace of the Shogun stood, though nothing but the old moats that surrounded the palace grounds are now perfect. The present Emperor, Mutsu-Hito, whose divine origin does not prevent him from being a great and good ruler, takes the deepest interest in all governmental affairs, and it has been his progressive ideas which have brought about most of the many changes in the country in so short a time and caused western manners and customs to spread so rapidly over the empire. His desire seems to be to place the country on a plane with the most enlightened nations of the world, and his success in this direction has been marvelous. A few more years of such rule and old Japan will have passed away and the country become so modernized that its former institutions will be as much of a curiosity to the people as were those of modern times.

"His Majesty, our Emperor," as the people call him, is the most honored and respected by his subjects of any ruler in the world. I am sure he could travel from one end of the country to the other without any protection whatever and be treated by the people with the greatest respect everywhere, for patriotism is in-born in the Nipponese. The little tot scarcely able to balance itself on its tiny clogs makes the same low bow and seemingly quite as understandingly as its



The Emperor of Japan

elders, or most of them at least, whenever their Emperor is spoken of. Hearn says, when teaching among the Nipponese, if he asked the pupils in his various classes to tell him their dearest wish, nine out of every ten would answer, "To die for His Sacred Majesty, our Beloved Emperor"; and that the wish came straight from their hearts, as pure as any wish of martyrdom ever born.

The Emperor was born in Kioto, November 3, 1852, and ascended the throne on the death of his father in 1867, when he was but fifteen. The same year the Shogun gave up his power which thereby reverted to the Emperor, the rightful ruler. In 1868 he moved to Yedo, afterwards called Tokio, where he has lived ever since; and, though he has thirty palaces in as many different towns and villages which have been capitals of the country at one time and another, he has never seen half of them.

The most notable event of the year is the Emperor's birthday celebration, November 3d. He is not a handsome man but he has a distinguished and stately bearing and this, with his military uniform as Generalissimo of the Army, makes him quite as distinguished looking as any of the monarchs of Europe. Before he was seventeen years old he was married to Haru-Ko, born May 9, 1850, the daughter of Ichijo Tadaka, a court noble of high rank. She has no royal blood in her veins, for the Emperors of Japan are not allowed to marry the imperial princesses, their wives

being chosen for them from among the five noblest families in the country.

The Empress always appears in public in foreign dress which is no more becoming to her than it is to the more lowly Japanese women, and both she and the court ladies wear splendid jewels. This was not the style until the present reign, and it will be a long time yet before the wearing of jewelry will be universally adopted by the women of the country. Though very small and not so handsome as some say she is she must be a very dainty and charming woman in her native dress. She is very literary in her taste and takes quite an interest in the schools of the country.

The Empress has never had any children, the Crown Prince, Haru, or Yoshi-Hito, being the son of the Emperor and the Countess Yanagiwara. In olden times the Emperors were allowed one wife and twelve concubines. Mutsu-Hito, the present Son of Heaven, falls somewhat short of this, for he has one wife and only nine concubines. They were all selected for him from the Kuge families, which are the noblest of the country, and they all have a social standing with elegant establishments of their own, and are much respected. The only place they are never seen is at court.

The Emperor has had a number of children by these women, five of whom are living. A law was passed in 1900 which, it is thought, will in time help

to rid the country of this evil. In future no one but the legitimate sons of the Emperor and Empress will be permitted to ascend the throne, and in case they have no children it will fall to some subordinate branch of the family. This law will not affect the accession of Yoshi-Hito, for he was appointed Crown Prince November 3, 1889, before this law was passed. He married in May, 1900, Princess Saba, in the Imperial Palace of Tokio, and two sons have been born to them; so it will be some time yet before the Japanese will have to look outside the royal family for a ruler.

In Shiba and Uyenô parks are the mortuary temples of the Tokugawa Shoguns. Some of the largest of them have been burned and all have suffered from vandalism. The interior decorations of those remaining have been little hurt, and they are wonderfully beautiful, resembling the Temples of Nikko, only much smaller. Also in these parks are the government bazaars, which are very extensive. Many pretty and novel things can be bought here much more reasonably than in the shops at Tokio.

At the Imperial Museum in Uyenô one sees many odd and curious things, some of them dating back ten centuries. Nearly everything in it has either some historic associations or individual peculiarities that make it worth seeing. Asakusa, another park not far from Uyenô, contains the famous old Kwannon temple which covers over an acre of ground. It is the great resort of the people who come here to worship

and spend their leisure time under the large trees that surround it.

There are nearly 2000 temples in and around Tokio which with the arsenal and the government printing office are interesting places to visit. The government buildings are disappointing; the Parliament House has often been taken for an ordinary factory, and, though it is better looking on the inside than on the outside, it is no such building as one would expect to see in a country like Japan.

Missionaries are well distributed all over the country, but there are more in Tokio than anywhere else. Missionary work has not been exactly at a standstill for the past twelve years in Japan, but so few have professed Christianity during this time, it has been discouraging to the missionaries, who take a different view of the situation. Some of them, though a little hesitatingly, say that the present state of things hardly warrants them in going on with the work, and that their time and money could be spent more advantageously in some other way; others among them feel that while they are not gaining much, they are not going back, and it is their Christian duty to go on with their work. These believe their influence has always been a great power for good and has accomplished wonders in bringing about the various changes which have taken place in the country since the missionaries went there.

It is true the missionary influence has been in excess



The Empress of Japan

of their numbers; if it were not so their forty-six years of labor in Japan would not have amounted to much, for at the present time the total number of Christians of all sects is only 121,000, of which about 100,000 are missionaries and native converts belonging to the missions. They have always been kindly treated by the Japanese and protected and encouraged in their work by the government. Strangers who have taken the pains to investigate their work speak in the highest terms of it. When William E. Curtis visited Japan a few years ago and wrote "The Yankees of the East," one of the cleverest books ever written on Japan, he simply lauded the missionaries to the skies. His pages, "The Missionary Problem," have been read and praised the world over.

Tokio is situated at the head of Yedo Bay, eighteen miles, or less than an hour's ride from Yokohama. Early one morning I said my adieus and went over to Yokohama, and I was so delighted to be there I felt like saying "Ohio" to every Jap I met. This is the way the Japanese word for "Good-morning" is pronounced, but it is spelled "Ohayo." I have liked Yokohama ever since the first time I visited Nippon, for it was there I landed and had my first glimpse of this little wonderland of the Pacific. Those days of sight-seeing were the most enjoyable I ever spent,—everything was so curious and different from anything I had seen before, it was one round of happy surprises.

Yokohama is more foreign than any of the other

cities, but it is still sufficiently oriental to be enjoyable though changing rapidly. On all my visits there I have gone to the Grand Hotel, the popular stopping place where one sees people from everywhere. It is situated on the Bund, a well-paved street along the front of the harbor, and is very un-Japanese, the clerks in the office being Chinese and the proprietor a rather bland old German.

Benten-dori and Honcho-dori, Yokohama's main shopping streets, are wonderfully attractive, and all kinds of Japanese goods may be bought there, from the cheapest to the most expensive. The open shops, with their matting-covered floors that give these streets an attractive appearance and are often mistaken by strangers for show places on account of the peculiarities of the goods and the novel way they are arranged, are gradually disappearing, for all the shops where embroideries, jewelry, silverware, ivory carving, bronzes, egg-shell porcelain and other rich and costly things are sold, now have glass windows with the goods tastefully arranged in them.

Yokohama is often called the Paris of the East, and people go there from far and near to have their clothes made. Some of the largest tailoring establishments are owned by the Japanese but all the tailors are Chinese. They make both men's and women's clothing equally well, for they get their fashions direct from Europe and America every month.

AMERICA

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

HAWAII AND HONOLULU

HAWAII NEI

If you had the gift of a poet,
And could make another feel
The fragrant balm laden breezes
And the song birds' tenderest peal;
Could you paint a beautiful picture
Of blossoms rich and sweet,
Of luscious fruits and royal palms,
Of nature itself complete;
Could you paint in words or on canvas,
The sapphires, the violets and gold,
The emeralds, turquoise and amber,
The ocean and rainbow hold;
Could you picture the rugged mountains
With their ever-changing light,
And the silvery water-fall leaping
From some precipitous height;
You must choose a theme majestic,
With curtains of blue and gray,
A carpet of bright green grasses—
Then call it "Hawaii Nei."

—*By my dear friend, Letitia Mackay-Walker.*

IT was my intention to return to America via Vancouver, and Captain Archibald, learning of this

before I left the steamer at Kobe, gave me a little surprise in the form of the following letter of introduction to the Captain of the *Empress of India* which I had hoped to take at Yokohama:

“DEAR CAPTAIN MARSHALL:

“This will serve to introduce to you Miss Miller, who intends to cross with you to Vancouver next trip. She is traveling alone. Be kind to her. You will find her very interesting.

“Yours sincerely,

“R. ARCHIBALD.”

Bad weather upset my plans however, and I did not reach Yokohama in time for the *Empress of India*, so, after a short sojourn there, the rikshas drew up in front of the Grand Hotel for the passengers one morning and we went down the Bund to the hatoba (landing-place), where the launch was waiting to take us out to the *Coptic*, which was anchored just outside the harbor. This was my twentieth and last steamer.

It is seldom one sees such a forlorn-looking lot of travelers as these were. Their sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and sallow complexions showed plainly that their stay in the Orient had not agreed with them, and that they were going home to recuperate. With more than half the passengers ailing at the start, this long journey, monotonous at the best, was doleful indeed. There was not so much as a game of deck

billiards, shuffle-board or quoits all the way, though several times there was an effort to get up an entertainment in the evening. A general from Manila said he would give us a talk on the Philippines, and an English captain who had been six years in China volunteered to tell us about his experiences there, but a storm came up and everybody took cold, and that was the last heard of the entertainments. The first time all the passengers were together after we started was on the tenth day out when we arrived at Honolulu at eleven in the morning.

This was my fourth visit to these beautiful islands situated way out in the Pacific, hundreds of miles from anywhere, but easily reached, however, by five lines of steamers which call regularly at Honolulu, and carry people there from everywhere. It is said there are more races and mixtures of the races in Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii, than in any other city in the world. The real Hawaiians are a fine-looking race, but nearly half of them are mixtures, as ever since the islands were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778 they have married and intermarried indiscriminately with all nationalities. The royal family was no exception in this respect for its members mixed quite as indiscriminately with the negro race, and King Kalakaua, the former monarch of Hawaii, had the features of an African.

Often the mixed races are very clever, and where they are mixed with the white races, exceedingly hand-

some. Many of the Hawaiians are inclined to be corpulent; this is attributed to their inordinate love of "poi" (pronounced poy), a doughy substance made from the taro plant, of a grayish color. It has a sour bitey taste and is considered a healthful food.

The first settlers of Hawaii came from Southern Polynesia more than 5000 miles distant, in frail little boats which they built themselves. They must have been a clever race even at this remote period, or, with their limited knowledge of navigation they would never have succeeded in reaching these pretty green islands where it is always summer and where the skies are often a beautiful blue and the breezes are so balmy.

One of the most extraordinary things about these dark-skinned islanders is their honesty. Prior to July 7, 1898, when Hawaii became a possession of the United States, thieving of any kind was almost unknown on the islands. I stayed four weeks in one of the largest hotels in Honolulu where my room opened on to the lower piazza with not a bit of glass in the windows, only wire screens such as we use to keep out insects. I never locked my room night or day, nor any of my trunks, yet I was not disturbed nor was anything taken; I would not have cared to stay in that room in Chicago even in the day time.

The dress worn by the native women is a loose, baggy, unbecoming garment known as the "Mother Hubbard" which was introduced into the islands by

the first missionaries who came here and found the people *in puris naturalibus*. Although good St. Patrick never visited the twelve islands that compose the Hawaiian group and sent the reptiles to perdition by his curses, there are no snakes nor toads found on them. The vegetation is tropical, the principal products sugar, coffee and rice. The eight inhabited islands of the group have a population of 154,000.

During one of my former visits to Honolulu occurred the death of Princess Kaiulani. This ambitious young woman had been appointed by her uncle, King Kalakaua to succeed him, but her aunt, Liliuokalani, was to act as Queen during the minority of the Princess who was sent to England to be educated. It was while she was living abroad that the monarchy was overthrown, and the disappointment to the Princess was very keen. She bore it bravely, but in less than two years she returned to Honolulu and died March 6, 1899, after a short illness.

These were sad days; the mourning and wailing of the natives for their dead Queen, as many of them called the Princess, could be heard all over the town. The very skies seemed in sympathy with them and mingled its tears with theirs, for every morning during the week she lay in state there was a heavy down-pour of rain. The gloom became so depressing that some of the foreign population wanted the authorities to stop the wailing of the natives, but the request was very wisely refused.

I went to Aianhau, Princess Kaiulani's home, to see her after she was dead. The palace was two stories in height and covered considerable ground; it was built in the open, airy style characteristic of warm climates and was covered with many green, lacey vines. The interior decorations and furnishings were tasteful but very gorgeous and the great park around the palace was filled with all kinds of luxuriant tropical trees, palms, shrubs and flowering plants. The air was filled with the most exquisite perfume and the songs of many birds that seemed to sing their sweetest lays as they hopped from bough to bough in their merry, happy way.

In the midst of all this loveliness a catafalque had been placed in one of the large parlors which opened wide on to a broad piazza. The catafalque was draped in yellow, the royal color, and the same coloring was used in the decorations of the room. The Princess' robe was made of soft, white silk trimmed with row after row of dainty Valenciennes lace; a thin white tulle veil was fastened to the coils of her wavy black hair and fell over her face and robe. Her hands clasped a white prayerbook:

“ And on her lips the faint smile almost said,
No one knows life's secret—but the happy dead.”

She did not look like one dead, but like a pretty sleeping bride. Three women on either side of the



Princess Kaiulani

catafalque wore deep yellow collars made of birds' feathers, and waved Kahilis over the Princess. They looked like feather dusters with long handles. Kahilis very early became the sign of rank and every chief was accompanied by his Kahilis bearers. They are made of all kinds of feathers; some of the latest are made of silk trimmed with ribbons; the pole of the Kahilis was often a spear made of the native coa wood. Some of the earliest were made of tortoise shell. It was thought a mark of honor for a conqueror to put a bone of his enemy in the handle of his Kahilis.

It was a sad occasion when the Princess' remains were taken from her home at midnight, accompanied only by a few friends and relatives. The cortege wended its way through the streets guided by the light of torches, for the night was very dark, and the band played a low, soft dirge all the way to the Kawaiahao Church, where the Royal family had been devout worshipers for years. This church is the oldest on the islands, having been founded by the first ten converts to Christianity in 1825. The present edifice was dedicated in 1842; the faithful worshipers not only quarried the stone but carried it all by hand to build it.

The casket was placed upon a bed of roses before the high altar and a constant stream of people filed past it from early Friday morning until Sunday afternoon, when, after a short but impressive service, it

was borne from the church and placed in a hearse drawn by two hundred barefooted Hawaiian boys dressed in white duck suits and hats of the same color. They drew it up the long winding road to the top of the bluff where the Royal Mausoleum stands, the Royal Hawaiian band playing the dirge. Following the hearse were the Royal coaches, in the first of which was Mr. Cleghorn, the Princess' stepfather, in the second, Queen Kapiolani, widow of King Kalakaua. The third was empty as Liliuokalani was in Washington, D. C., and the fourth carried two young cousins of the Princess. Then came President Dole's carriage and those of the other government officials and lastly, a long line of natives on foot, wearing Mother Hubbard wrappers, with long strings of yellow blossoms wound around their hats and necks, wailing and moaning piteously. When the casket was placed beside those of the other Royal dead a short prayer was said, and the great doors of the Mausoleum were swung shut.

Thus ended the career of this charming young woman, who would have been Queen of Hawaii had not cruel fate ruled otherwise.

The *Kinau* plies between Honolulu and Hilo where a stage carries one to the volcano of Kilauea. I was told this little vessel had been thoroughly overhauled and was very comfortable and steady-going; it lacked all these admirable qualities when I took the journey to the volcano in the spring of 1899, for at that time

she rolled, pitched and floundered about in a way that was amazing even to old travelers.

We started at two in the afternoon. A trip among the islands would have been delightful if we could have remained in an upright position long enough to look at them, but glimpses caught at an angle of forty-five degrees are not at all satisfactory. Our worst experience was when we came to the Island of Maui, the second largest in the group. The water was too shallow for the *Kinau* to make the dock so she anchored about a mile from shore. The wind was blowing hard and the ocean was rough; it seemed as if the vessel would go to pieces. There we stayed for three hours while two hundred head of cattle were swum out to the vessel in squads of six, tied to small boats, a rope fastened securely around their horns by which they were pulled up and swung on board. They all came down sprawling on the deck half dead from their swim in the rough sea and from the salt water they had swallowed. Some horses were put aboard by means of slings; they trembled and seemed to suffer more than the cattle. The way these poor dumb brutes were treated called forth many protestations from the passengers. The Captain tried to console us by telling us it was the only way traffic could be carried on between the islands because the shallow water and coral reefs made it unsafe for vessels of any size to approach the shore.

Early in the morning we landed at Hilo, the prin-

capital town of Hawaii, the largest island and the one for which the group is collectively named. Hilo is a pretty little town of 7000 inhabitants.

After breakfast at the Hilo Hotel we set out on the thirty-mile ride to the Volcano House. This was the most enjoyable part of the whole journey. The road ran near some of the largest coffee and sugar plantations on the island, through a luxuriant tropical jungle of vines, trees, palms and ferns. The lumbering old stage drawn by four horses was a little shaky at times, as the road was hilly and rough in places and the horses went in all sorts of gaits from a walk to a gallop.

At 3 P. M. the Volcano House was reached. Good saddle horses were brought for those of the party who wanted them for the three-mile trip across the cooled lava, which extended for miles in all directions to the crater,—a tremendous hole in the ground nine miles in circumference and 600 feet deep, throwing up clouds of black smoke and sulphurous gases so stifling and hot that we were unable to go very near it. In places the crust around the crater was so hot we could not step on it. There were rumbling sounds heard in the crater and frequent earthquakes in the neighborhood. This indicated the approaching eruption which took place three months later, July 4, 1899, and has occurred at intervals ever since.

Honolulu had changed greatly since I visited it in



*Kawaiahao Church
Where Princess Kaiulani's Funeral was Held*



Funeral Procession of Princess Kaiulani

1897, the last year of monarchial rule, and I longed for the sleepy-go-easy air of the old days rather than its prevailing improved and modernized condition and the savor of American hustle.

I stopped at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, formerly owned by the government but now under the management of a stock company. At night the grounds and the band stand, which attracts much attention on account of its oriental appearance, were brilliantly lighted with electric lights creating a charming effect as they gleamed through the tropical foliage. The Royal Hawaiian Band, now called the Government Band, played in the evening for the guests. There were thirty pieces in the band and two native women vocalists, and the music was delightful, the singing of the women being the most enjoyable feature of the concert. Their deep, sweet-toned voices could be heard distinctly as they sang song after song to the accompaniment of the band and were often called upon to repeat them as encores.

The Hawaiians are wonderful musicians; their favorite instrument is a small guitar called a "ukulele," which is played as an accompaniment for their songs. The prettiest of these songs are those sung to accompany the hula, the native dance. The dance itself is not artistic; and there are very few changes in it, and the strains are repeated over and over again until the dance is finished.

Honolulu has some fine new hotels. I went out to

Waikiki, its popular seaside resort, and had luncheon at the Moana. It is four stories in height with all the latest improvements; the dining room extends out over the sea so that the guests can enjoy the breezes while eating. It has a surf-bathing place lighted by electricity, as the cool evenings are the only enjoyable time for bathing.

Late in the afternoon, when I returned to the steamer, a mixed crowd was on the dock and the native women were selling long strings of blossoms of every color called "leis." These "leis," made to wear as hat bands and necklaces, are sometimes seashells or seeds and are given to friends on their departure. This is a Hawaiian custom and is a means of showing their regard for their friends when they bid them good-by. Often one sees people on the decks of departing vessels with twenty-five or thirty of these gorgeous flower strings wrapped about them.

As the steamer moved out from the dock and turned its nose seaward, the Government Band that plays at the departure of every ocean steamer struck up "America." This was the signal for general rejoicing; the passengers clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs to those on shore until Honolulu faded in the dim distance. Forward seated on the deck were the Chinese passengers, chatting, smoking and gambling. The clinking sound made by the dominoes as they shoved them about could be heard night and day, for they never ceased gambling

through the whole voyage. All the servants and sailors on board were Chinese. They are employed on nearly all the steamers sailing between San Francisco and the Orient as they are more obliging and faithful and do their work just as well as other nationalities.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

CALIFORNIA—AND THE HOME OF THE MORMONS

BEFORE a Chinaman sails for America the steamship company that carries him signs a contract that it will bring either him or his dead body back to China; for the Chinese believe if they are not buried in Chinese soil they will remain in a state of eternal torment, and when any of them die at sea the bodies are embalmed by the surgeon, put into a coffin and sealed up, and either set on the forward end of the steamer with a tarpaulin thrown over them or hoisted into one of the lifeboats, and when the steamer arrives at Hongkong turned over to friends who await them.

On the morning of the sixteenth day after leaving Yokohama, we steamed through the Golden Gate and entered the harbor of San Francisco. As soon as we were alongside the dock our baggage was carried to the customs house, an annoying experience for us owing to two young men from New York who seemed to have more money than brains. They had arrived on the steamer just ahead of us and boasted of how many bolts of silk and hundreds of cigars they had brought through the customs house in the face of the officers. This had found its way into the San Francisco newspapers and made trouble for the customs

house, so when our steamer arrived the inspectors made up for their former slackness by tearing our baggage to pieces and treating us all as if we were smugglers.

Still another unpleasantness awaited us. It was almost impossible to find hotel accommodations, as the city was full of winter visitors and the passengers for two ships about to sail for the Orient. After searching for nearly half a day I found a suite of four rooms at the Grand Hotel. I next turned my attention to my four trunks, which were in a chaotic state after the pulling over they had had at the customs house. I am not a globe-trotter who travels with hand-bags and dress-suit cases. I tried one trip equipped in this way and that was enough. One never knows on a trip around the world whom one will meet or where one will be invited. A lady should carry enough baggage with her always to be neat and clean, and have pretty, stylish gowns for extra occasions.

The arduous task of shaking the wrinkles out of my clothes was only begun when I heard a knock at the door. Thinking it one of the servants I said, "Come in," and who should walk in but two reporters from the San Francisco *Examiner*, who said they had been searching for me in every hotel and boarding-house in the city. When the paper appeared next morning it contained my photograph and an article nearly two columns long. This paper is an exponent of the

“New Journalism” and the columns were headed in this way: “A Woman Encircles the Globe five times. She has gone through the Customs House two hundred times; visited five thousand mosques and temples; rejected one hundred proposals of marriage; met forty rulers of the earth; visited nearly every capital of the world; rode in every known vehicle; four trunks of Parisian gowns.”

San Francisco before its devastation was one of our most attractive cities. It had hundreds of handsome buildings, wide sloping streets, elegant shops, good hotels and the best of transportation. Its wealthy aristocrats lived on Nob Hill in palatial residences with yards full of all kinds of flowers. The top of the hill was reached by a grip-car line which ran smoothly up and down it. This was the first cable street-railway constructed. Nob Hill and the entire business district were swept by the great fire of April 18, 1906, and a new and more beautiful city is blossoming from the ruins.

The views in and around San Francisco were and are unsurpassed anywhere. Its large parks, Botanical and Zoological Gardens, the famous Sutro Heights and Baths, the Seal Rocks and Cliff House, besides many other interesting places are a constant attraction for travelers. Strangers who came in the old days sought first of all a trip to Chinatown, a novel place, but much too clean and orderly for a real Chinatown.

Not only San Francisco, but the whole of California, had advanced amazingly since the first time I visited it. Trusting that by way of comparison with the Great Siberian Railroad it may interest my readers to know how we traveled on our first overland railroad to California, I will recall my experience in journeying over the road at that early time.

At that time there was but one railroad and no through trains to California. One left Chicago by either the Rock Island or the Burlington Railroad leading out of Illinois, across Iowa, to Omaha, where passengers going to California changed for the Overland train, which was composed of three sleepers and two baggage cars drawn by one engine. However, in some places where the snow was deep and the grade steep, two engines were necessary.

The railroad was in two divisions, called the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, and the passengers changed cars at Ogden, where the two roads met. The fastest time made by any of the trains between Omaha and San Francisco was sixteen miles per hour, and it was a seven-day trip from Chicago to San Francisco. I was eleven days going on account of land slides and snow banks. The tickets cost \$150 in gold each way, and for a double berth in the sleeping cars, \$50 each way. For nearly half the distance the road ran across the plains stretching as far as the eye could reach and the roadbed was as smooth as a floor. The highest altitude attained was 6000 feet, but the ascent was so

gradual no one would ever have known the highest point if the conductor of the train had not announced it.

The passengers took their meals at the railroad stations, there were no dining cars in the United States at that time. The bills of fare offered little variety: usually buffalo steaks or roast bear-meat, as black as pitch and as tough as leather; watery potatoes, as most of them had been frozen; bread, poorly baked, and rancid butter; and black, muddy coffee with the sugar cooked in it, without milk or cream. The desserts were of cooked, dried fruits prepared in different ways. All meals were \$1.

When we were half way across Nebraska the Indians began to come to the stations to beg; often there would be two or three hundred of them; they were exceedingly filthy and made our stay at the stations unpleasant, as the odor from their bodies was really nauseating. Among the thousands that I saw only two had anything remarkable about them: a woman 128 years of age and her grandson 80 years of age. The latter had been sent five times to Washington, D. C., to intercede for the Indians in regard to lands and other privileges that they wished the United States to grant them. The old lady was treated kindly by the conductors of the trains, who allowed her to go inside the cars and beg from the passengers. She knew but one English word and that was "green-backs." This she would yell at the top of her voice



Brigham Young

at every passenger. For several years after the close of our civil war the five and ten-cent pieces were paper and all the metal money in circulation was bogus. This the old lady had found out by sad experience, as she had been fooled by it a number of times, and that was the reason she insisted on everybody giving her greenbacks. She was known all along the railroad on account of her great age. As soon as the passengers left Omaha they were on the lookout for "Old Greenbacks," as she was called.

From the car window we could see innumerable little prairie-dogs scampering to and from their burrows in the ground. Jack rabbits were plentiful, too, and they would jump from under the sage-brush and go bounding across the plains. In Wyoming there were thousands of antelopes. They were not afraid of the train and would come within a few yards of it, looking wonderingly out of their great, black, dreamy eyes.

It was the first of December and the air was crisp and cold, but the snow was deep only in places. The alkali dust came into the train in clouds, chapping our hands and faces until they were painful. There was not much change in the scenery until we reached Utah; then the country was more broken and there were many hills and mountains near the railroad, some of which were very peculiar in shape.

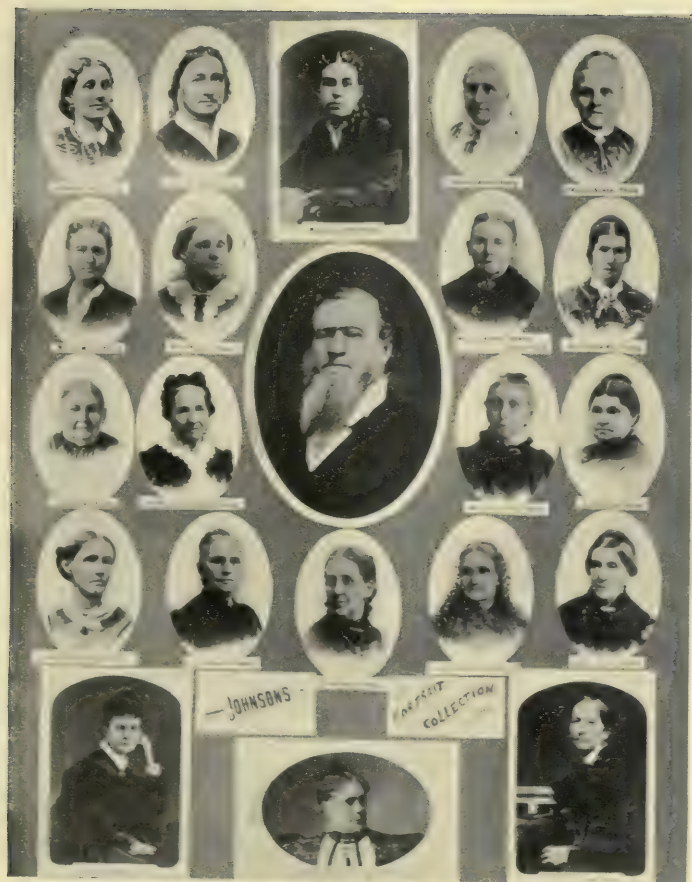
We arrived at Ogden early in the morning. Here I left the Overland train and took a narrow-gauge

railroad to Salt Lake City, a distance of thirty miles.

After the Mormons were driven out of the Eastern states in the forties they turned their faces westward under the leadership of Brigham Young, and settled in Utah, which was nothing but a wilderness, hundreds of miles from civilization. They suffered every kind of hardship and privations for the privilege of practicing polygamy undisturbed, and this they did for many years as it was difficult to reach them and took months of hard travel by team to cross the plains before the railroad was built.

I had read how Brigham Young had made the wilderness blossom like a rose. Utah, with its pretty farm houses and little villages, certainly looked smiling and beautiful as a new-blown rose on this bright December morning after my long journey across an unsettled and desolate country.

Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah, is situated two miles from Great Salt Lake. It was here the Mormons first settled and it has been the headquarters of the Mormon Church ever since they came to Utah. At this time it had only 5000 inhabitants. It was pleasantly situated, not far from the mountains. One of the many curious things about it and one that attracted the attention of strangers, was the way the water was distributed over it. It came from springs high up in the mountains and ran through open wooden troughs along the sides of the streets. These



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Brigham Young and His Wives

troughs were sunk in the ground until they were level with the streets. The water was as clear as crystal and sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight as it rushed along, for most of the streets were quite sloping.

The hotels were the Townsend House, under the management of Mormons, and the Walker House, under the management of Gentiles. I stopped at the latter but regretted that I did not go to the Mormon house, as it was much the better. As soon as I had tidied up and put on one of my smartest gowns, I went to call on Brigham Young, the famous Mormon leader, who had nineteen wives and was reputed to have sixty children. However, I met people there who declared this was an exaggeration and that he was not the father of more than half this number. As far as any one knew he lived harmoniously with eighteen of his wives. Ann Eliza, his nineteenth wife, gave him considerable trouble and he divorced her; Amelia, his favorite wife, lived in a grand mansion by herself, surrounded by every luxury that money could buy.

I first went to Mr. Young's residence, the Bee Hive, a two-story wooden building with a piazza around it, and here I was told that Mr. Young was down at the Lion, which appeared to be both a residence and an office-building combined.

I was shown into a small reception room by a servant, who took my card to Mr. Young. I had pictured him in my imagination to be at least six feet tall,

with broad shoulders and commanding appearance. I was never more astonished in my life. The man who entered and walked across the room to where I sat was not more than five feet six or eight inches in height, with sandy hair slightly gray, a light complexion and blue eyes; he had very short arms and shapely hands as white and dimpled as a baby's. He wore a cinnamon brown broadcloth suit; the trousers bagged at the knees and looked as if they had been worn ever since he came to Utah, as they were quite threadbare in places. He had on neither collar nor cuffs, but a red bandana handkerchief was knotted around his neck. Shaking both of my hands at once, he said: "You are the rosiest-cheeked little girl I have seen in many a day. How old do you think I am, little girl?" he asked. I told him I was not good at guessing people's ages but judging from his looks and the elasticity of his step I should not think he was over thirty years old. This pleased him immensely. Laughing heartily he said, "I was seventy-five years old my last birthday." Turning around he placed his hand on the knob of a door near by. "Now, I am going to give you a great surprise," he said, "something that I cannot give people every day. I am going to introduce you to all of my deacons. We are holding a conference to decide upon a place for a new Mormon city, as we expect to move to New Mexico some time in the near future." I arose and followed him into the next room where seated around a lot of



The Lion House



The Bee Hive
Homes of Brigham Young

common wooden desks, such as you see in backwoods schoolhouses, were, I should say, forty men, the burliest lot of old Westerners I ever remember seeing. Not one of them arose as I was introduced to them, but they grabbed their great moppy hair to keep it from falling over their faces as they made their bow. I concealed my disgust for these men as best I could and thanked Mr. Young for the surprise he had given me, which it certainly was.

When I rose to go Mr. Young walked down the hall with me to the door and shook my hand several times. He then came out on the steps and again shook my hand several times. I then hastened down the steps waving him good-by as I did so. He continued to bow and bow and bow until I reached the street. I had begun to think he was going to ask me to be his twentieth wife.

I then visited the great tabernacle, a wonderful building—I know of no other like it. It is oval in shape and will seat 12,000 people comfortably. This is the meeting place of the Mormons. A pin dropped at one end of it can be distinctly heard at the other. A person reading in the most ordinary tone of voice can be heard in any part of it, the acoustic properties are so perfect. Here is a wonderful organ, one of the largest in the world. When it is played the vibration shakes the great edifice from center to circumference and it can be heard for many blocks away. The temple and other of their notable buildings were

only half completed at this time. Since the temple was completed a few years ago no one is ever allowed to enter it but high Mormon officials, as it contains the records and secrets of the Mormon Church.

As I was wandering about the streets looking at the shops and other things that attracted my attention, I noticed a restaurant. Seeing it was in charge of a woman, I went in and made some inquiries about places in the neighborhood I had failed to find. She was like all Westerners used to be, and treated me more like a friend than a stranger. She insisted that I be seated and then sat down beside me. There was something attractive about her—she had a beautiful complexion and bright black eyes, and she seemed so happy I could not help talking to her.

In the course of conversation she told me that she was the daughter of a Mormon and that she had been born and brought up in Salt Lake City, and of course she had married a Mormon before she was sixteen years old; she said she was the happy mother of eleven children, the eldest not yet twenty-three years old. She told of the struggles she and her husband had had through life to keep the wolf from the door, and how she had risen from her bed when her babies were only a few days old, for they were not in a position to hire help. She said it had been only a little more than a year since their circumstances had been changed for the better by the death of a relative who had left them a small fortune.



Exterior



*Interior; Showing the Great Organ of 12,000 Pipes
The Mormon Tabernacle, Salt Lake City*

Several times while we were talking she would stop as if in deep meditation. After one of these thoughtful moods she looked up and clasped her hands together, her cheeks flushed and her eyes fairly dancing with delight, as she said, "We are going to have a wedding at our house this week; it is going to be the happiest day of my life; my husband is going to be married to a girl not yet eighteen."

"Oh," I said, "how can you tolerate anything in him so perfectly horrible!"

"My dear woman," she replied, "you were not brought up in the Mormon religion or you would think very differently about it. I, with all of my eleven children, am going to stand up with them, and we are going to have a great feast after the wedding ceremony. It will bring untold happiness into our home, for it was the will of God or it never would have happened."

This she considered such conclusive evidence I said nothing more and bade her good day. She went about her work humming a tune, thinking only of the bright future she was certain was before her.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE LAND OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS

WHEN I turned my face westward again I found the Overland train exactly like the one I had left at Ogden. The passengers, with few exceptions, were invalids on the way to California for their health. Aside from the wonderful scenery, there was little to interest one along the way. The passengers sat on the platforms of the cars and visited with each other, for this was before the day of observation cars.

After leaving Ogden we took on no new passengers until we reached Reno, Nevada. Here several came on board. Among them was Baron Rothschild of London, England, who had invested extensively in mines in both Nevada and California. He was accompanied by Flood and O'Brien of San Francisco, who were partners in the mining business for years and who were noted the world over not only for their great wealth but for the reckless way they speculated and for the amount of whisky they could drink.

None of the new passengers attracted our attention from a single Chinaman who boarded the train here. He was a famous gambler of Virginia City, worth several millions. Many of the passengers, like myself, had never seen a Chinaman before, as there was not one in the Eastern States at that time. We were

all thoroughly disgusted at the idea of traveling in the Pullman cars with a Chinaman, but it was not until the train stopped for dinner that the indignation of the passengers was fully aroused. Our Mogul Chinaman removed all of his gorgeous outer garments and came into the dining-room in a long white gown, split up the sides like a man's night shirt. His dishabille appearance so horrified some of the passengers they left the dining-room without finishing their meal, declaring lasting vengeance against the railroad company for allowing Chinamen to travel first class or to eat in the dining-rooms with first class passengers.

The Reno passengers brought quantities of fleas into the cars. They tormented us Easterners terribly. We sat up in our berths all night fighting them while these Westerners slept soundly. We were glad enough this would be our last night on the train.

When daylight came the earth was fresh and green, the sun rose bright and warm and everything seemed cheerful; we were in the land of fruit and flowers. The first large city was Sacramento. Hacks were waiting for the passengers and well-dressed people were standing on the platform at the station. It looked like civilization again; we had seen nothing like this since we left Omaha. The train stopped long enough at the station for us to buy up all the flea-powder the booth-keepers had in stock. These pests kept getting thicker and thicker all the time, California was a perfect hotbed for them.

There were frequent showers during the forenoon. Sometimes it was so dark the train would slow down to a walking pace. Our next long stop was at Stockton, where we had dinner. The attraction there was an enormous, savage grizzly bear weighing more than 500 pounds, in a wooden cage. The passengers bought quantities of food and fed him.

I changed cars at Niles, fifty miles east of San Francisco, and went to San Jose, where I was met by my friend, and former school teacher, Mrs. C. S. Kendall whose husband was once President of Lombard College at Galesburg, Illinois. As we were leaving the train we saw near by more than an acre of ground covered with Chinamen washing out of doors. They sloshed the clothes up and down in the tubs instead of rubbing them on a board. These were the first Chinese laundrymen I had ever seen.

My room at the hotel had been engaged some days before my arrival. I was not a little surprised to find it fitted up for a sick person, as I was one of the healthiest young girls that ever went to California. When I inquired at the hotel office why it was furnished in this way, I was told that nearly all the people who came from the States were invalids, and it saved both time and trouble to get things ready before they arrived. (All the country east of Omaha was States, while all west of it was territories, with the exception of California, at this time). I found all the hotels similarly arranged wherever I went. They all re-



The Famous Cliff House, San Francisco, California

sembled hospitals, and people were sick and dying in them all the time.

I was delighted with San Jose; it was such a flower garden. The dwellings were plain but large and comfortable. The grounds around them were like parks and full of all kinds of flowers. On every piazza hung a knife or a pair of shears and all who wished bouquets were expected to help themselves. Geraniums and rose-bushes grew like trees and were often as high as the houses. In some of the yards were rose-bushes with six or seven different kinds of roses grafted on them, and all in full bloom. Roses were often as large in circumference as tea saucers and rosebuds were as large as medium-sized hens' eggs.

Vines grew profusely and to a great size. Even smilax, which is so fine and delicate with us, was a great coarse-looking vine. Vegetables, like the flowers, grew to an enormous size, one potato would make a meal for six or seven people. Pumpkins and squashes were often about three feet long and comparatively large in diameter. I saw strawberries eight of which weighed a pound. This phenomenal growth was due to the method of farming by irrigation and fertilization and a favorable climate which permits things to grow the year around.

Mrs. Kendall and I went to Sacramento for the holidays. I was disappointed in the capital of California. It was so low and flat and none of its streets were paved, and its 20,000 inhabitants waded around

in the mud and water of one of the rainiest winters ever known in California. I saw a stage and six horses go nearly out of sight in the mud within two blocks of the State House. There were many large, costly buildings, for even then Sacramento was a wealthy city, but they looked out of place with their surroundings.

Most of the buildings were built of wood, as they were all along the coast of California, on account of the frequency of earthquakes. While we were seated at our Christmas dinner all the dishes on the table began to jingle like little bells. The Californians exclaimed "Earthquake!"; there were three light shocks, quite a novel sensation to me, as I had never experienced one before.

Among the guests at the dinner table was a youthful bridal couple. In the course of the conversation I learned that they had both been married and divorced twice that week, and their present marriage was their third venture. Divorces, like marriage licenses, could be had there in those days by simply asking for them and paying the fee required by law for issuing them. It did not hurt the reputation of either a man or woman to be divorced six or seven times. San Francisco led the world in the number of divorces. Every morning the newspapers published at least a column and a half headed "Long Division." People were still leading fast lives but nothing as they led when California's golden days were at their

height. There was not a gathering of any kind where both men and women did not drink liquor and were not more or less intoxicated. The women were dressed on the streets showily and wore very long trains. They never held them up nor appeared to have any concern about them, for they were afraid if they did someone would think they did not own a gold mine. The smallest coin in circulation was the twenty-five-cent piece. The wealthiest people took nothing less in change than one dollar. Nickels and dimes have circulated in California for only a few years, and I believe cents never have.

From Sacramento we went to Watsonville, as Mrs. Kendall had been appointed principal of the Watsonville school. Late one night we were awakened by our bed rolling out from the wall fully three feet. We thought burglars were in the house, but hearing people screaming on the streets we looked out of the window to see nearly all the town in their night clothing in a little park near the hotel. There had been two severe earthquake shocks, and while we were standing by the window there was a third. Four years before there had been several earthquakes, during one of which a bottomless pit was opened near the town and all the glass in the windows broken and the chimneys knocked down.

We did not find our quarters at the hotel pleasant, so Mr. and Mrs. Porter, who were one of the first families in Watsonville, offered us a home with them,

which we were glad to accept. Their house was large and like the majority of the dwellings in California was built of wood, painted white, and all of the windows that were exposed to the sun were bays. These windows were for years used to heat the houses, for fuel of all kinds was very scarce and expensive before coal was discovered.

All the Porters' servants were Chinamen—they were the only servants in California until the Chinese were excluded from the United States. "Non" had been with them a month when we went there to live, assisting the cook and waiting on the table. He was apt for a sixteen-year-old boy who had not been out of China a year and could speak and understand a considerable amount of English. One evening Mrs. Porter planned to have a dinner party and Non told her he and the cook would get up a dinner that would be the envy of every Chinese cook in Watsonville. He cut half the flowers in the yard and trimmed up the house and dining-room with them. They were woven into many fanciful designs and stuck in all kinds of outlandish places. It was all so novel they were left just where he put them for the amusement of the guests. When the time came for the dinner and we were seated at the table Non made his appearance as usual in his long white tunic to wait upon us. He was so elated over the dinner he was about to serve he stepped around with a very pompous air. He had such a flimsy, sickly, little queue, it did not



The Seal Rocks Opposite the Cliff House

have more than half-a-dozen hairs with some rusty black silk braided in with them. His hair was so thin in front he could not keep it in place and it stood out in a fringe around his forehead giving him a wild frightened look.

When he passed the soup he did it with a flourish. It looked appetizing and was of a deep, yellowish color, but when we tasted it the guests looked at each other in blank astonishment. The perspiration fairly started on our faces in our effort to conceal our disgust for it. Non, seeing it did not please us, picked it up with the same flourish and bore it to the kitchen. Then came the fish, which had a yellowish substance sprinkled over it that we supposed was hard boiled eggs; but, oh, such a taste! It was worse than the soup. Mrs. Porter arose from the table and fairly flew to the kitchen to find out what had been put into the food. She soon returned and told us that while the cook had gone to the grocery store for something he needed Non had chopped up three bars of common laundry soap and mixed it with the dinner, thinking it would give it a superior flavor. She said the cook was fairly beside himself about it.

When Mrs. Porter went to look for Non he had gone and we never saw him again. It was so ridiculous we all laughed heartily over it and were quite as well satisfied as if we had eaten a hearty dinner.

The Chinese were allowed unbounded liberty and often settled in the wealthiest neighborhoods. Wat-

sonville's Chinatown was within two blocks of the best residence street. The eternal clatter they kept up night and day with their weddings, funerals, New Year's celebrations and the great number of fire-crackers they were constantly firing to keep the devil out of their town was almost intolerable; however nothing was ever done about it.

The Chinese, who are natural-born gamblers, found California a fruitful field, as gambling was carried on by all classes of people openly, there being no laws against it. The Chinese gamblers were in cliques and they often disagreed among themselves, and there were many bloody frays in Chinatown, one of which I saw. A number of them were sitting playing at cards when something took place they did not like. They all jumped to their feet, screaming like a lot of demons. In a flash one man's head was cut off and another was stabbed to death. In a few minutes the dead bodies had disappeared and the murderers were never captured. Women were still brought from China for evil purposes. They made a fearful state of things, for they were thick in all the towns, and there was great rejoicing when a few years later the same companies that brought them over were compelled to take them back to China.

If there were any laws against the sale and use of opium they were not enforced as they are now. Every ship that came from China brought quantities of it, and the Chinese smoked it everywhere. There was

not a thing in the whole length and breadth of the State that did not smell of it. I went one day to the Chinese laundry where my washing was done to find out why my clothing smelt so of opium, and the sight I saw made me sorry I ever had gone. At a long table stood a dozen or more Chinamen over a large pile of clothes; they were sprinkling them preparatory to ironing. They filled their mouths full of water, then squirted it through their noses over the clothes. Some of them had catarrh and other nasal troubles and I thought my clothes ever afterward smelt of many things besides opium; but there was no way out of it as Chinamen were the only servants in the country.

Watsonville, like all the other towns, was lively, and there were all kinds of entertainments. The ladies had their choice of escorts as there were about ten men to every woman, as was true everywhere in California. When a lady was invited to an entertainment, if she had no gown suitable to wear she simply made the fact known to the gentleman who had invited her and he was only too glad to provide her with one.

I had a great deal of staging to do for only a few of the railroads in the State were completed. The stages were modeled after the old overland stages and were lumbering, rickety vehicles. The horses were Spanish ponies; they were very ill-natured and would get to fighting, kick all their harness off and delay us

for hours. The stage drivers were rough, drunken fellows and one always felt thankful at the end of the journey that he had escaped with his life. One of the hardest day's staging I did was from Watsonville to Santa Cruz, a distance of thirty miles. It had been raining for weeks and the roads were bottomless. Our stage and eight horses sunk in the mud five or six times and we were from six in the morning until late at night on the trip.

Santa Cruz was considered an ideal seaside resort and most of the wealthiest San Franciscans had their summer homes here. The hotel, like those in the other towns, was not very comfortable.

California has a peculiar climate; when it is melting hot in the sun it is extremely chilly in the shade, and I found sitting in bay windows to keep warm with it cloudy and raining half the time not a very pleasant experience and often had hard colds in consequence of the hotels being without heat.

At the hotel in Santa Cruz I met Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander Day and their son, Master John Harold Day, of Boston. I had first encountered them on the Overland train and was amused to find them here. Of the people I met on this journey none afforded so much enjoyment to everybody as the Day family.

No matter how often Mrs. Day spoke to her husband she would first take a long breath, then in a highly dramatic way she would say, "John Alexander



An American Indian of the West

Day." When Mr. Day addressed his wife he would bow his head in an apologetic manner and would call her, "Eliza Jane Day." This was the source of much suppressed laughter and the couple were soon known among the passengers as "John Alexander and Eliza Jane." However, most of us sympathized with Mr. Day; he was one of the meekest and most unassuming little men imaginable, and could have traveled the world over without attracting anyone's notice for he sat quietly in the corner of his seat with his soft felt traveling-hat pulled down over his eyes industriously reading paragraphs from papers, magazines and books which his wife had marked for him, never reading beyond the marking without first asking her if she thought it best for him to read farther. His whole manner was as if he would rejoice if the side of the car or the floor would open so that he might escape from the gaze of the people.

According to Mrs. Day's story, her husband's relatives came originally from the North of Ireland, but had lived for several generations in America. They were not educated according to the Boston standard and had no family tree, a fact which she greatly regretted; but they were all good business people and had amassed enough of this world's goods to be comfortable. Master John Harold Day, like his father, was retiring in his manner, and had very little to say. He spent his time in studying lessons his classical mother had prepared for him, or looking over her

family tree, as she was anxious for him to know how many noble ancestors he was descended from on her side of the house.

Mrs. Day's maiden name was Eliza Jane Penobskay. She was born and brought up in Boston of well-to-do parents who gave her every advantage that great educational center affords. She was like the traditional Bostonian, very classical, and desired everyone to know her dwelling-place and her origin. Her eccentricities made the Day family conspicuous wherever they went; for I am sure one could travel the world over without finding another woman like her. She was thin and nearly six feet tall, with a fair complexion liberally sprinkled with brown freckles. Her hair was fiery red and always frowsy. There was something diabolically fascinating about the expression of her face; when she became excited, which was often, her scalp would move; she could pull it down until it almost reached her nose, then it would fly back into place with a bound and her great blue eyes would open as if in intense surprise. She had a way of throwing up her hands when talking as if she wanted you to see she was possessed of twelve fingers instead of the usual ten. If she saw they attracted your attention she would say, "I see you notice my extra fingers; well, I have just as many toes." The self-satisfied way she had of speaking of her deformities excited one's curiosity and made one desire to know something about this strange woman's history.

It did not require urging or any cunning devices to cause her to unfold her rather remarkable career. She was proud of it, and fully believed she was greatly superior to the rest of womankind. She would begin her story by referring to her husband in her usual way, as "John Alexander Day." "Not a bad-looking man" she would say, "but too small and dwarf-like for a woman of my height and fine physique. You must have noticed as soon as you saw us together that he is plebeian and that I am descended from a noble family. On my mother's side we trace our ancestry back to William the Conqueror. I inherited my extra toes and fingers from my great-great-grandfather, who came to America in that historic ship, the *Mayflower*. I am very proud of my Puritan ancestors and consider that the purest blood I inherit from them is concentrated in my extra fingers and toes. Doctors without number have advised me to have them amputated, but I never could think of it although I have suffered untold agony from them, especially from my toes, which are a little longer than the others and seemingly are always getting hurt. Probably I would be Eliza Jane Penobs-kay to-day and an active member of the Spinsters' Club if it had not been for my extra toes, for they brought about my marriage with John Alexander Day.

"I had spent years trying to find someone who could make a comfortable pair of shoes for me and it

was not until I happened one day to visit the boot and shoe establishment of Day & Company that I found what I desired. The clerk who waited upon me was very discouraging and thought they could do nothing for me. While we were talking I noticed a nice looking little man sitting at a desk examining some papers. It seemed he had overheard our conversation for he turned around, looked sharply at me, then beckoned the clerk to him and told him to send for the head boot and shoe maker. After carefully examining my feet he said a special last would have to be made for me and took a plaster cast of my feet. In less than a week I received the shoes and they fitted like a charm. I at once set about to find who the little man was who had been instrumental in giving me such happiness. I found that it was John Alexander Day, the owner of the establishment. I wrote him a letter of thanks and he hastened to call upon me and we were soon friends, and in time our friendship ripened into love and we were married. He is a wealthy man and we live in a fine mansion and have everything that heart can wish.

“Six years of our wedded life were nothing but sunshine and happiness. On the sixth anniversary of our wedding day we gave a large dinner party. After the guests were gone John Alexander Day lay down on the lounge and fell asleep. Oh, what do you think happened! I can never think of it calmly. If he didn’t snore loudly enough for one to hear him at the



"Grizzly Giant." The Largest of the California Big Trees

top of the roof—something he had never done since we were married. I dislike snoring. I can scarcely live in the house, or in the neighborhood even, where anyone has that disgusting habit. When I told him of it he declared, like everyone else who snores, he did not do it and I was only dreaming. At any rate, I gave him a bed in the back of the house that night and the next day carpenters were called in and a room was fitted up for him in the garret. I had windows made in the roof so when the noise he made grew too terrible these windows could be opened to let the inhabitants of the stars hear him.”

Mrs. Day fully believed that snoring is caused by what one eats and drinks, so she began to investigate her husband's way of living. She knew, of course, what his habits at home were, for she was a woman who stood at the head of her household, but their home was in one of Boston's suburbs and her husband took his noonday luncheon in the city, so she made a visit to the keeper of the restaurant where her husband had been a regular customer for years. Here she found her husband had been eating two pork chops a day for some time. This, she was satisfied, was the cause of all their unhappiness. The love of animals was a hobby with Mrs. Day and she had made them one of her special lines of study for years. She had gone so far as to live in tents for nights and days near hog pens, cow stables, sheep corrals, in zoological gardens and menageries, so as to be well versed in the

sleeping habits of various animals. She said nearly all animals dreamed, even the lower orders, and made outcries in their sleep, but no animal but the hog was a natural-born snorer. She thought if the hog could be exterminated it would be the greatest blessing that had ever been bestowed upon mankind.

After consulting several eminent physicians she decided to take her husband's case in her own hands, as she believed by regulating his diet she would soon be able to attain the desired effect. So for breakfast she gave him five mouthfuls of lamb, a tablespoonful of oatmeal, half a tablespoonful of potatoes, a slice of stale bread, one tablespoonful of coffee mixed with two of hot water, and over the whole she sprinkled a little pepsin. For luncheon he was given four mouthfuls of lamb, one tablespoonful of potatoes, two of vegetables, a slice of stale bread and a cup of hot water. Dinner was the most amusing part of her heroic treatment, not for Mr. John Alexander Day, however, but for the guests of the hotel.

Mrs. Day had a trunk full of old finery very much out of style, for it was her belief that everyone should wear their old clothes when traveling. Some of her gowns looked as if they had come out of the ark. Nearly all of them were made of different shades of light blue, green and violet velvet, elaborately trimmed with bugles and iridescent beads; she always put on one of these gorgeous gowns for dinner and looked like the elephant-tamer at the grand entry of a circus.

From the time she entered the dining-room until she left it all eyes were upon her.

When the waiter came to seat them she would throw up her hands and exclaim in a voice loud enough to be heard in every part of the room, "John Alexander Day, don't you eat a mouthful of meat for your dinner; you know how it makes you snore. Waiter, bring my husband three spoonfuls of weak soup, one spoonful of potatoes, two of other vegetables, one slice of stale bread and half a cupful of tea filled up with hot water." Then they took their seats amid shouts of laughter from the guests.

One evening an editor from one of the San Francisco papers was present. He drew an atrocious caricature of Mrs. Day and wrote some verses about the way she had of curing her husband of snoring. It was so humorous one of the guests set it to music and sang it for Mrs. Day, but it made no change in her whatsoever. She kept right on in the same way regardless of people's jeers.

It was from this remarkable woman that I first learned to put pockets in my petticoats. They are so useful when traveling, especially now when women's clothes are pocketless. Her petticoat pockets were of the old-fashioned kind, inherited from her great-great-grandmothers, and they held nearly a half-bushel. They were fastened around the waist by a strap or strong cord. It seems that women were more to be trusted than they are now for they carried about

with them in their pockets all the family secrets, and treasury too, for there were no safes or safety deposit vaults in those days. What a glorious harvest the holdup men would reap if such pockets were fashionable now, for a woman had to walk slowly when her pockets were full, as they held nearly a hundred articles—at least Mrs. Day's did.



General View of the Yosemite Valley

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE CIRCLE COMPLETE

FROM Santa Cruz I crossed the Bay in a launch to Monterey. When we were about a half mile from the shore one of the boatmen showed me some Portuguese whale fishermen, who made their headquarters at Monterey. They were out looking for whales which were often captured along this part of the coast when they came from the north in the winter time to the warm southern seas. When we got near enough to them so we could see them plainly, we noticed that they were greatly excited and were shouting to each other. We felt sure that they had seen a whale; presently we saw it spouting water and heard a shot. A harpoon had been fired from a mortar into the whale, which made a desperate effort to get away and came near upsetting the fishermen's boats and drowning them. Finally, after a struggle lasting nearly an hour, it rose to the surface of the water, dead. It was more than sixty feet long and looked like a little black mountain as it floated about in the water.

This was the first whale I had ever seen and its capture was an exciting experience. The fishermen soon had the carcass in tow but it was four hours be-

fore the tide was high enough to beach it. By this time the odor from it was so disagreeable one was nauseated by it. The fishermen laughed heartily at me for being ill and making a fuss about nothing, as they said. Some of them sat on the whale's back flaying off the blubber with long knives made for the purpose, while others carried it to the rendering vats. The next morning everything in Monterey tasted and smelt of it. Not a person at the hotel could eat any breakfast and Monterey was two miles from the whale. Only a short time before this a dead whale had been washed up on the beach opposite Watsonville and although the ocean was six miles away the terrible odor made everyone so ill that the carcass had to be towed out to sea.

Monterey had changed little since it was the old Spanish capital of California. It was well situated, a mile from the ocean, but the town itself was not pretty. The houses were built of adobe, one or two stories high, and they had a rough, uneven appearance. The town at that time had 2000 inhabitants, most of whom were of Spanish descent. Some of the women were very handsome. The country in the vicinity of Monterey was charming, but it had a new appearance and was thinly settled. The hills back of the town were covered with trees to the top. In the shady, damp places grew little golden backed ferns, as they were called. The front of the leaf was a very dark green, while the back was the color of gold. I



The Bridal Veil

never saw these ferns growing anywhere else, and never have seen one more exquisite.

The adobe hotel was a quaint old building. It would not accommodate more than thirty guests, and these were like a big family, for everyone in California at this time was hail-fellow-well-met. The people were very hospitable to strangers. The principal diversion here was gathering sea-moss. We got up at five in the morning and went down to the beach, as the choicest moss was washed up on the shore during the night. We put it in bowls of water where it spread out like the leaves of a fern, then spread it out on sheets of plain white writing paper and put it in presses made of thick, bibulous paper to dry. It was as delicate and fine as lace and of the most exquisite colors, shading from the deepest red to a light pink, and sometimes it was pure white.

We made crosses out of redwood shavings, the native wood of California, and pasted them on cardboard, arranging the moss over and around them in many fanciful designs. These made pretty, dainty souvenirs to send home to our friends. We also gathered star-fish, quantities of which were washed up on the beach, and dried them, and we caught little horned toads in the woods, a most peculiar little reptile; these we put in bottles of alcohol to take away with us.

The only way of reaching Southern California was by an inferior line of steamers that plied between

San Francisco and the seaports on the southern coast. It was on one of these steamers, the *Mahongo*, I sailed. It was a rolling old tub and nearly all the passengers began to feel queer before we were out of the harbor. We had only gone a short way on our journey when a storm came up and we were nearly shipwrecked. It was the first ocean steamer I had ever traveled on and I vowed when I reached San Francisco I would never travel on another one, but I soon forgot this unpleasantness and in a few months sailed for Europe on a big Atlantic liner. We were five days in a terrific storm and once I was nearly washed overboard. This seemed to harden me to the perils of ocean life and I have been traveling ever since on all kinds of boats without any fear whatever, either of the boats or the weather.

I was charmed with San Diego, not however with the town, as it was inhabited with an undesirable mixed population, but with its climate. San Diego is on the sea shore not far from the Mexican border, in the rainless country, and it is not damp and chilly in the winter, as are the more northerly localities. It did not become a popular winter resort until the railroad was built in Southern California connecting it with the Eastern States. Then the splendid Coronado Beach Hotel was built; now it accommodates with difficulty the visitors who come here every winter.

Los Angeles and Pasadena are some distance up the coast and are twenty-two miles from the ocean.



Yosemite Falls

They are so near together they may almost be considered one city. When I first saw them they were far from being the large, wealthy and popular winter resorts they are now. I remember Pasadena as a small town with a few one-story houses occupied by a peculiar class of people, called greasers, a mixture of Spanish and Indians. They were the worst class of people in California. The men were vicious and frequently committed murder. I disliked to meet them on the streets even in the day time, they had such ugly countenances. Los Angeles had not more than 3000 inhabitants. Few of the people were well-to-do and the town was not very prosperous. It had only one street of any importance; along it were most of the residences, the shops and the hotel. Across the street from the hotel was Chinatown and no less than five Chinese houses of ill-fame in full view of the street. One could hardly look out of the window in the day time for the indecent sights seen there. It was in the month of February, which is the time of year the wild flowers are in bloom here. There were thousands of acres of land around Los Angeles that were not cultivated, and wherever I went the earth was simply carpeted with flowers. One day I took a twenty-mile ride to the old San Gabriel Mission. It was built by the Spaniards when they owned California and is more than 200 years old. Its chime of bells came from Spain and is more than 300 years old. There were no pictures nor anything to admire about

it but its age and history; however, I saw a sight here that was more extraordinary than the Mission. It was a Spanish woman 140 years old. Her limbs were so weak she could not walk, but otherwise she seemed perfectly well; she told me through an interpreter that she was happy and pleased that God had seen fit to let her live so long. Her eyes alone showed her great age; they were bloodshot and had dark circles and deep wrinkles around them. She related many noted events that she recalled personally in order to show that she really had lived to the age claimed for her. She could see without glasses and she had not only her second sight but her third sight. She sat making patchwork and her sewing was neatly done; she showed me where she had patched and darned her dress. The work could not have been better done by anyone. I saw in one of the San Francisco papers that she lived to be 146 years old.

We took another route on the return journey and drove through twenty miles of orange groves. It was a magnificent sight; the trees were thrifty and were fairly breaking down under their load of golden fruit. The ground under the trees was covered with oranges and men were carrying them to the boxing houses. This was before the narrow-gauge railroads were built through the groves. The fragrance from the blossoms, as orange trees bear fruit and flowers at the same time, was so strong it gave me a severe headache.



Glacier Point and Half Dome

Santa Barbara, on the coast above Los Angeles, was the only town in Southern California that had hotel accommodations for winter visitors. It was packed full of people, mostly invalids. This gave a gloomy impression of the town although it is one of the prettiest places in California. Santa Barbara is not as popular now as it used to be and does not have as many visitors as Los Angeles. It has natural hot baths that come from the boiling springs in the mountains back of the town and these baths are thought to be beneficial for many kinds of diseases. It once had the largest grape vine in the world covering nearly an acre of ground. The owners of the ground on which it grew got to quarreling over it and one of them poured hot water around the vine and supposed that he had killed it. However, another vine came up from the root and this was of a great size when I saw it and it was thought that it might grow to be as large as the old one if well cared for.

One of the most beautiful sights I saw in California was the almond and English walnut orchards in bloom near Santa Barbara. There are hundreds of acres in these orchards and when seen from a distance they looked like great snow banks with a slight tinge of pink through them.

California has much fine scenery. Some of its highest peaks are covered with snow nearly the year around. I did not visit the mountain regions so did not see the Yosemite Valley the first time I was here,

for the snow was still deep there when I left the country the last of May. I did go to see some of the gold and silver mines and one quicksilver mine near San Jose. After the first experience I did not care for them, going down hundreds of feet under the ground and wandering around little passageways often too low to permit one to stand erect with nothing but the light from a small lantern to guide you was often depressing and gave me a creepy feeling when I thought of the tremendous load that hung over my head. When I saw the miners at work down there it seemed to me there was no worse way of spending one's life unless it were serving a life sentence in the penitentiary. The mining camps were miserable places. The miners spent most of their time when above ground, as in every mining district, drinking, gambling and carousing. Their families lived in hovels and eked out a miserable existence.

The big trees of California were another one of the extraordinary sights. There is nothing like them anywhere in the world. Many of them were more than 200 feet tall and where they had been felled the stumps were large enough for a quadrille to be danced upon them with ease.

San Francisco was not more than half its present size and lacked many of the improvements of modern civilization. Skyscrapers and elevators were a curiosity in those days. The Palace, Rolston's famous hostelry, which was the best in California, and one of



Cloud's Rest Trail

the best in America, had not an elevator in it. If one wanted to see California's noted millionaires one had but to stop at the Palace for a few days as it was always full of these people. The gowns worn by the women and the gems worn by both men and women were enough to turn the head of a person not accustomed to such displays of wealth.

One of the most noticeable women at the Palace and one who knew how to wear both her gowns and jewels to the best advantage, was Mrs. T. M. Bell. She was married to a multi-millionaire who was old enough to be her father. After living with him for ten years she left him and he gave her \$3,000,000. She had a gown made in Paris that cost \$10,000 to wear her \$400,000 set of diamonds with. I believe this was the largest value in diamonds she ever wore at once although she had a million dollars worth of jewels. Her \$50,000 diamond earrings were more celebrated than any of her other gems. I saw accounts of them in newspapers the world over. She had a girdle that attracted a great deal of attention. It was three inches wide and had pointed ornaments in the front and back five inches wide. There was not a diamond on it that did not weigh a carat and a half, and some of them were nearly as large as pigeon's eggs. I came from Europe with her on the same steamer. She had a little satchel in which she used to carry around \$500,000 worth of diamonds, which she showed me. She was in extremely poor health at that

time and many times she used to tell me she would give all of her jewels to be well. Her poor health was brought on by high-living in California.

The Lick House was another popular hotel, named for its owner, who was many times a millionaire. People used to go there to see the dining-room, the walls of which were covered to the ceiling with large oil paintings and mirrors set in the wall like panels. The paintings cost a vast sum of money as they were all by noted artists and were scenes in California. Ladies who were traveling alone went to the Occidental Hotel. It was well kept and afterward much improved and for many years popular as a ladies' hotel.

At least half of the people lived in lodging-houses and took their meals in restaurants. This way of living was confined to San Francisco alone. San Francisco's parks were rather wild and had a new look as they had not been much improved at this time. The Seal Rocks and Cliff House were a great sight, as not only the rocks but the ocean swarmed with sea lions, and there were thousands where there is one now. There was a very large reservoir here which had a sea lion in it weighing 600 pounds, the largest ever captured off the coast of California. It was called "Old Ben Butler" after the celebrated general who made himself notorious by carrying off the silverware and valuables of the people during his campaigns in the Southern States.



Chicago in 1852—Wolf's Point

It was the latter part of March, 1903, twenty-seven years since I made the trip to California narrated here, and I was again in San Francisco and ready to return home by the route of the old days. I crossed over to Oakland by the ferry and standing on the railroad track not far from the landing, was the Overland train, a through train as all of the overland trains are now, made up of six Pullmans, two baggage cars and a mail car, drawn by two of the largest locomotive engines manufactured in the United States. They fairly shook the earth with their pent-up fury waiting for the throttles to be opened. They speed us at the rate of forty-five or fifty miles per hour, and we now accomplish the 2300-mile journey to Chicago in a little more than three days from the time we leave the coast.

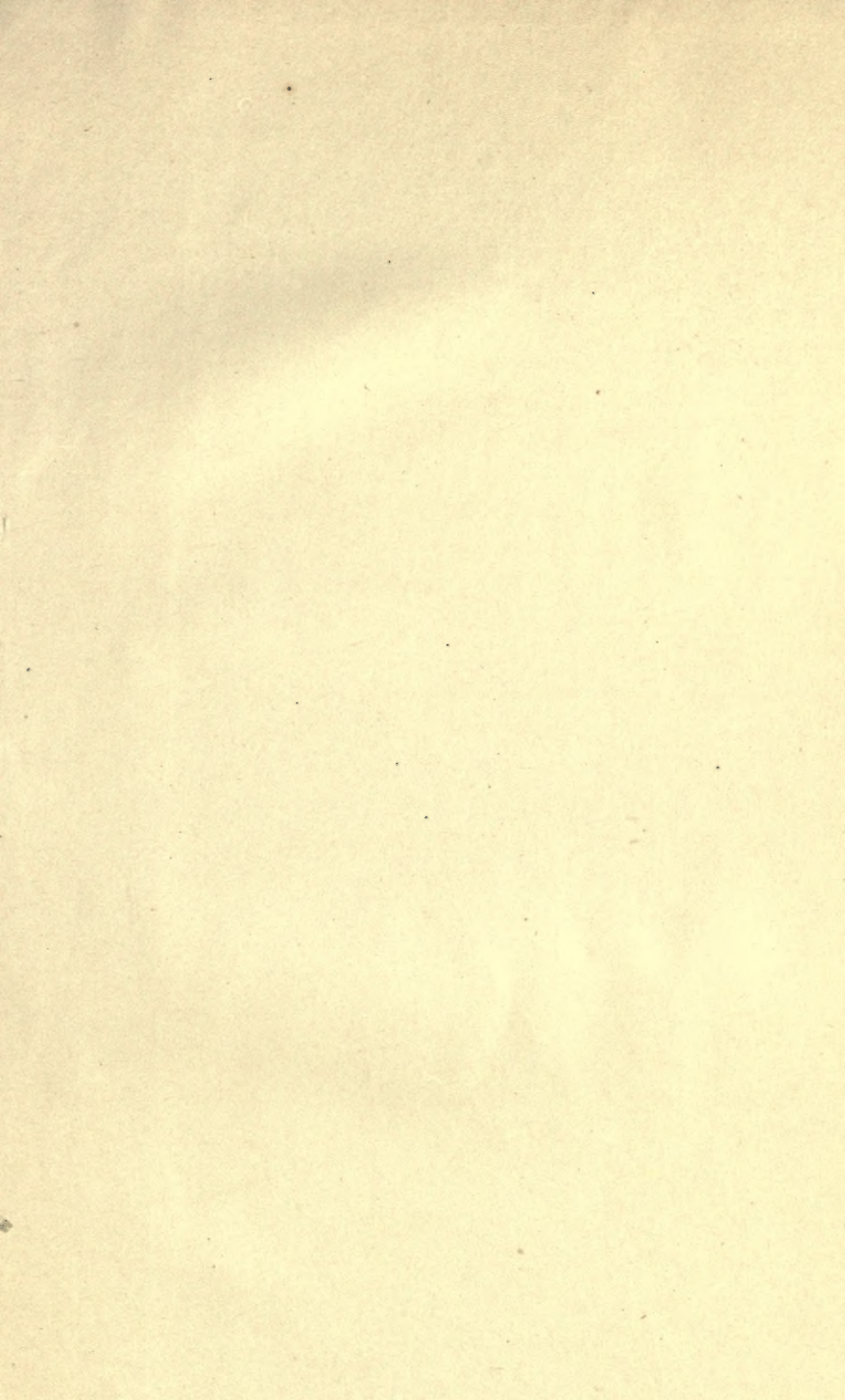
A young Englishman and his bride came all the way from Kobe, Japan, with me on their way to England. They never had been in America before, and were greatly pleased with our cars. They went through the train, calling it a palace on wheels, and saying all sorts of pleasant and complimentary things about it. They declared the observation car with its magnificent drawing-room was good enough for King Edward himself. They admired the dining-room also. It was new and very pretty and the food and service could not have been better. I enjoyed it myself when I thought of the wretched places we ate in when I first journeyed over the road and of the buffalo-steaks

that were served. The passengers wished then more than once when they tried to eat the hard black meat that all the buffaloes were dead; they would not have to wish that now, for these animals have become almost extinct, only a few being owned by private individuals and zoological gardens, in addition to the herds preserved in Yellowstone Park and by the Canadian government.

Marvelous changes had taken place in the country all along the railroad. Nevada, Utah, Wyoming and Nebraska were no longer territories. It hardly seemed possible that in so short a time what was nothing but a vast wilderness inhabited mostly by savages, was now a well-improved and prosperous country of rich farms and flourishing towns. But nowhere did I see so great a change as had taken place in Chicago. When I left it for my first trip to California there were not more than 600,000 inhabitants. Now it is twenty miles across and has a population of more than two and a half million.

When I reached my home in Hyde Park I had completed my trip around the world, after ten months of hard travel. Hyde Park is now a solidly built-up district of the city; twenty-seven years ago it was nothing but a little village, nearly a day's journey from Chicago, and the majority of its inhabitants were bullfrogs.

THE END





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